SONGS OF THE NEW CRUSADE

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COMPILED FOR USE IN

SUNDAY SCHOOLS, YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES,
BROTHERHOODS, PRAYER MEETINGS,
EVANGELISTIC AND CHURCH SERVICES

COMPILED BY
ARTHUR A. SHANK
HOMER W. GRIMES
MRS. GEORGE WOOD ANDERSON

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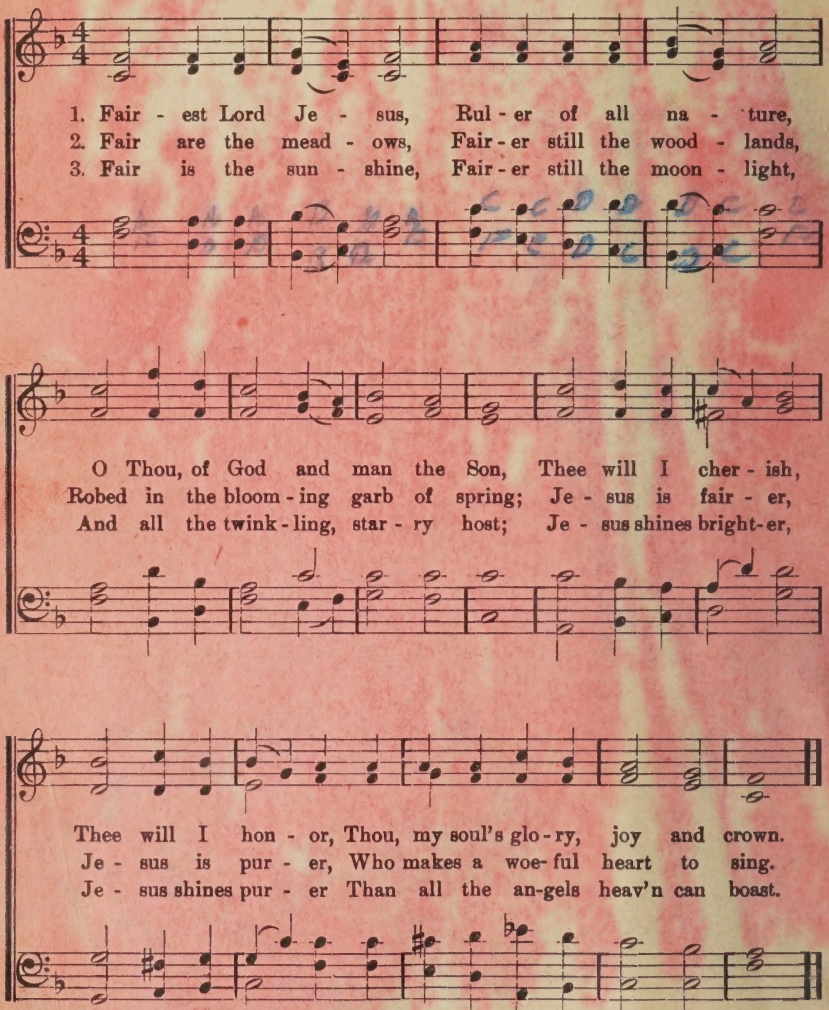
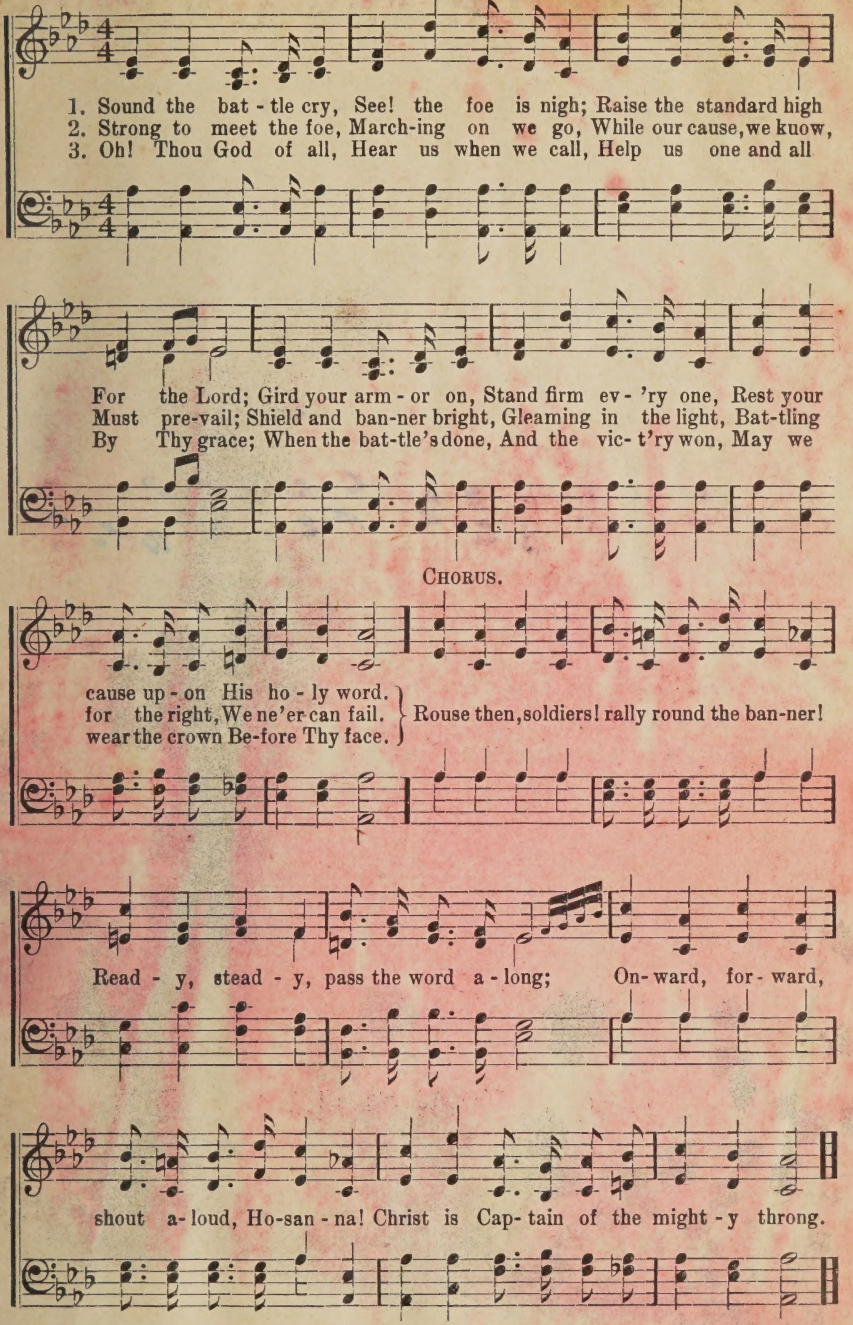
Songs of the New Crusade

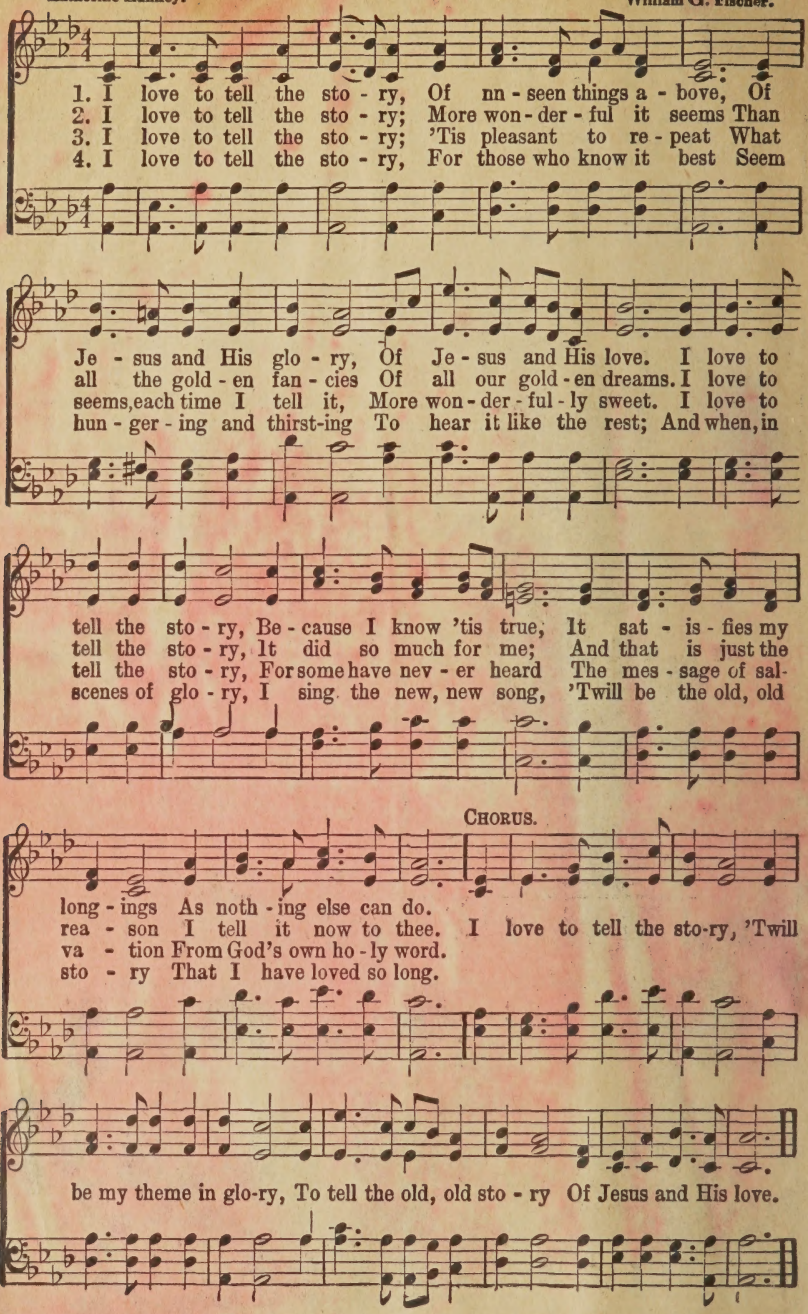
2 Crusader's Hymn.

Tr. R. S. WILLIS. ("Fairest Lord Jesus.") Arr. by R. S. WILLIS.

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture,
2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the wood - lands,
3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light,
O Thou, of God and man the Son, Thee will I cher - ish,
Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring; Je - sus is fair - er,
And all the twink - ling, star - ry host; Je - sus shines bright - er,
Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy and crown.
Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes a woe - ful heart to sing.
Je - sus shines pur - er Than all the an - gels heav'n can boast.

Sound the Battle Cry.

W. F. S. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

1. Sound the bat - tle cry, See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high
2. Strong to meet the foe, March-ing on we go, While our cause, we know,
3. Oh! Thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us one and all
For the Lord; Gird your arm - or on, Stand firm ev - 'ry one, Rest your
Must pre-vail; Shield and ban-ner bright, Gleaming in the light, Bat-tling
By Thy grace; When the bat-tle's done, And the vic- t'ry won, May we
CHORUS.
cause up - on His ho - ly word.
for the right, We ne'er can fail.
wear the crown Be-fore Thy face.
Rouse then, soldiers! rally round the ban-ner!
Read - y, stead - y, pass the word a - long; On - ward, for - ward,
shout a - loud, Ho-san - na! Christ is Cap - tain of the might - y throng.

I Love to Tell the Story.

Katherine Hankey. William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of nn - seen things a - bove, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to re - peat What
4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem
Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to
all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to
seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to
hun - ger - ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest; And when, in
tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my
tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the
tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal-
scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old
CHORUS.
long - ings As noth - ing else can do.
rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto-ry, 'Twill
va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
sto - ry That I have loved so long.
be my theme in glo-ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Jesus and His love.

5

There's a New Day Dawning.

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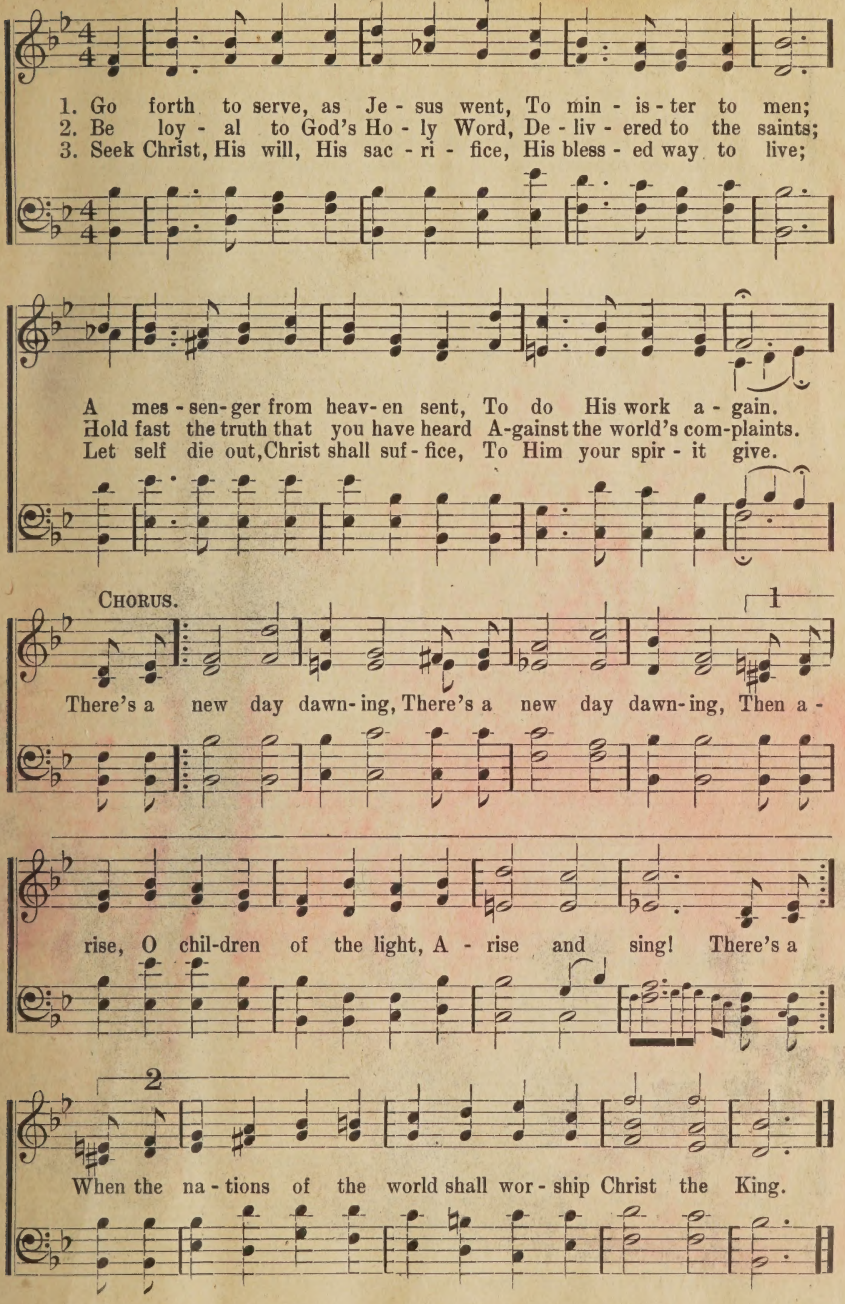
Rev. A. H. ACKLEY. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Go forth to serve, as Je - sus went, To min - is - ter to men;
2. Be loy - al to God's Ho - ly Word, De - liv - ered to the saints;
3. Seek Christ, His will, His sac - ri - fice, His bless - ed way to live;
A mes - sen - ger from heav - en sent, To do His work a - gain.
Hold fast the truth that you have heard A-gainst the world's com-plaints.
Let self die out, Christ shall suf - fice, To Him your spir - it give.
CHORUS.
1
There's a new day dawn - ing, There's a new day dawn - ing, Then a -
rise, O chil-dren of the light, A - rise and sing! There's a
2
When the na - tions of the world shall wor - ship Christ the King.

The Old Rugged Cross.

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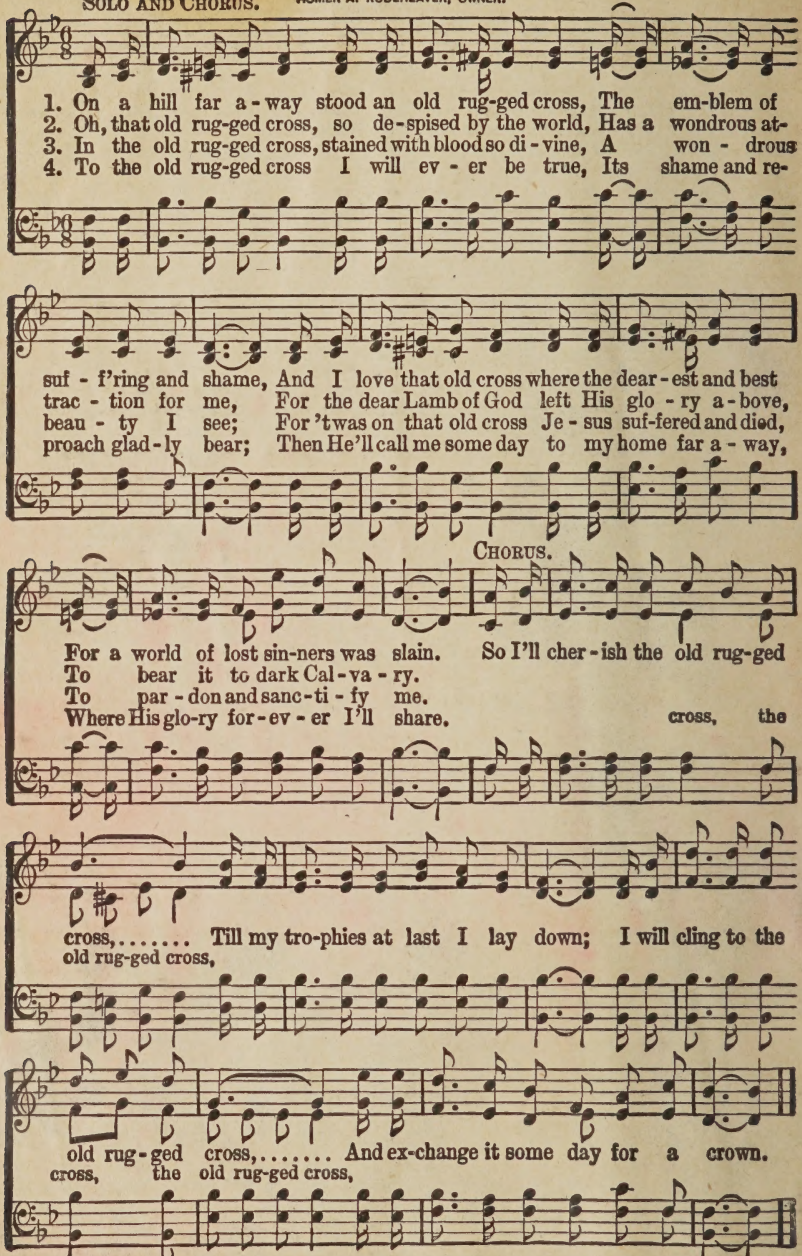
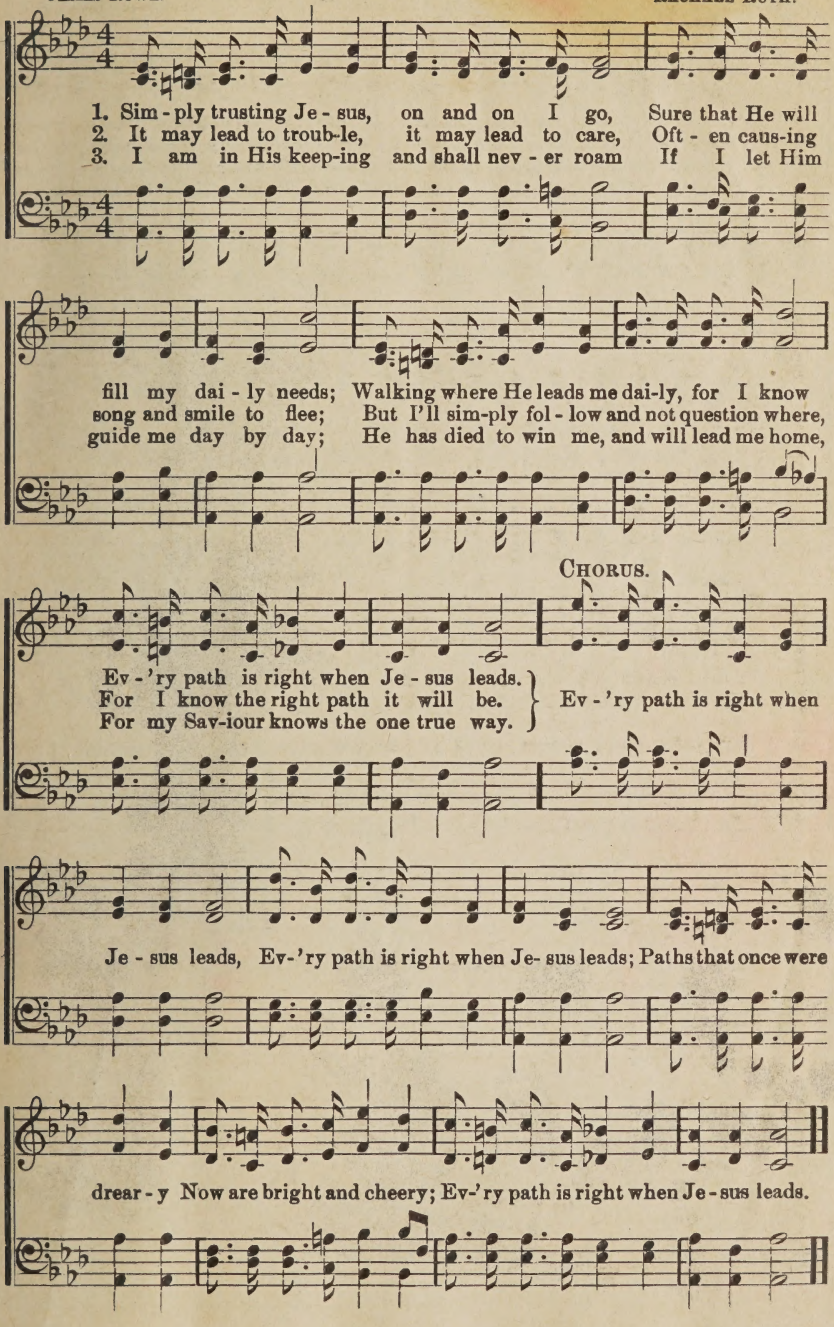
G. B. SOLO AND CHORUS. Rev. Geo. Bennard.


1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di - vine, A won - drous
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re-
suf - f'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear - est and best
trac - tion for me, For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove,
beau - ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf-fered and died,
proach glad - ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way,
CHORUS.
For a world of lost sin-ners was slain. So I'll cher - ish the old rug-ged
To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry.
To par - don and sanc - ti - fy me.
Where His glo-ry for - ev - er I'll share.
cross, the
cross,..... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
old rug-ged cross,
old rug - ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rug-ged cross,

Mrs. Asher and Rodeheaver sing above song on RAINBOW RECORD—

When Jesus Leads.

Copyright, 1921, by Mrs. G. W. Anderson.

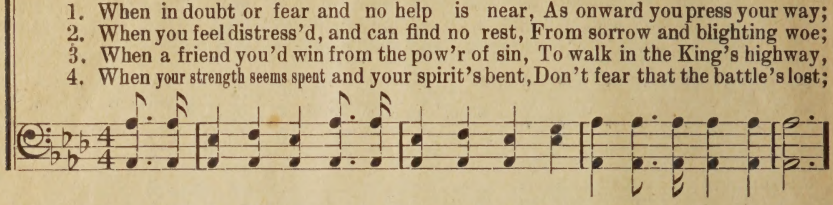
JAMES ROWE. RACHAEL RUTH.

1. Sim - ply trusting Je - sus, on and on I go, Sure that He will
2. It may lead to troub-le, it may lead to care, Oft - en caus-ing
3. I am in His keep-ing and shall nev - er roam If I let Him
fill my dai - ly needs; Walking where He leads me dai-ly, for I know
song and smile to flee; But I'll sim-ply fol - low and not question where,
guide me day by day; He has died to win me, and will lead me home,
CHORUS.
Ev - 'ry path is right when Je - sus leads.
For I know the right path it will be.
For my Sav-iour knows the one true way.
Ev - 'ry path is right when
Je - sus leads, Ev-'ry path is right when Je- sus leads; Paths that once were
drear - y Now are bright and cheery; Ev-'ry path is right when Je - sus leads.

Pray On Till the Victory Comes.

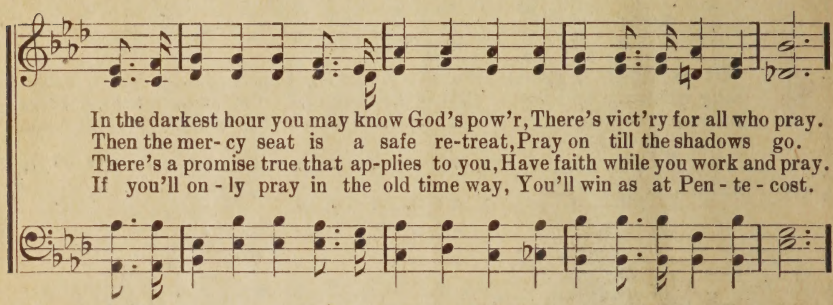
Words and music Copyright, 1927, by Mrs G. W. Anderson. Chautauqua, N. Y.

G. W. A. B. D. ACKLEY.

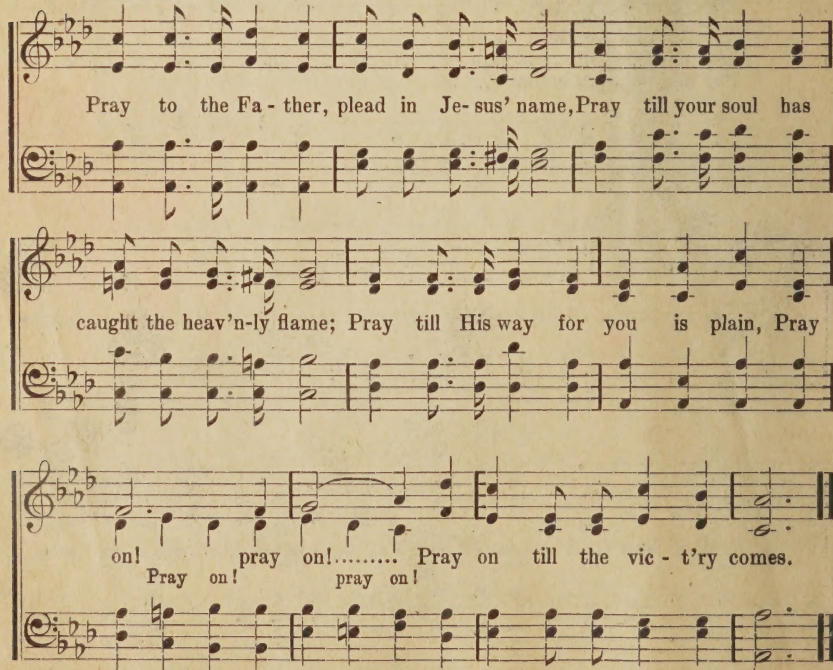
1. When in doubt or fear and no help is near, As onward you press your way;
2. When you feel distress'd, and can find no rest, From sorrow and blighting woe;
3. When a friend you'd win from the pow'r of sin, To walk in the King's highway,
4. When your strength seems spent and your spirit's bent, Don't fear that the battle's lost;



In the darkest hour you may know God's pow'r, There's vict'ry for all who pray.
Then the mer- cy seat is a safe re-treat, Pray on till the shadows go.
There's a promise true that ap-plies to you, Have faith while you work and pray.
If you'll on - ly pray in the old time way, You'll win as at Pen - te - cost.



CHORUS.



Pray to the Fa - ther, plead in Je- sus' name, Pray till your soul has
caught the heav'n-ly flame; Pray till His way for you is plain, Pray
on! pray on!..... Pray on till the vic - t'ry comes.
Pray on! pray on!

Nearer and Dearer is He.

RALPH BUNSEN.
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B. D. ACKLEY.

DUET.

1. Each step a - long my path - way Grows brighter as I go;
2. The des - ert blooms with ros - es, I breathe their per-fume rare;
3. The life spent in His serv - ice Grows sweet-er ev - 'ry day;

God's ten - der care is ev - 'rywhere, Be - cause He loves me so.
On bar - ren sands rich har-vest stands, Be - cause my Lord is there.
As heav - en nears, the vis - ion clears, And bright-er grows the way.

CHORUS.

Near-er and dear-er is Je - sus, Near-er and dear-er to me;..... His love like the dew, is ten-der and true, Near-er and dearer is He.....

to me;

is He.

Some Happy Day.

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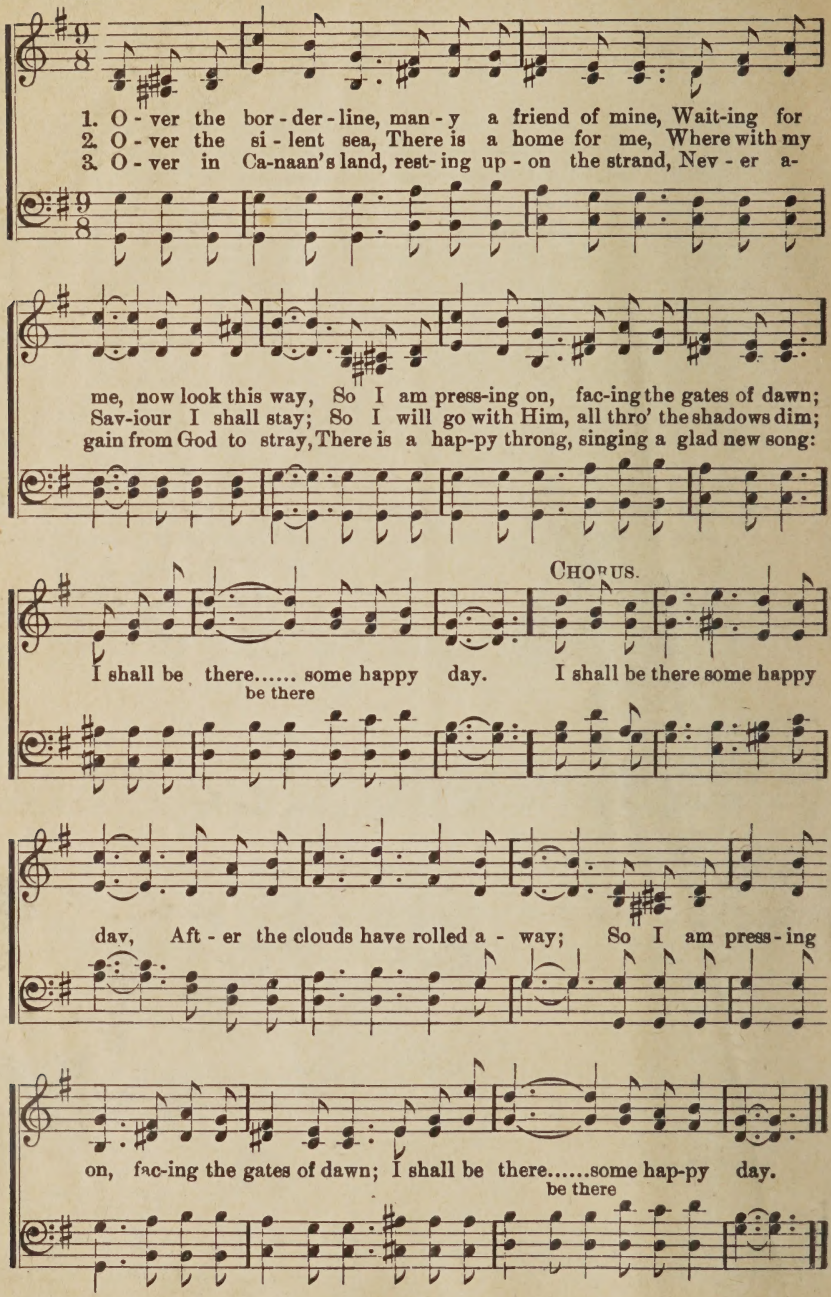
JAMES ROWE. MRS. G. W. ANDERSON.


1. O - ver the bor - der - line, man - y a friend of mine, Wait-ing for
2. O - ver the si - lent sea, There is a home for me, Where with my
3. O - ver in Ca-naan's land, rest- ing up - on the strand, Nev - er a-
me, now look this way, So I am press-ing on, fac-ing the gates of dawn;
Sav-iour I shall stay; So I will go with Him, all thro' the shadows dim;
gain from God to stray, There is a hap-py throng, singing a glad new song:
CHORUS.
I shall be there..... some happy day. I shall be there some happy
be there
day, Aft - er the clouds have rolled a - way; So I am press - ing
on, fac-ing the gates of dawn; I shall be there.....some hap-py day.
be there

11

When Jesus Comes In to Stay.

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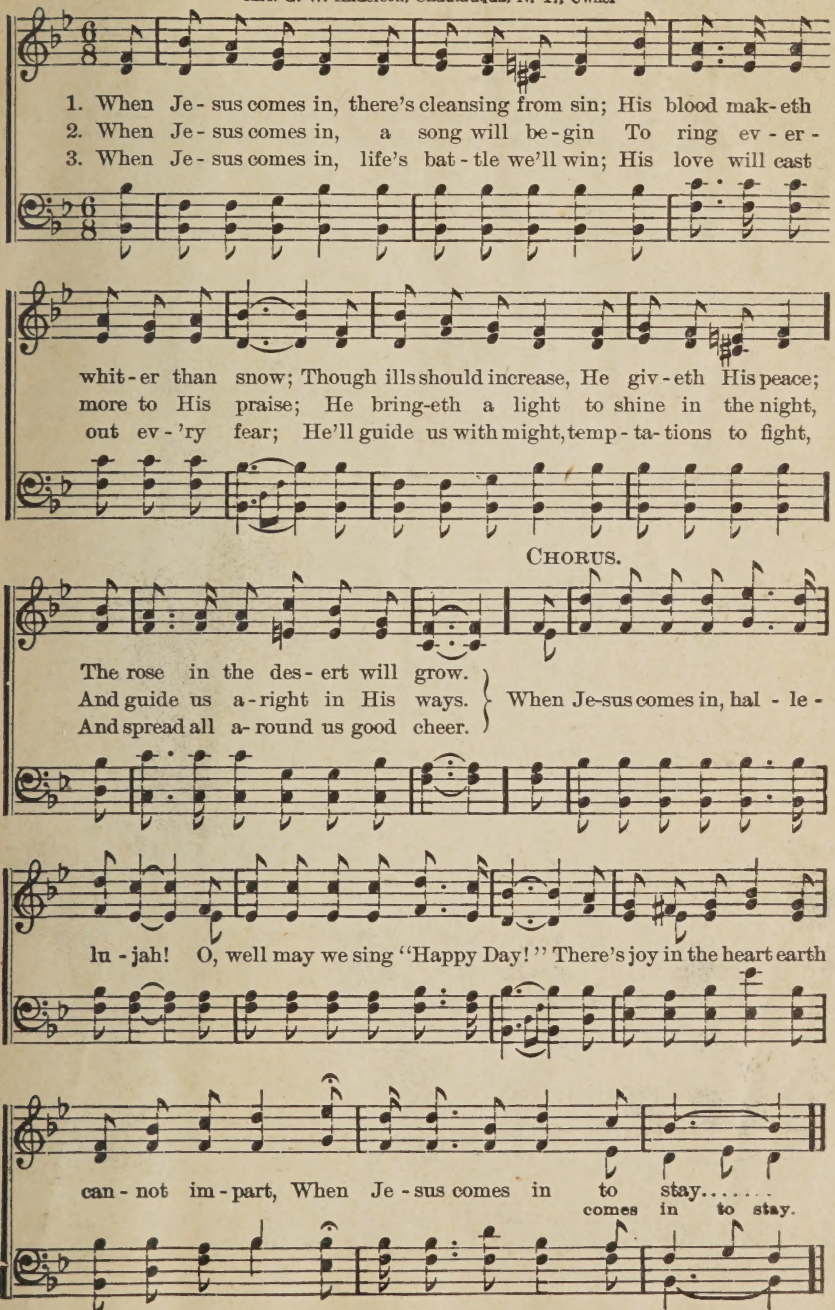
Mrs. G. W. Anderson, Chautauqua, N. Y., Owner

E. E. HEWITT. B. D. ACKLEY.


1. When Je - sus comes in, there's cleansing from sin; His blood mak - eth whit - er than snow; Though ills should increase, He giv - eth His peace;
2. When Je - sus comes in, a song will be - gin To ring ev - er - more to His praise; He bring-eth a light to shine in the night,
3. When Je - sus comes in, life's bat - tle we'll win; His love will cast out ev - 'ry fear; He'll guide us with might, temp - ta - tions to fight,
CHORUS.
The rose in the des - ert will grow.
And guide us a - right in His ways.
And spread all a - round us good cheer.
When Je-sus comes in, hal - le - lu - jah! O, well may we sing "Happy Day!" There's joy in the heart earth can - not im - part, When Je - sus comes in to stay.....
comes in to stay.

Gather By and By.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

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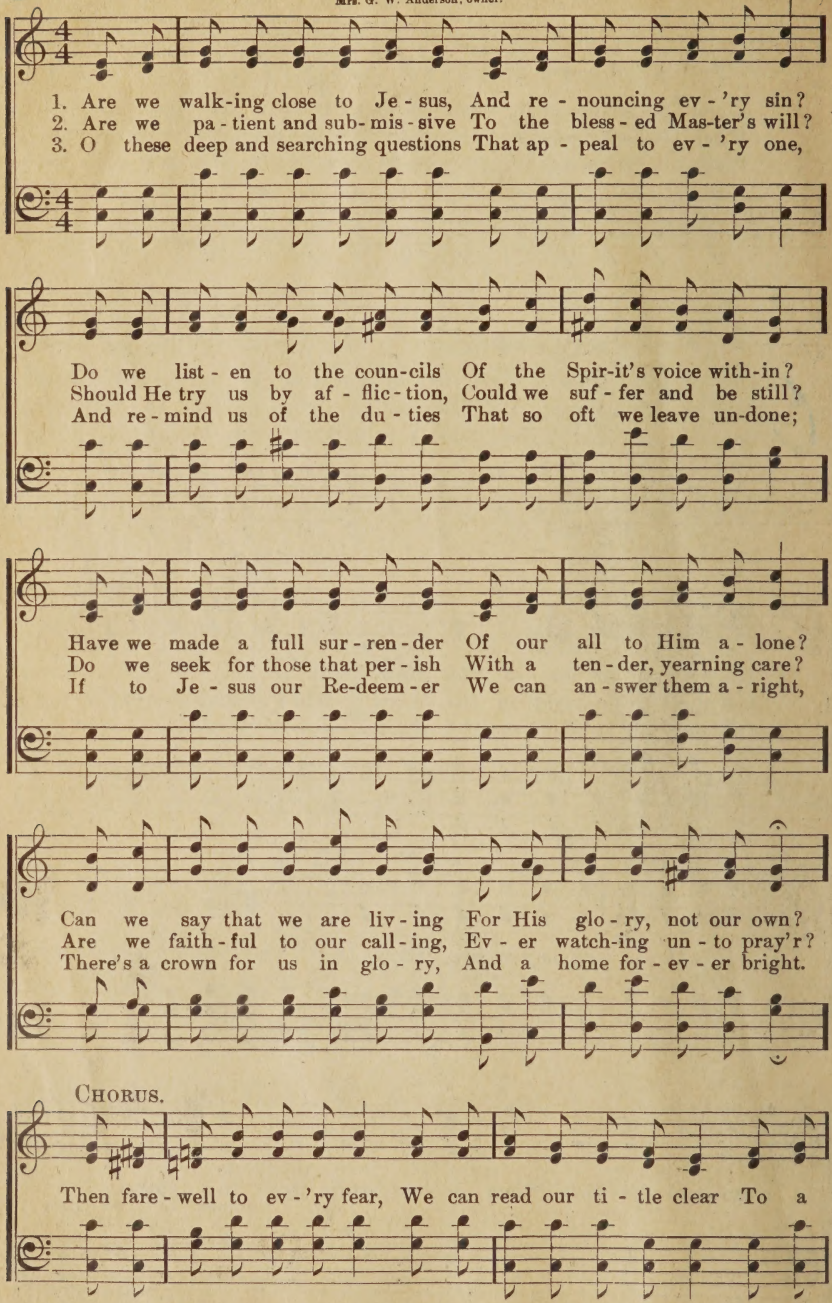
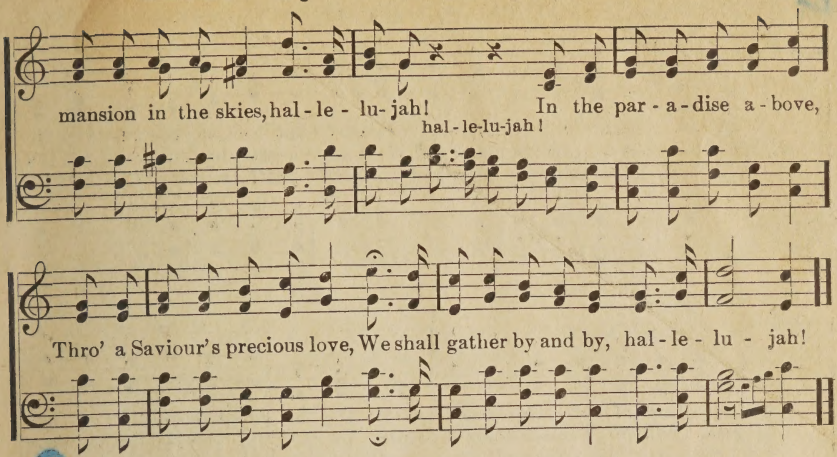
B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Are we walk-ing close to Je - sus, And re - nouncing ev - 'ry sin?
2. Are we pa - tient and sub - mis - sive To the bless - ed Mas-ter's will?
3. O these deep and searching questions That ap - peal to ev - 'ry one,
Do we list - en to the coun-cils Of the Spir-it's voice with-in?
Should He try us by af - flic - tion, Could we suf - fer and be still?
And re - mind us of the du - ties That so oft we leave un-done;
Have we made a full sur - ren - der Of our all to Him a - lone?
Do we seek for those that per - ish With a ten - der, yearning care?
If to Je - sus our Re-deem - er We can an - swer them a - right,
Can we say that we are liv - ing For His glo - ry, not our own?
Are we faith - ful to our call - ing, Ev - er watch-ing un - to pray'r?
There's a crown for us in glo - ry, And a home for - ev - er bright.
CHORUS.
Then fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, We can read our ti - tle clear To a

Gather By and By.—Concluded.


mansion in the skies, hal-le-lu-jah! In the par-a-dise a-bove,
hal-le-lu-jah!
Thro' a Saviour's precious love, We shall gather by and by, hal-le-lu-jah!

13

Child of Thy Love.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

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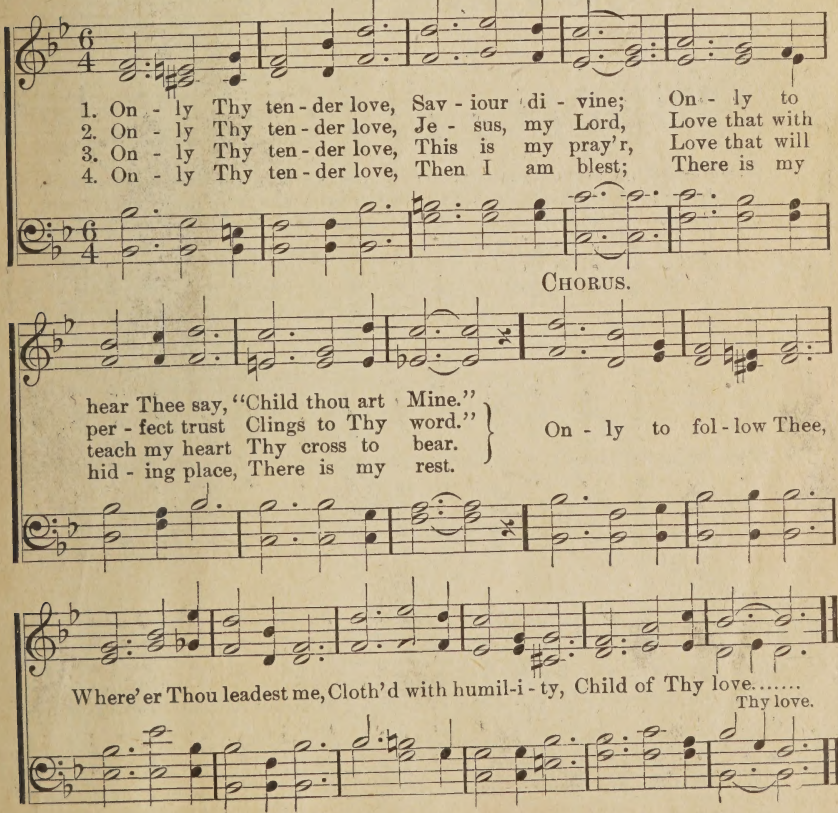
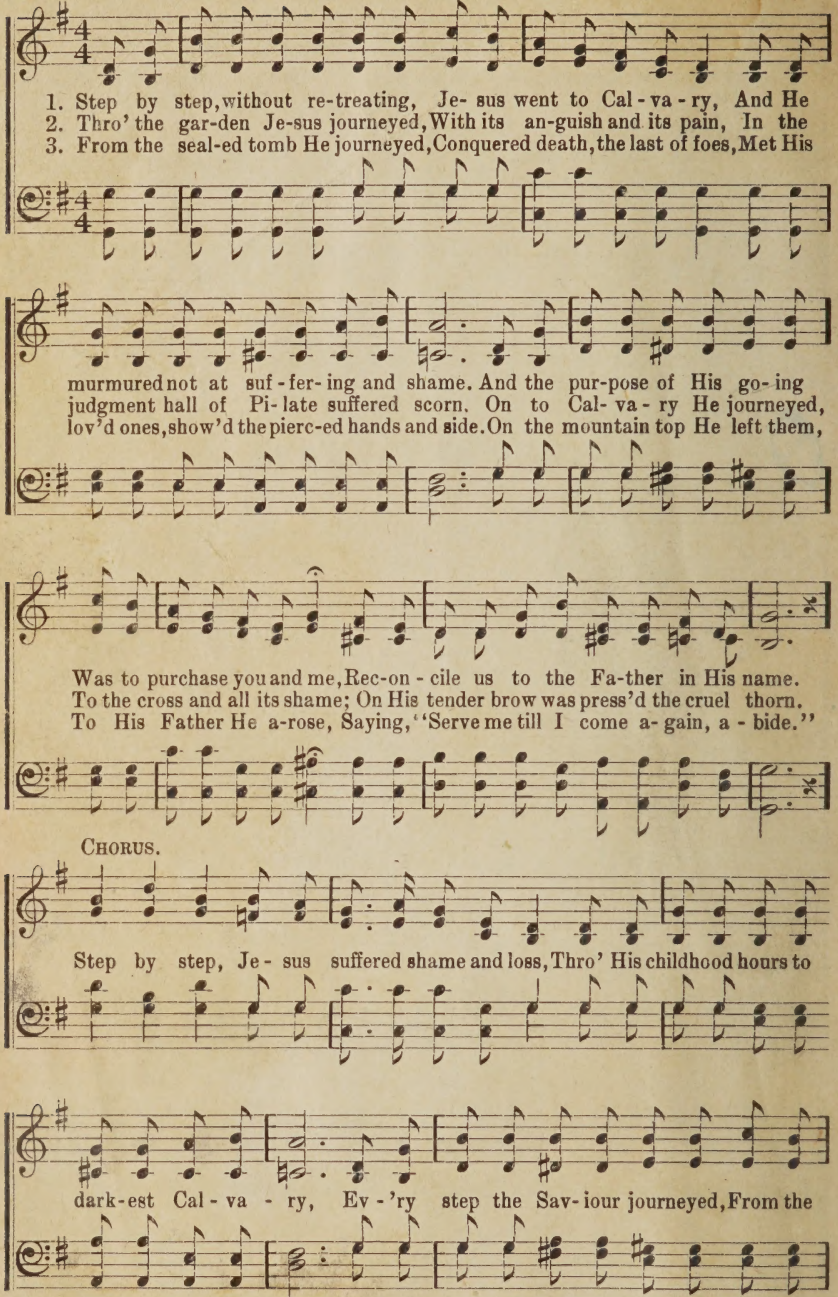
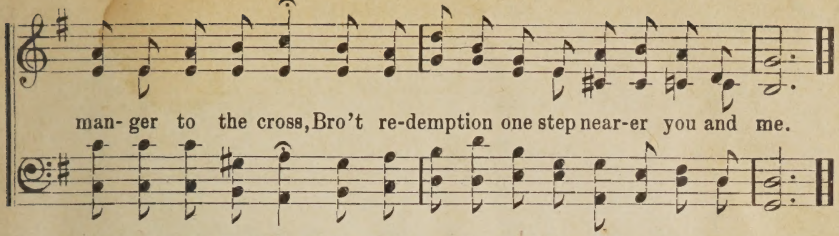
B. D. ACKLEY.

1. On - ly Thy ten - der love, Sav - iour di - vine; On - ly to
2. On - ly Thy ten - der love, Je - sus, my Lord, Love that with
3. On - ly Thy ten - der love, This is my pray'r, Love that will
4. On - ly Thy ten - der love, Then I am blest; There is my
CHORUS.
hear Thee say, "Child thou art Mine."
per - fect trust Clings to Thy word."
teach my heart Thy cross to bear.
hid - ing place, There is my rest.
On - ly to fol - low Thee,
Where'er Thou leadest me, Cloth'd with humil-i - ty, Child of Thy love.....
Thy love.

WILSON

Step By Step.

J. H. MacQuery. Copyright, 1927, by Arthur A. Shank. Arthur A. Shank.

1. Step by step, without re-treating, Je- sus went to Cal - va - ry, And He
2. Thro' the gar-den Je-sus journeyed, With its an-guish and its pain, In the
3. From the seal-ed tomb He journeyed, Conquered death, the last of foes, Met His
murmured not at suf - fer- ing and shame. And the pur-pose of His go- ing
judgment hall of Pi- late suffered scorn. On to Cal- va - ry He journeyed,
lov'd ones, show'd the pierc-ed hands and side. On the mountain top He left them,
Was to purchase you and me, Rec-on - cile us to the Fa-ther in His name.
To the cross and all its shame; On His tender brow was press'd the cruel thorn.
To His Father He a-rose, Saying, "Serve me till I come a- gain, a - bide."
Chorus.
Step by step, Je- sus suffered shame and loss, Thro' His childhood hours to
dark-est Cal - va - ry, Ev - 'ry step the Sav- iour journeyed, From the

Step By Step.



15 Shall We Gather At the River?

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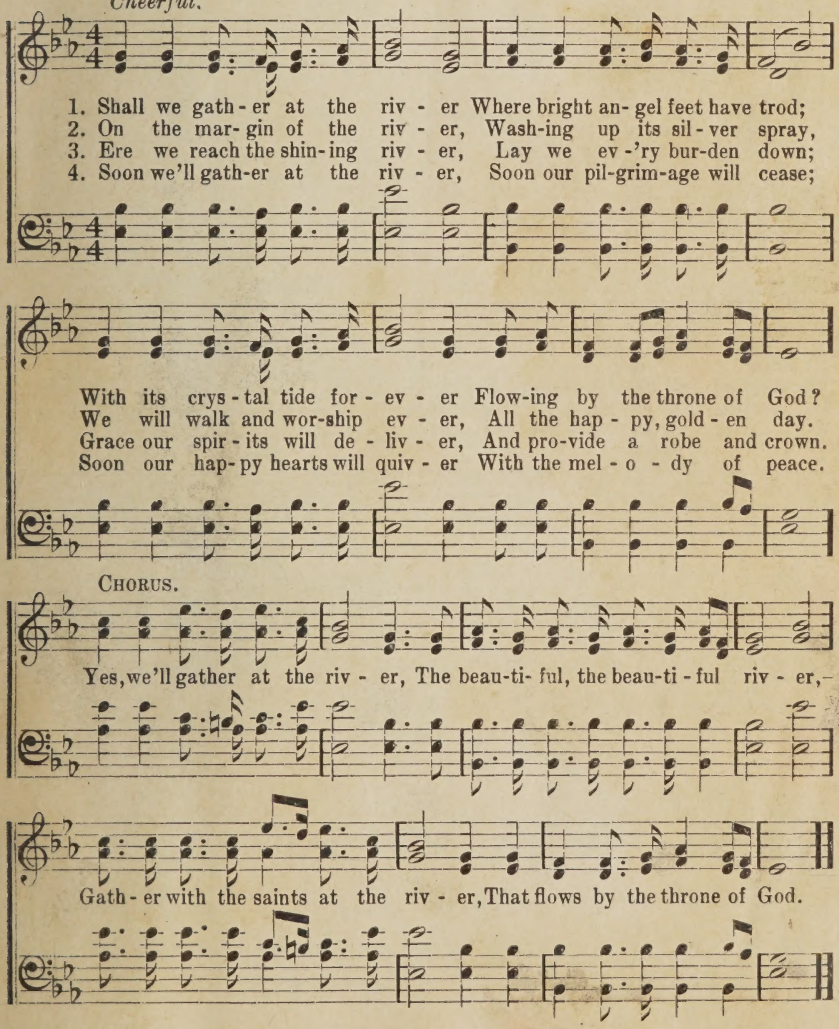
R. L. Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

Cheerful.


1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll gath-er at the riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;
With its crys-tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor-ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
Grace our spir-its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.
CHORUS.
Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er,-
Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.

16 Seek for the Deep-Hidden Treasures.

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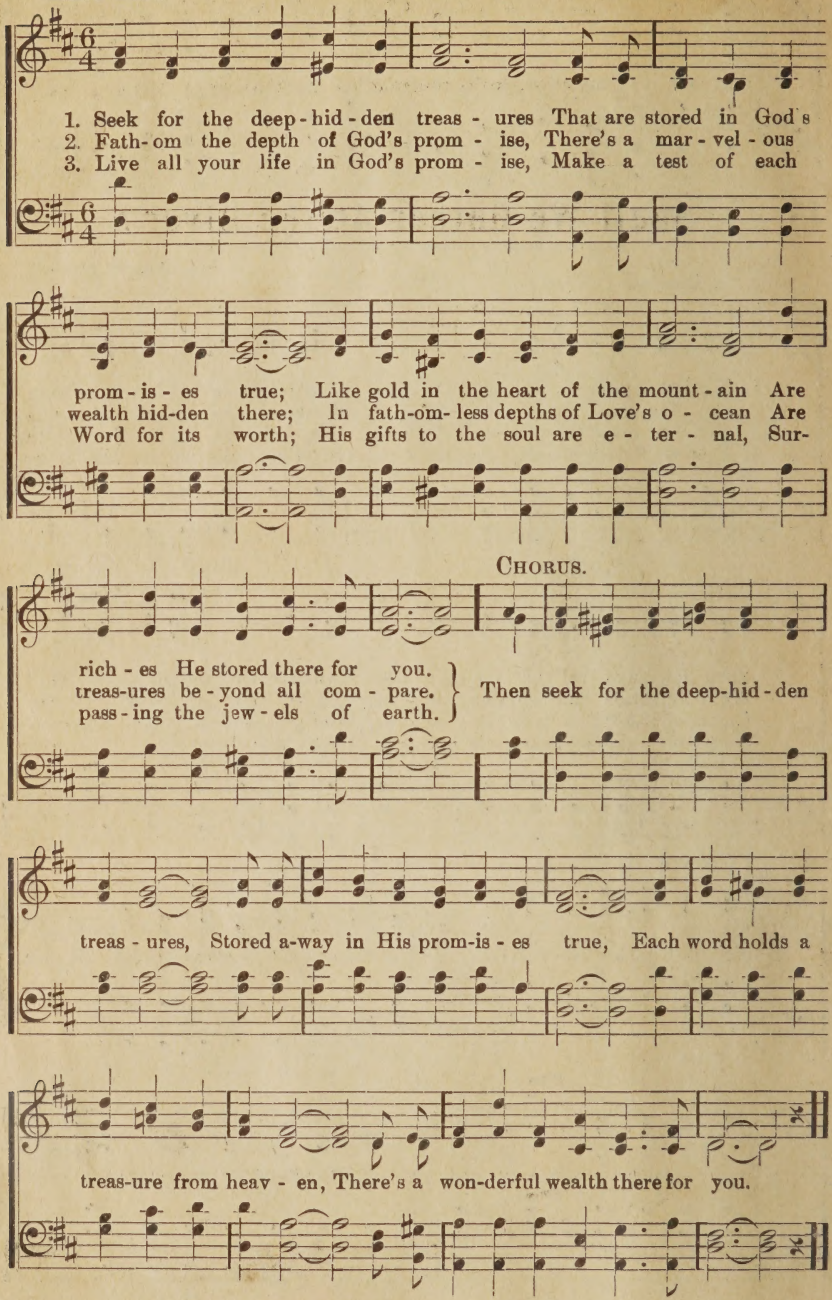
RALPH BUNSEN. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Seek for the deep-hid-den treas-ures That are stored in God's
2. Fath-om the depth of God's prom-ise, There's a mar-vel-ous
3. Live all your life in God's prom-ise, Make a test of each
prom-is-es true; Like gold in the heart of the mount-ain Are
wealth hid-den there; In fath-om-less depths of Love's o-cean Are
Word for its worth; His gifts to the soul are e-ter-nal, Sur-
CHORUS.
rich-es He stored there for you.
treas-ures be-yond all com-pare.
pass-ing the jew-els of earth.
Then seek for the deep-hid-den
treas-ures, Stored a-way in His prom-is-es true, Each word holds a
treas-ure from heav-en, There's a won-derful wealth there for you.

More About Jesus.

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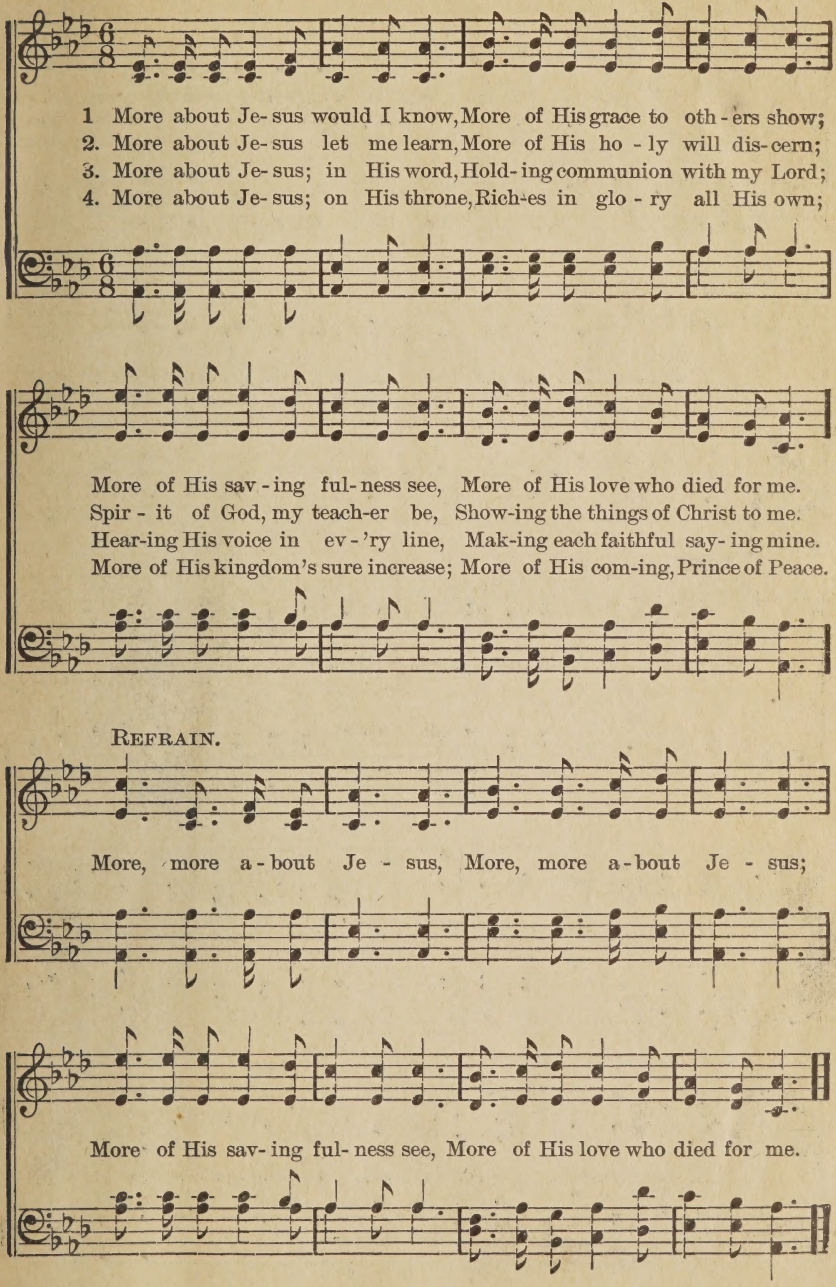
E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1 More about Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;
2. More about Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho-ly will dis-cern;
3. More about Je-sus; in His word, Hold-ing communion with my Lord;
4. More about Je-sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo-ry all His own;
More of His sav-ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir-it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev-'ry line, Mak-ing each faithful say-ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.
REFRAIN.
More, more a-bout Je-sus, More, more a-bout Je-sus;
More of His sav-ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.

To the Mountain.

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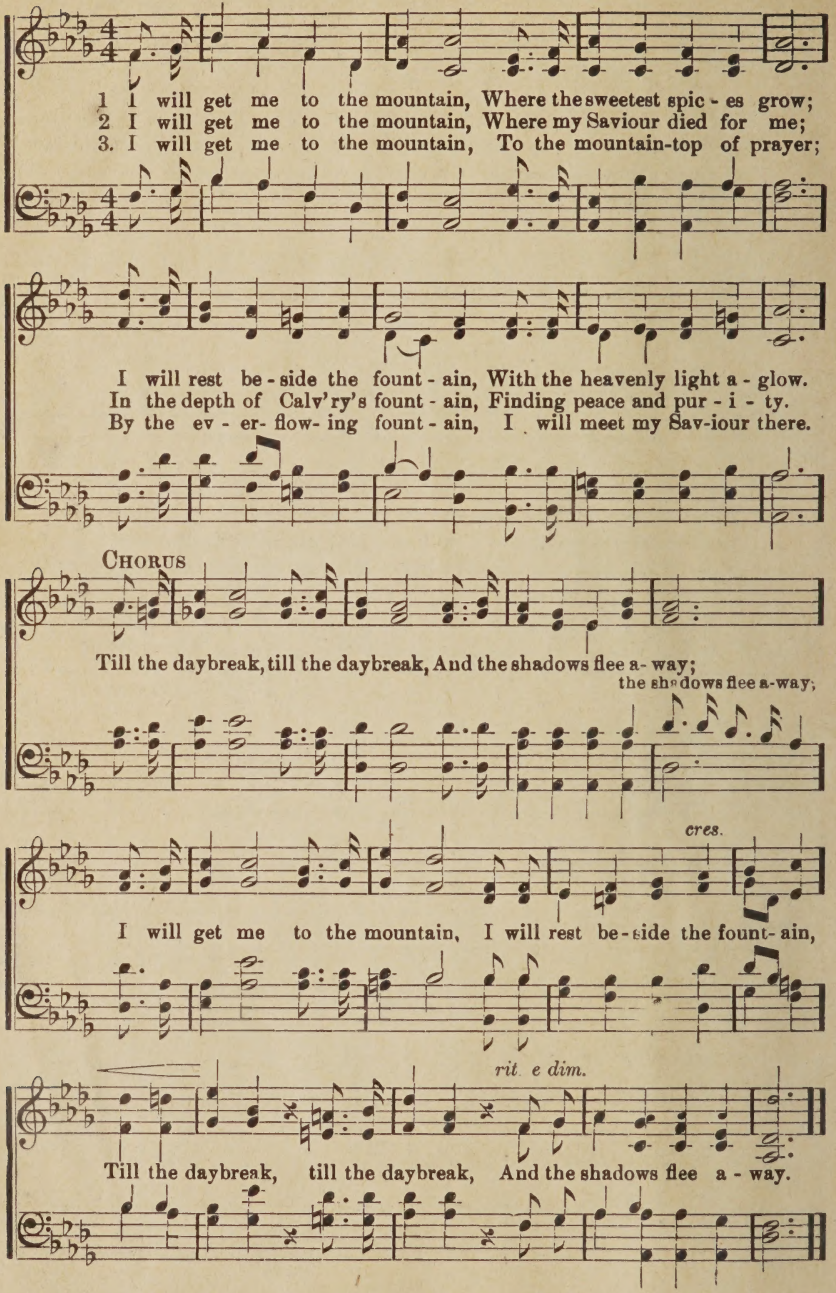
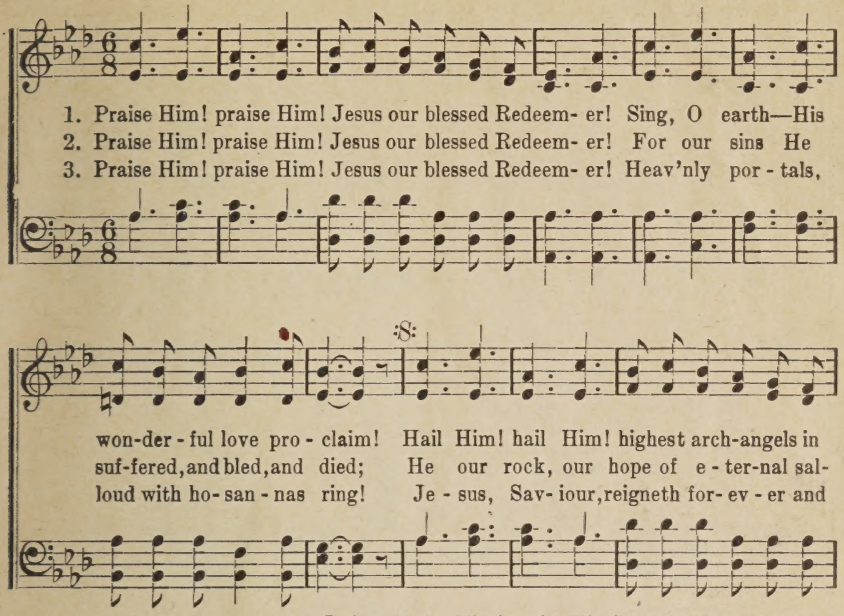
E. E. HEWITT. (Posthumous.) (Canticles 4: 6.) B. D. ACKLEY.

1 I will get me to the mountain, Where the sweetest spic - es grow;
2 I will get me to the mountain, Where my Saviour died for me;
3. I will get me to the mountain, To the mountain-top of prayer;
I will rest be - side the fount - ain, With the heavenly light a - glow.
In the depth of Calv'ry's fount - ain, Finding peace and pur - i - ty.
By the ev - er- flow- ing fount - ain, I will meet my Sav-iour there.
CHORUS
Till the daybreak, till the daybreak, And the shadows flee a- way;
the shadows flee a-way;
cres.
I will get me to the mountain, I will rest be - side the fount- ain,
rit e dim.
Till the daybreak, till the daybreak, And the shadows flee a - way.

Praise Him! Praise Him!

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHESTER G. ALLEN.


1. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus our blessed Redeem- er! Sing, O earth—His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus our blessed Redeem- er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus our blessed Redeem- er! Heav'nly por - tals,
:S:
won-der - ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest arch-angels in
suf-fered, and bled, and died; He our rock, our hope of e - ter-nal sal-
loud with ho- san - nas ring! Je - sus, Sav- iour, reigneth for- ev - er and
D.S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex- cel-lent
FINE.
glo- ry; Strength and hon-or give to His ho - ly name! Like a shep-herd,
va- tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus, the cru- ci - fied. Sound His prais-es!
ev- er; Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing!
greatness, Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joy- ful song!
D.S.
Jesus will guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long;
Jesus who bore our sorrows, Love unbound- ed, wonderful, deep and strong;
o- ver the world victo-rious, Pow'r and glo - ry un- to the Lord be-long;

20 The Beautiful Garden of Prayer.

To Miss Mary Kelly, Nanking, China.

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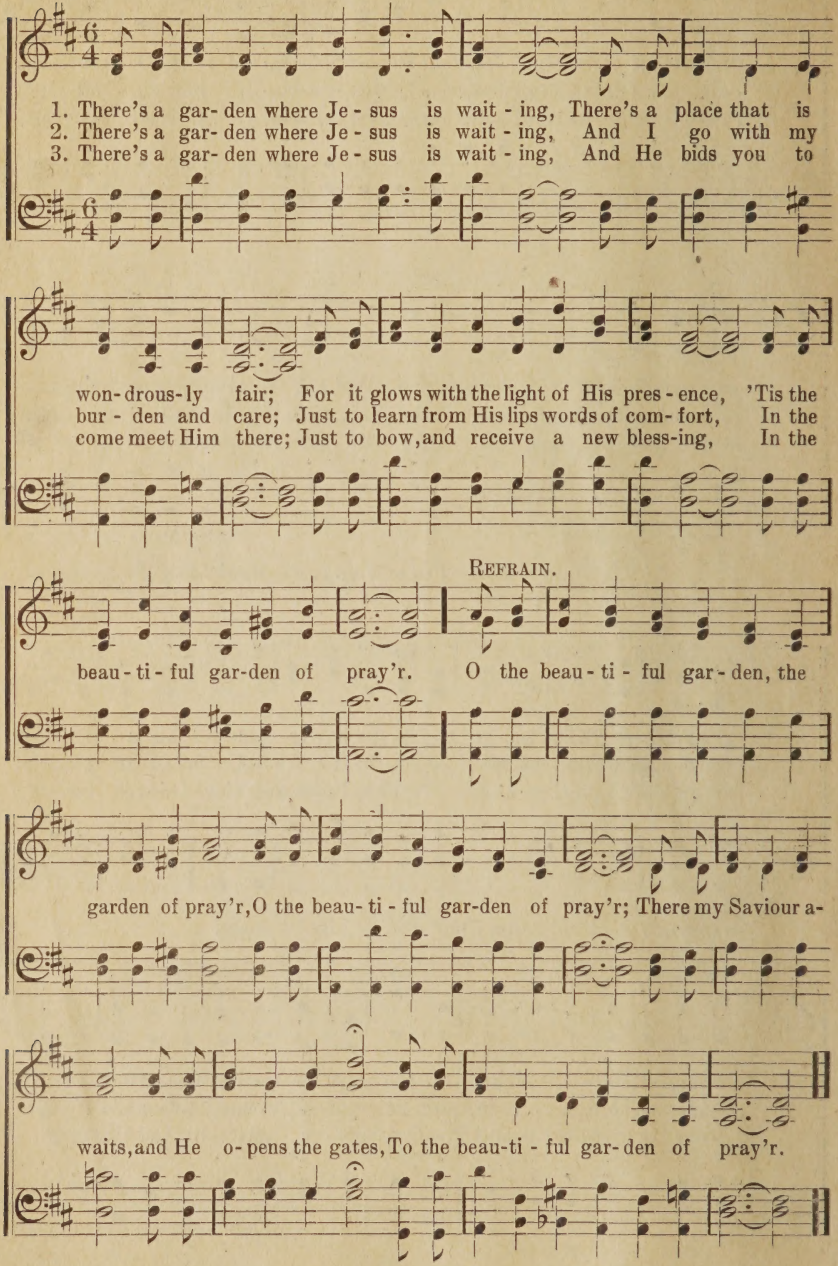
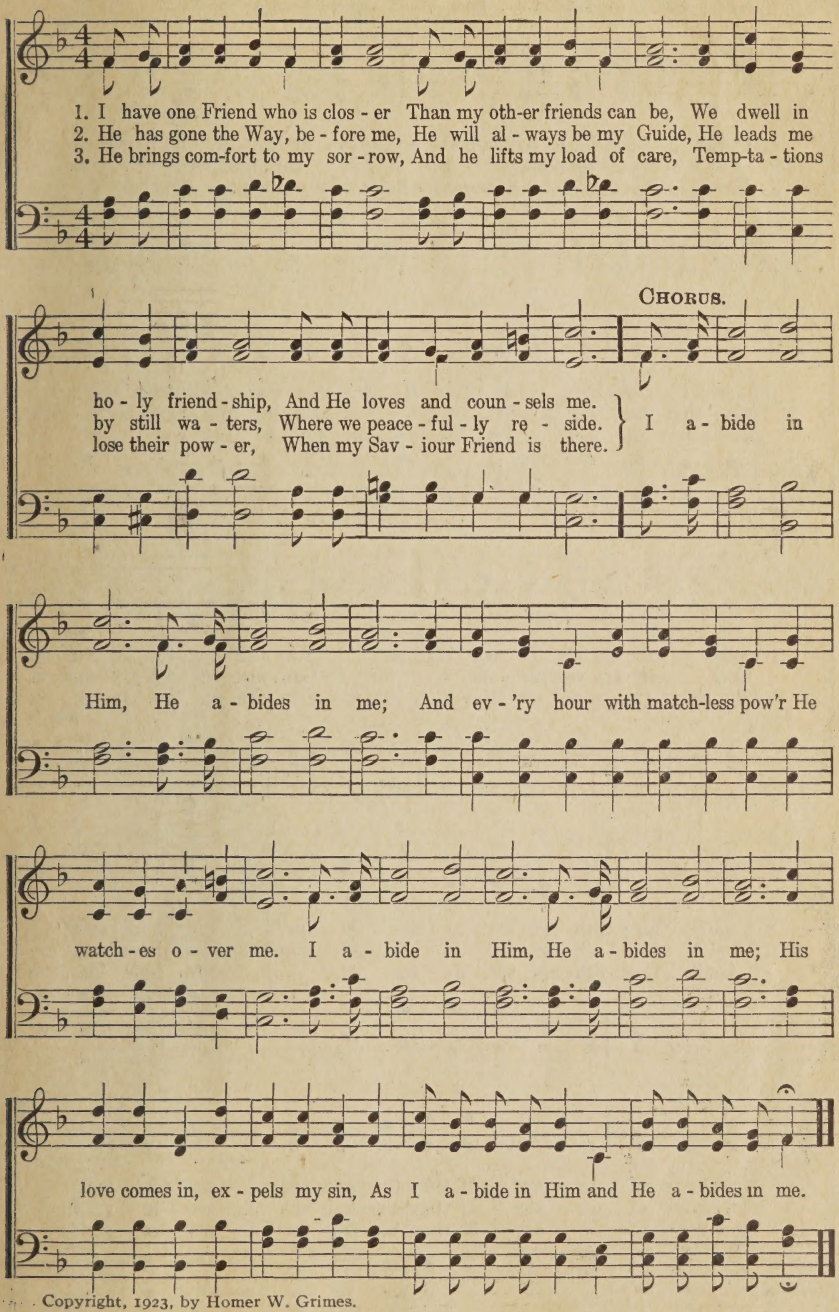

1. There's a gar- den where Je - sus is wait - ing, There's a place that is
2. There's a gar- den where Je - sus is wait - ing, And I go with my
3. There's a gar- den where Je - sus is wait - ing, And He bids you to
won- drous- ly fair; For it glows with the light of His pres - ence, 'Tis the
bur - den and care; Just to learn from His lips words of com- fort, In the
come meet Him there; Just to bow, and receive a new bless-ing, In the
REFRAIN.
beau - ti - ful gar-den of pray'r. O the beau - ti - ful gar - den, the
garden of pray'r, O the beau- ti - ful gar-den of pray'r; There my Saviour a-
waits, and He o- pens the gates, To the beau-ti - ful gar- den of pray'r.

21

I Abide In Him.

Mrs. H. W. G. Homer W. Grimes.

1. I have one Friend who is clos - er Than my oth-er friends can be, We dwell in
2. He has gone the Way, be - fore me, He will al - ways be my Guide, He leads me
3. He brings com-fort to my sor - row, And he lifts my load of care, Temp-ta - tions
CHORUS.
ho - ly friend - ship, And He loves and coun - sels me.
by still wa - ters, Where we peace - ful - ly re - side.
lose their pow - er, When my Sav - iour Friend is there.
I a - bide in
Him, He a - bides in me; And ev - 'ry hour with match-less pow'r He
watch - es o - ver me. I a - bide in Him, He a - bides in me; His
love comes in, ex - pels my sin, As I a - bide in Him and He a - bides in me.

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22

Can Others See Jesus in You?

Dedicated to Charles M. Alexander.

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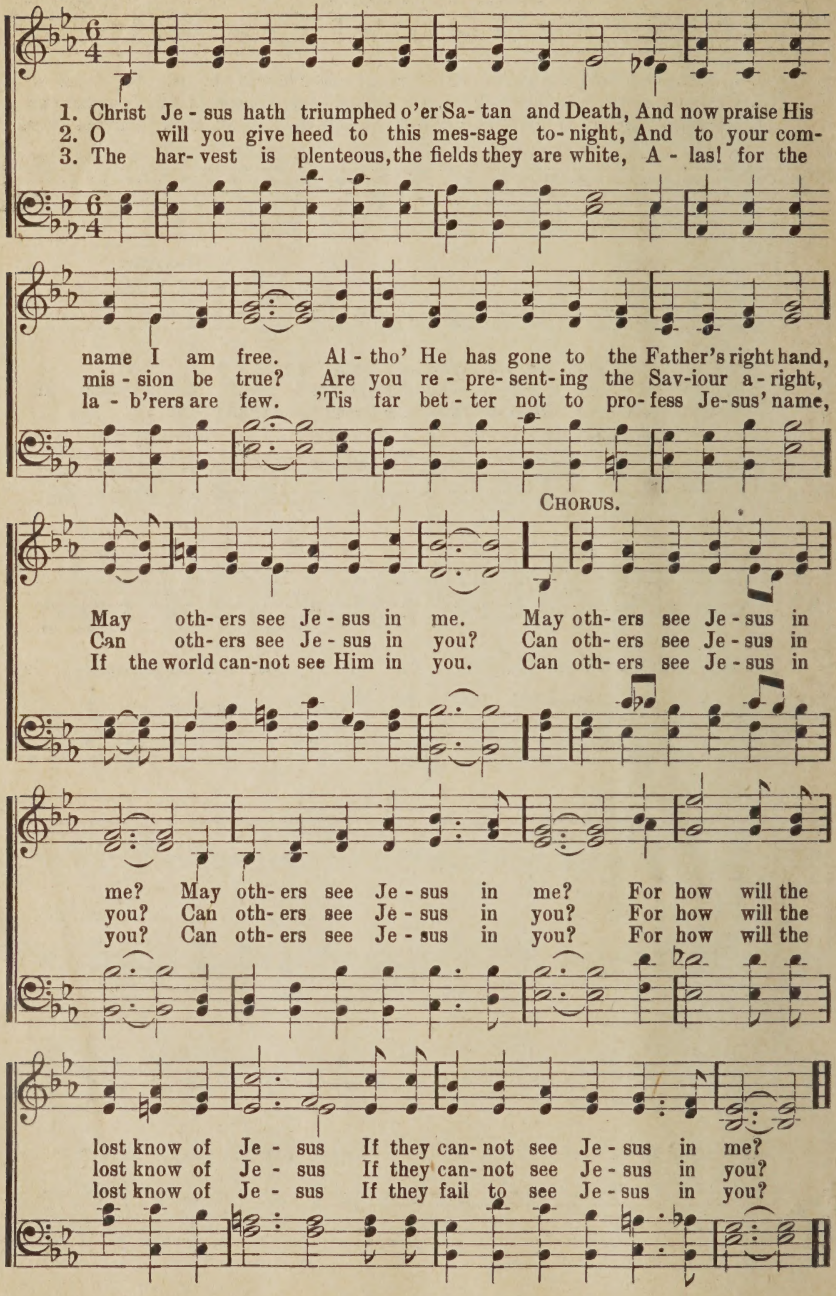
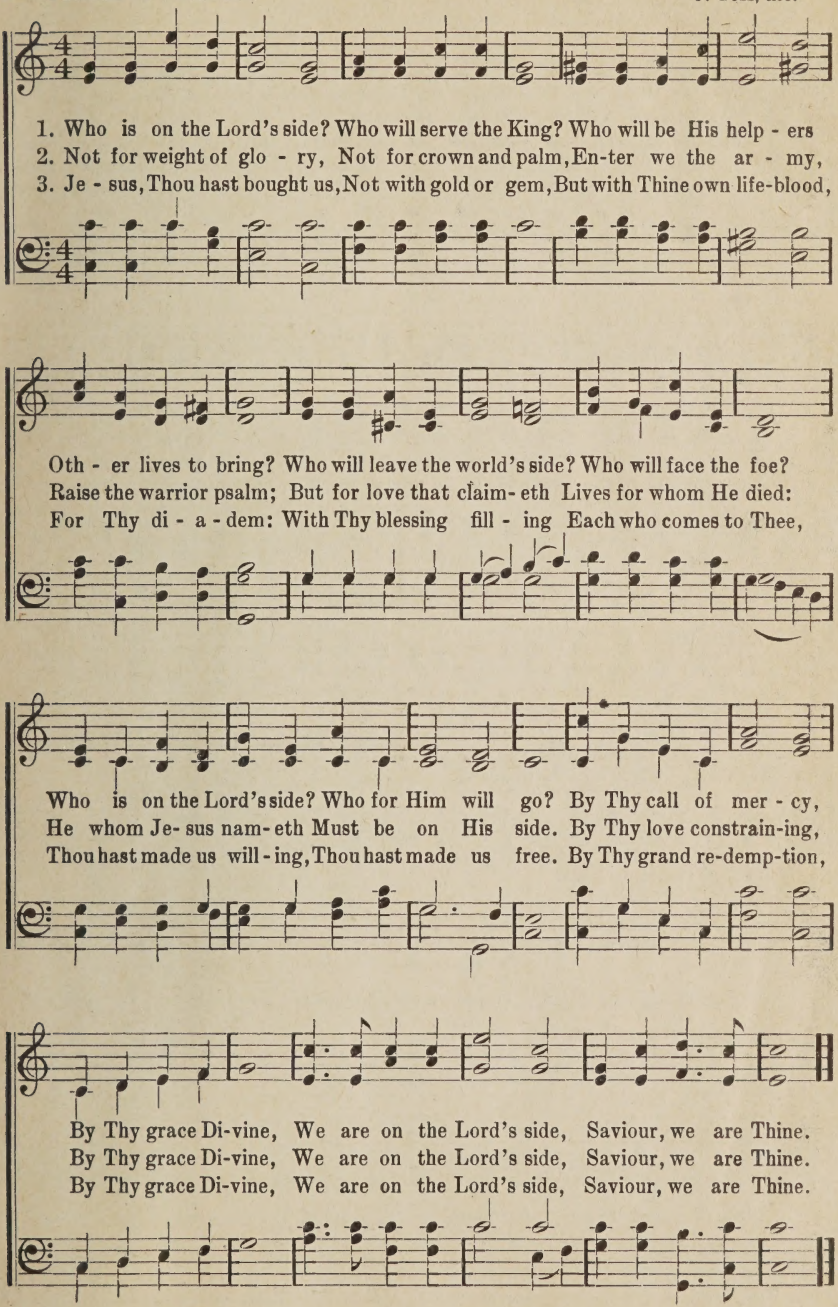
L. C. V. LEONARD C. VOKE.

1. Christ Je - sus hath triumphed o'er Sa - tan and Death, And now praise His
2. O will you give heed to this mes-sage to-night, And to your com-
3. The har- vest is plenteous, the fields they are white, A - las! for the
name I am free. Al - tho' He has gone to the Father's right hand,
mis - sion be true? Are you re - pre- sent- ing the Sav-iour a - right,
la - b'rers are few. 'Tis far bet - ter not to pro- fess Je-sus' name,
CHORUS.
May oth- ers see Je - sus in me. May oth- ers see Je - sus in
Can oth- ers see Je - sus in you? Can oth- ers see Je - sus in
If the world can-not see Him in you. Can oth- ers see Je - sus in
me? May oth- ers see Je - sus in me? For how will the
you? Can oth- ers see Je - sus in you? For how will the
you? Can oth- ers see Je - sus in you? For how will the
lost know of Je - sus If they can- not see Je - sus in me?
lost know of Je - sus If they can- not see Je - sus in you?
lost know of Je - sus If they fail to see Je - sus in you?

23 Who is On the Lord's Side?

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. J. GOSS, arr.


1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En-ter we the ar - my,
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,
Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
Raise the warrior psalm; But for love that claim- eth Lives for whom He died:
For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy blessing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee,
Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,
He whom Je- sus nam- eth Must be on His side. By Thy love constrain-ing,
Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand re-demp-tion,
By Thy grace Di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine.
By Thy grace Di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine.
By Thy grace Di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine.

Moment By Moment.

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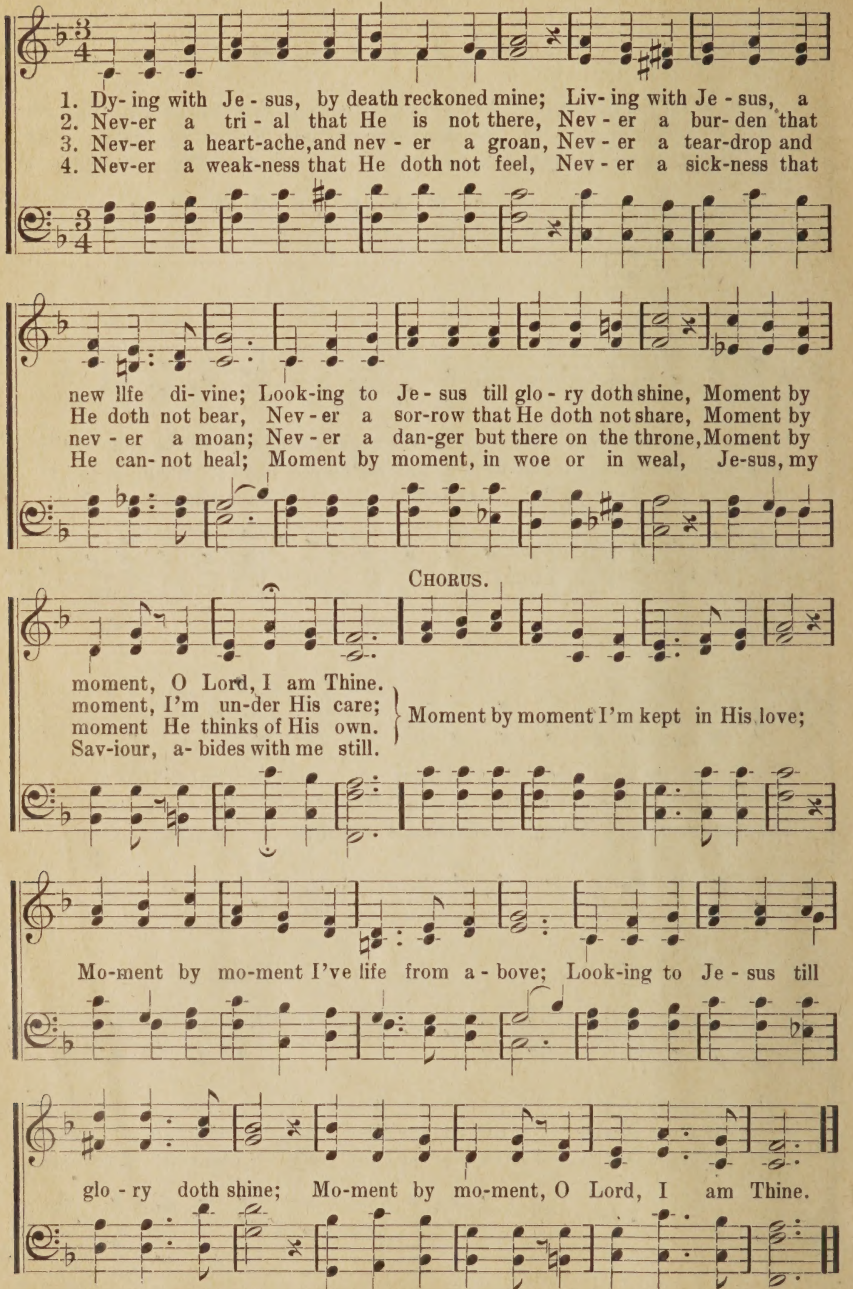
D. W. WHITTLE. MARY WHITTLE.

1. Dy- ing with Je - sus, by death reckoned mine; Liv- ing with Je - sus, a
2. Nev-er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev - er a bur- den that
3. Nev-er a heart-ache, and nev - er a groan, Nev - er a tear-drop and
4. Nev-er a weak-ness that He doth not feel, Nev - er a sick-ness that
new life di- vine; Look-ing to Je - sus till glo - ry doth shine, Moment by
He doth not bear, Nev - er a sor-row that He doth not share, Moment by
nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan-ger but there on the throne, Moment by
He can- not heal; Moment by moment, in woe or in weal, Je-sus, my
CHORUS.
moment, O Lord, I am Thine.
moment, I'm un-der His care;
moment He thinks of His own.
Sav-iour, a- bides with me still.
Moment by moment I'm kept in His love;
Mo-ment by mo-ment I've life from a - bove; Look-ing to Je - sus till
glo - ry doth shine; Mo-ment by mo-ment, O Lord, I am Thine.

25

The Shepherd Song.

G. W. A.

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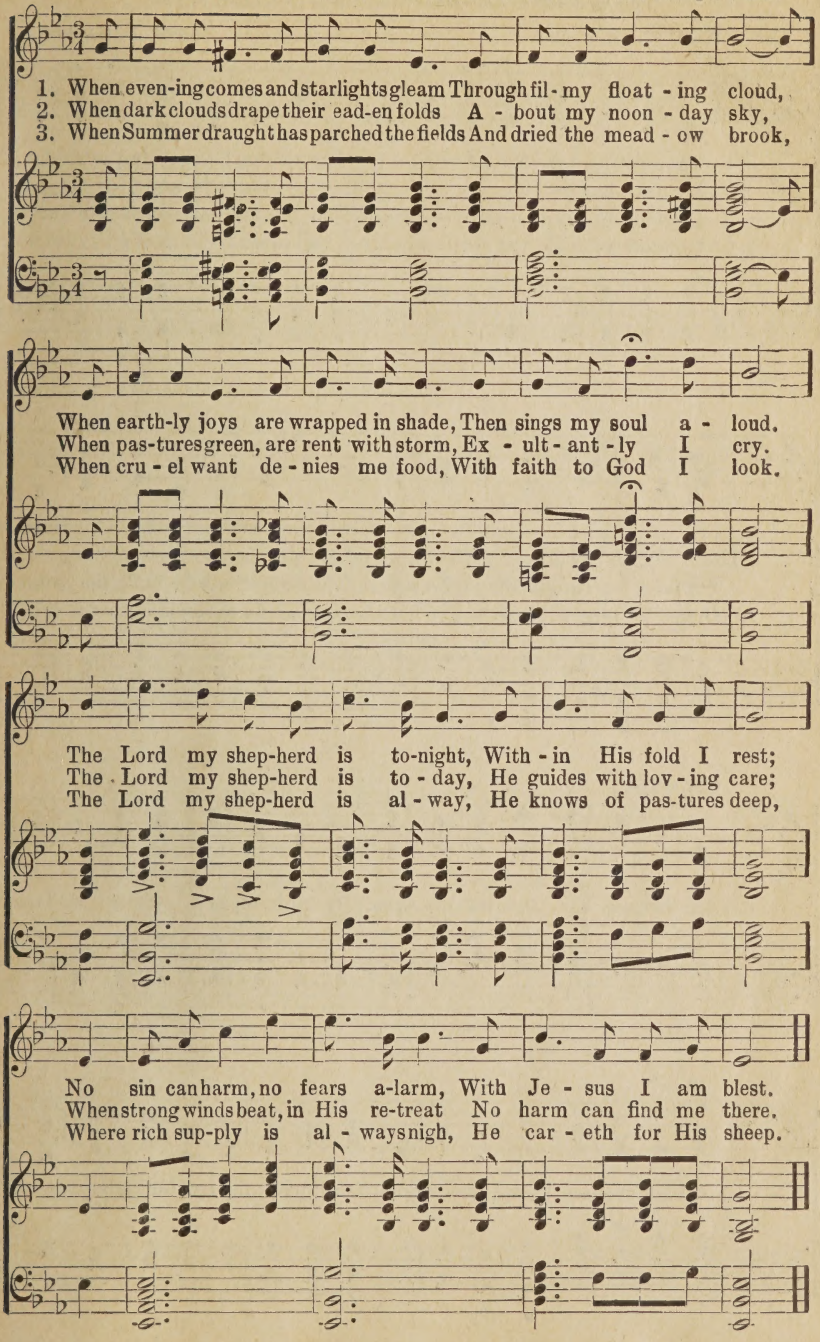
Nellie Albright Weber.

1. When even-ing comes and star lights gleam Through fil - my float - ing cloud,
2. When dark clouds drape their ead-en folds A - bout my noon - day sky,
3. When Summer draught has parched the fields And dried the mead - ow brook,
When earth-ly joys are wrapped in shade, Then sings my soul a - loud.
When pas-tures green, are rent with storm, Ex - ult - ant - ly I cry.
When cru - el want de - nies me food, With faith to God I look.
The Lord my shep-herd is to-night, With - in His fold I rest;
The Lord my shep-herd is to - day, He guides with lov - ing care;
The Lord my shep-herd is al - way, He knows of pas-tures deep,
No sin can harm, no fears a-larm, With Je - sus I am blest.
When strong winds beat, in His re-treat No harm can find me there.
Where rich sup-ply is al - ways nigh, He car - eth for His sheep.

Higher Ground.

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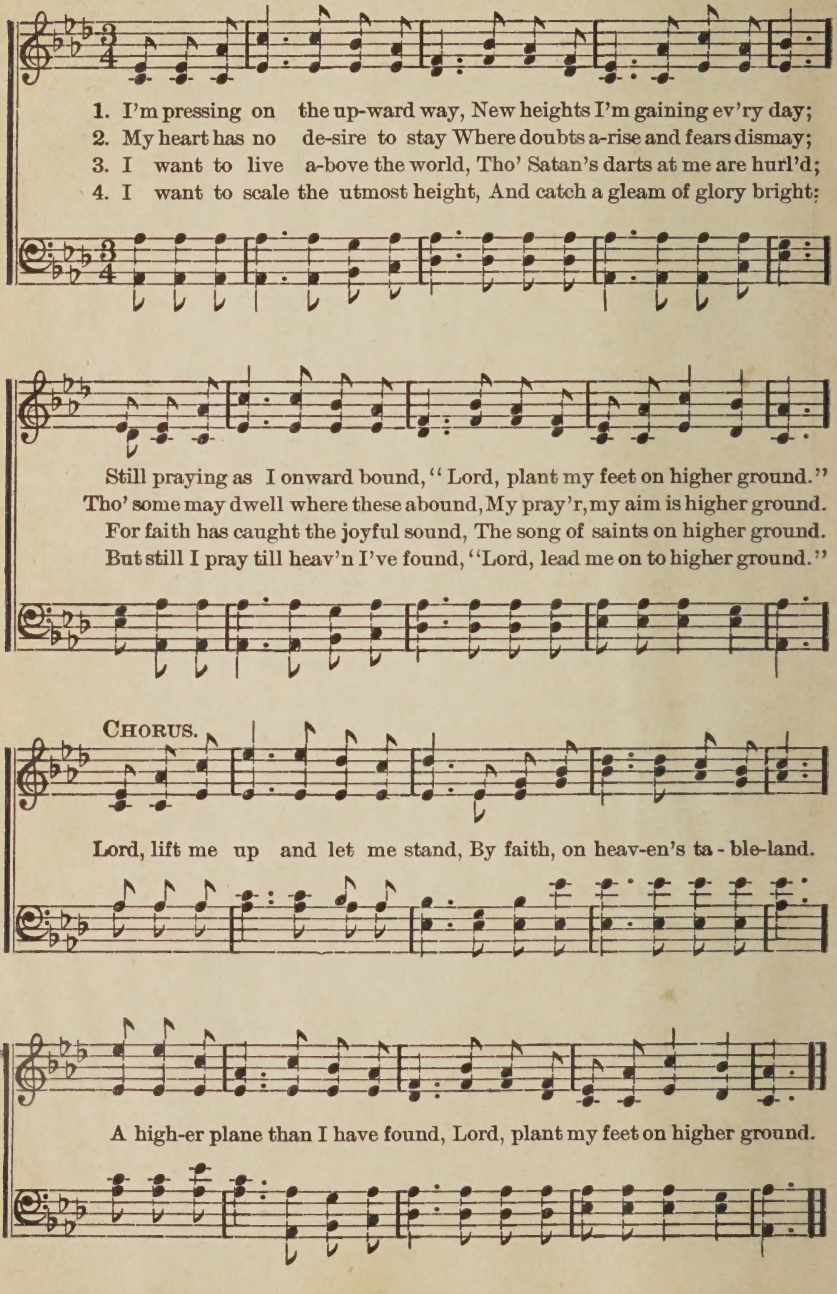
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. I'm pressing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dismay;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurl'd;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glory bright;
Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."
CHORUS.
Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta - ble-land.
A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

The Fight of Faith.

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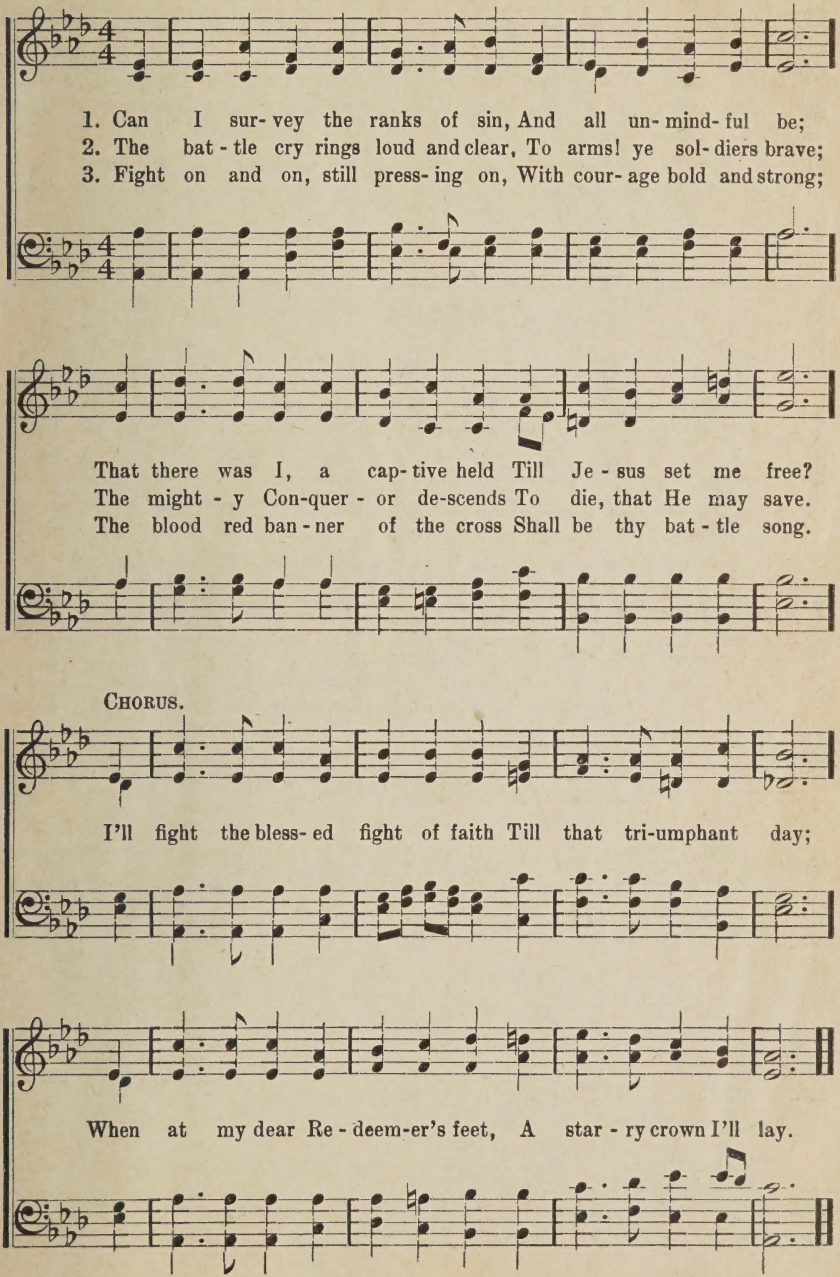
Rev. A. H. ACKLEY. HAZEL SCOVILLE.


1. Can I sur-vey the ranks of sin, And all un-mind-ful be;
2. The bat-tle cry rings loud and clear, To arms! ye sol-diers brave;
3. Fight on and on, still press-ing on, With cour-age bold and strong;
That there was I, a cap-tive held Till Je-sus set me free?
The might-y Con-quer-or de-scends To die, that He may save.
The blood red ban-ner of the cross Shall be thy bat-tle song.
CHORUS.
I'll fight the bless-ed fight of faith Till that tri-umphant day;
When at my dear Re-deem-er's feet, A star-ry crown I'll lay.

Nearer, O My Saviour!

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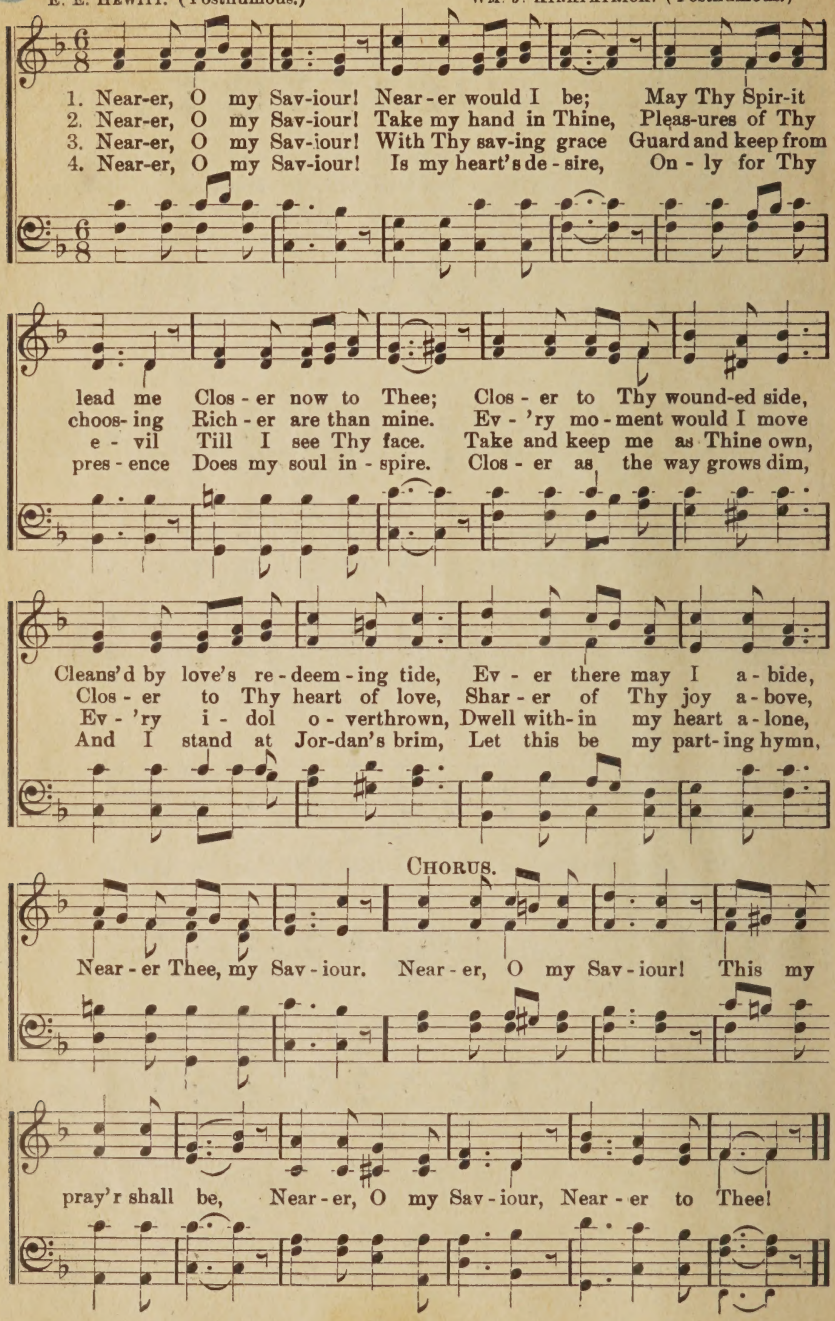
E. E. HEWITT. (Posthumous.) WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. (Posthumous.)

1. Near-er, O my Sav-iour! Near-er would I be; May Thy Spir-it
2. Near-er, O my Sav-iour! Take my hand in Thine, Pleas-ures of Thy
3. Near-er, O my Sav-iour! With Thy sav-ing grace Guard and keep from
4. Near-er, O my Sav-iour! Is my heart's de-sire, On-ly for Thy
lead me Clos-er now to Thee; Clos-er to Thy wound-ed side,
choos-ing Rich-er are than mine. Ev-'ry mo-ment would I move
e-vil Till I see Thy face. Take and keep me as Thine own,
pres-ence Does my soul in-spire. Clos-er as the way grows dim,
Cleans'd by love's re-deem-ing tide, Ev-er there may I a-bide,
Clos-er to Thy heart of love, Shar-er of Thy joy a-bove,
Ev-'ry i-dol o-verthrown, Dwell with-in my heart a-lone,
And I stand at Jor-dan's brim, Let this be my part-ing hymn,
CHORUS.
Near-er Thee, my Sav-iour. Near-er, O my Sav-iour! This my
pray'r shall be, Near-er, O my Sav-iour, Near-er to Thee!

His Love is Singing.

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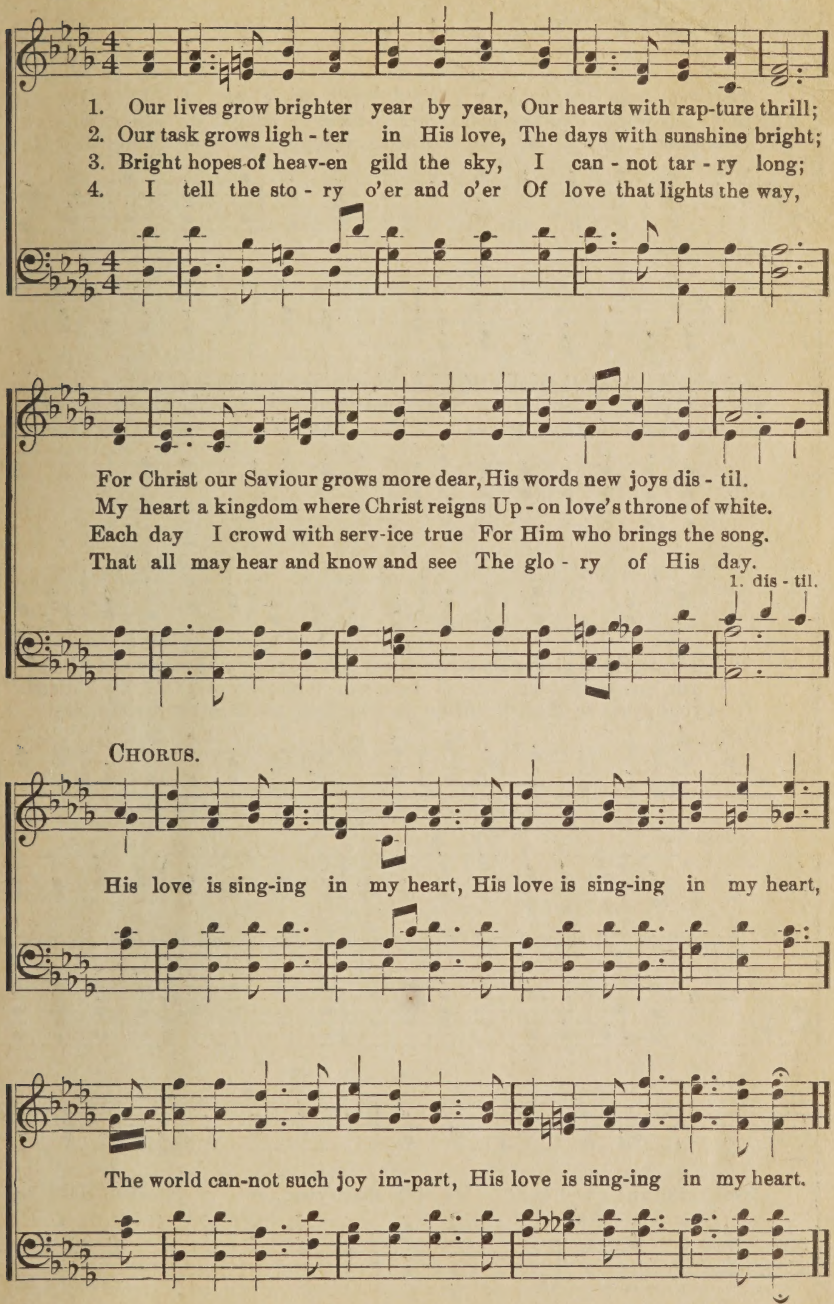
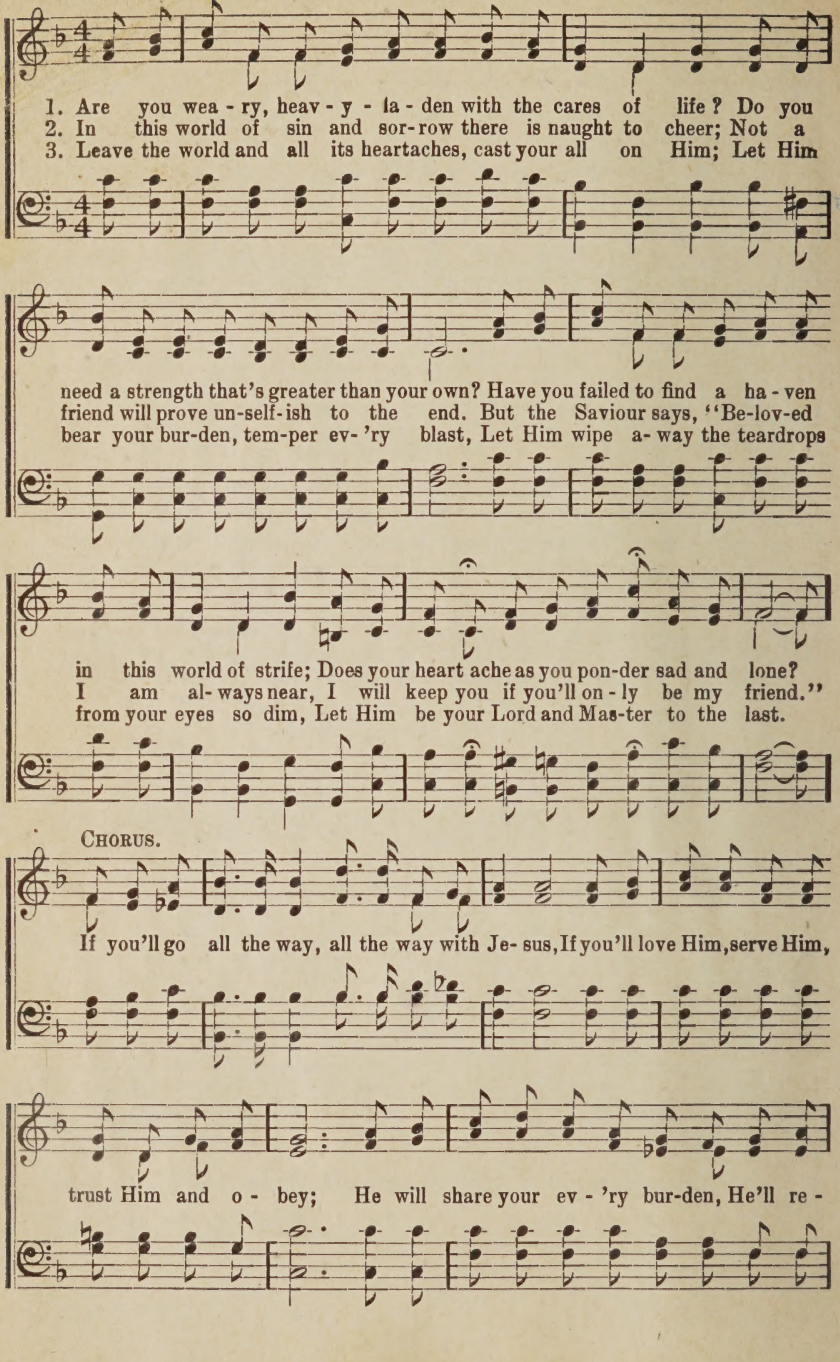
HOMER HOUSE. HAZEL SCOVILLE.

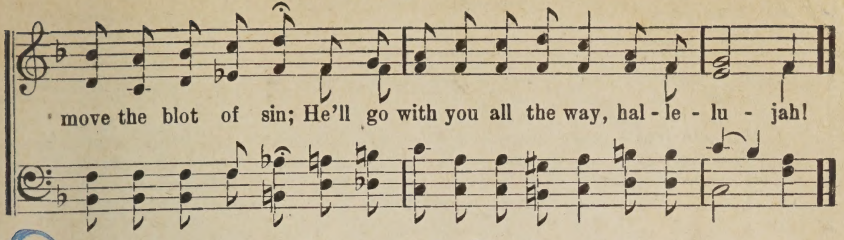

1. Our lives grow brighter year by year, Our hearts with rap-ture thrill;
2. Our task grows ligh - ter in His love, The days with sunshine bright;
3. Bright hopes of heav-en gild the sky, I can - not tar - ry long;
4. I tell the sto - ry o'er and o'er Of love that lights the way,
For Christ our Saviour grows more dear, His words new joys dis - til.
My heart a kingdom where Christ reigns Up - on love's throne of white.
Each day I crowd with serv-ice true For Him who brings the song.
That all may hear and know and see The glo - ry of His day.
1. dis - til.
CHORUS.
His love is sing-ing in my heart, His love is sing-ing in my heart,
The world can-not such joy im-part, His love is sing-ing in my heart.

30 All the Way With Jesus.

J. H. MacQuery. Copyright, 1927, by Arthur A. Shank. Arthur A. Shank.

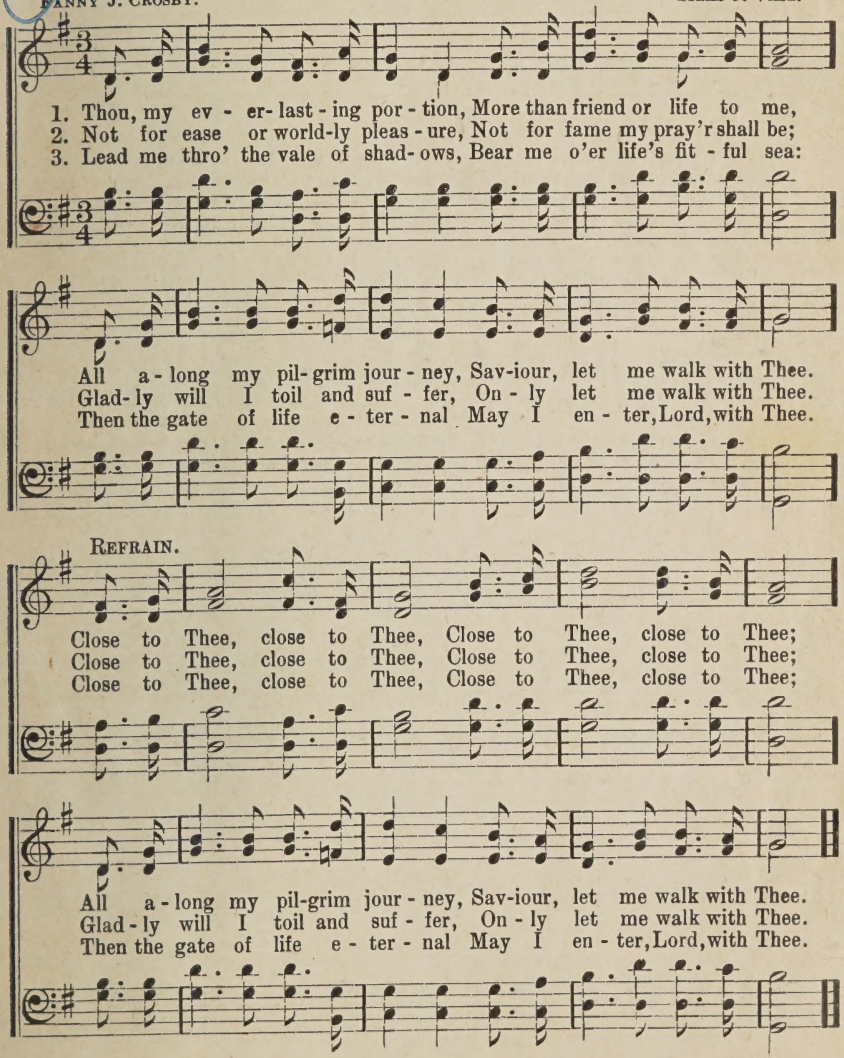

1. Are you wea - ry, heav - y - la - den with the cares of life? Do you
2. In this world of sin and sor-row there is naught to cheer; Not a
3. Leave the world and all its heartaches, cast your all on Him; Let Him
need a strength that's greater than your own? Have you failed to find a ha - ven
friend will prove un-self-ish to the end. But the Saviour says, "Be-lov-ed
bear your bur-den, tem-per ev- 'ry blast, Let Him wipe a- way the teardrops
in this world of strife; Does your heart ache as you pon-der sad and lone?
I am al- ways near, I will keep you if you'll on - ly be my friend."
from your eyes so dim, Let Him be your Lord and Mas-ter to the last.
Chorus.
If you'll go all the way, all the way with Je- sus, If you'll love Him, serve Him,
trust Him and o - bey; He will share your ev - 'ry bur-den, He'll re -

All the Way With Jesus.



31

Close to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. SILAS J. VAIL.

1. Thou, my ev - er- last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas - ure, Not for fame my pray'r shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad- ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea:
All a - long my pil- grim jour - ney, Sav-iour, let me walk with Thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.
REFRAIN.
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;
All a - long my pil-grim jour - ney, Sav-iour, let me walk with Thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

332 There's Just One Way.

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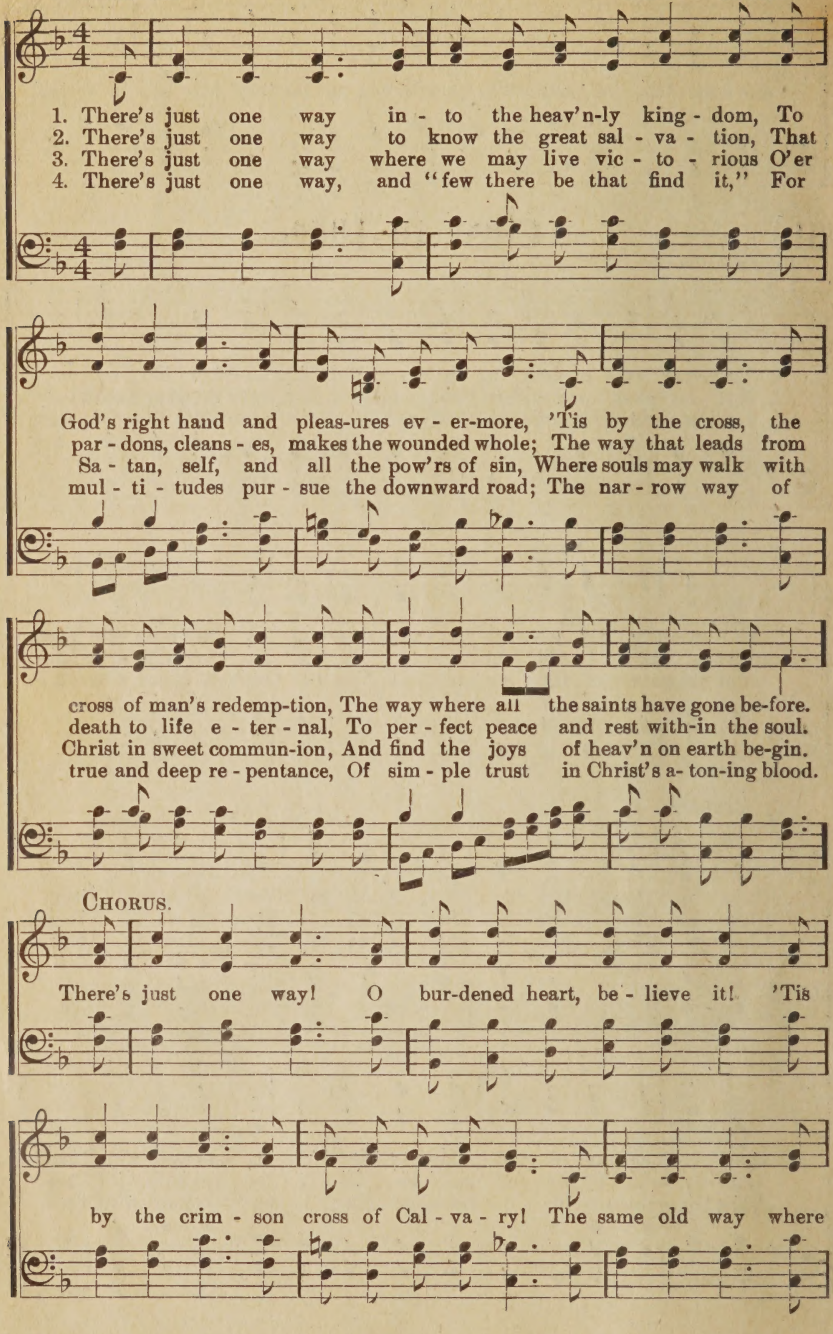
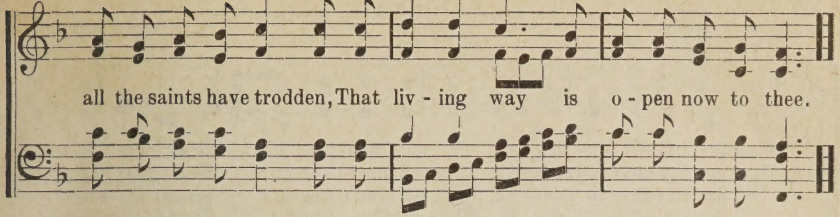
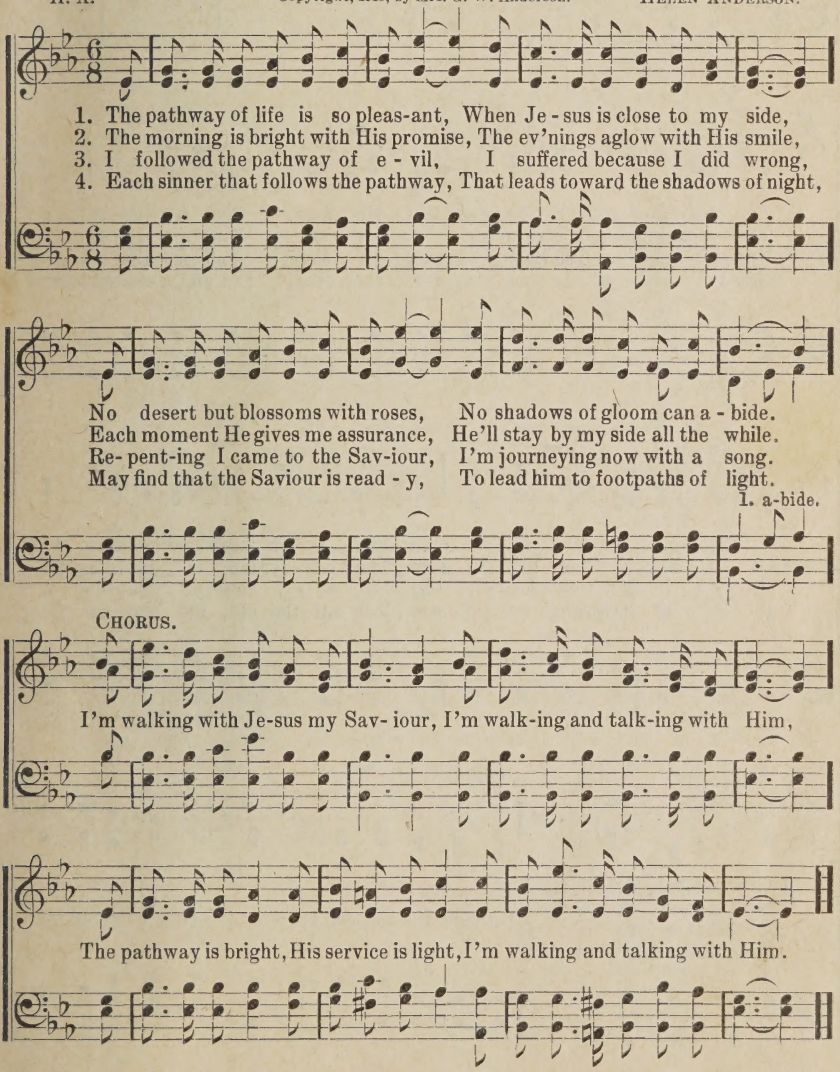
T. O. CHISHOLM. HENRY P. MORTON.

1. There's just one way in - to the heav'n-ly king - dom, To
2. There's just one way to know the great sal - va - tion, That
3. There's just one way where we may live vic - to - rious O'er
4. There's just one way, and "few there be that find it," For
God's right hand and pleas-ures ev - er-more, 'Tis by the cross, the
par - dons, cleans - es, makes the wounded whole; The way that leads from
Sa - tan, self, and all the pow'rs of sin, Where souls may walk with
mul - ti - tudes pur - sue the downward road; The nar - row way of
cross of man's redemp-tion, The way where all the saints have gone be-fore.
death to life e - ter - nal, To per - fect peace and rest with-in the soul.
Christ in sweet commun-ion, And find the joys of heav'n on earth be-gin.
true and deep re - pentance, Of sim - ple trust in Christ's a- ton-ing blood.
CHORUS.
There's just one way! O bur-dened heart, be - lieve it! 'Tis
by the crim - son cross of Cal - va - ry! The same old way where

There's Just One Way.



33 Walking and Talking with Jesus.

H. A. Copyright, 1915, by Mrs. G. W. Anderson. HELEN ANDERSON.


1. The pathway of life is so pleas-ant, When Je - sus is close to my side,
2. The morning is bright with His promise, The ev'nings aglow with His smile,
3. I followed the pathway of e - vil, I suffered because I did wrong,
4. Each sinner that follows the pathway, That leads toward the shadows of night,
No desert but blossoms with roses, No shadows of gloom can a - bide.
Each moment He gives me assurance, He'll stay by my side all the while.
Re- pent-ing I came to the Sav-iour, I'm journeying now with a song.
May find that the Saviour is read - y, To lead him to footpaths of light.
1. a-bide.
CHORUS.
I'm walking with Je-sus my Sav- iour, I'm walk-ing and talk-ing with Him,
The pathway is bright, His service is light, I'm walking and talking with Him.

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

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KATE HANKEY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That won-der-
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With earnest tones and grave; Re-mem-ber!
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's

and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the sto - ry
ful re - demption, God's rem - e - dy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry
I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save. Tell me that sto - ry
emp-ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear, Yes, and when that world's

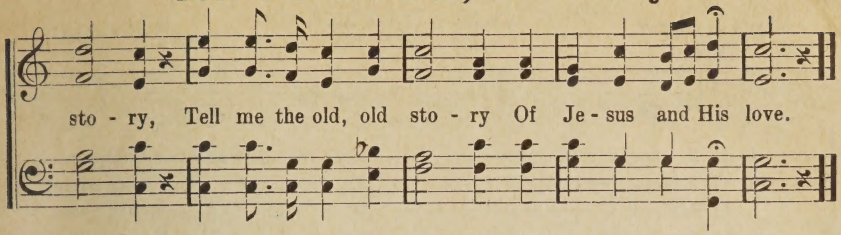
sim-ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea-ry, And
oft - en, For I for-get so soon, The "ear-ly dew" of morning Has
al - ways, If you would real - ly be, In an - y time of trou-ble, A
glo - ry Is dawn-ing on my soul, Tell me the old, old sto - ry: "Christ

CHORUS.

help - less and de - filed.
pass'd a - way at noon.
com - fort-er to me.
Je-sus makes thee whole."

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.



35

The Path to God.

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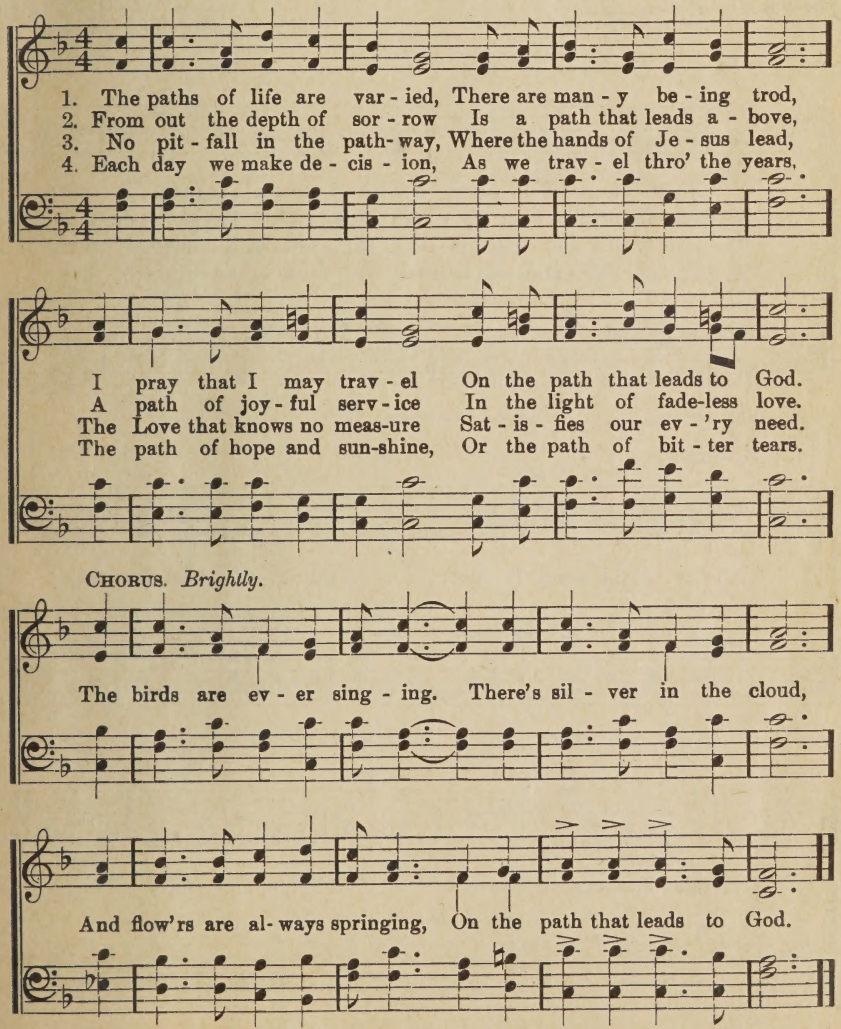
PAUL WHITE. MRS. G. W. ANDERSON.


1. The paths of life are var - ied, There are man - y be - ing trod,
2. From out the depth of sor - row Is a path that leads a - bove,
3. No pit - fall in the path - way, Where the hands of Je - sus lead,
4. Each day we make de - cis - ion, As we trav - el thro' the years,
I pray that I may trav - el On the path that leads to God.
A path of joy - ful serv - ice In the light of fade-less love.
The Love that knows no meas-ure Sat - is - fies our ev - 'ry need.
The path of hope and sun-shine, Or the path of bit - ter tears.
CHORUS. *Brightly.*
The birds are ev - er sing - ing. There's sil - ver in the cloud,
And flow'rs are al - ways springing, On the path that leads to God.

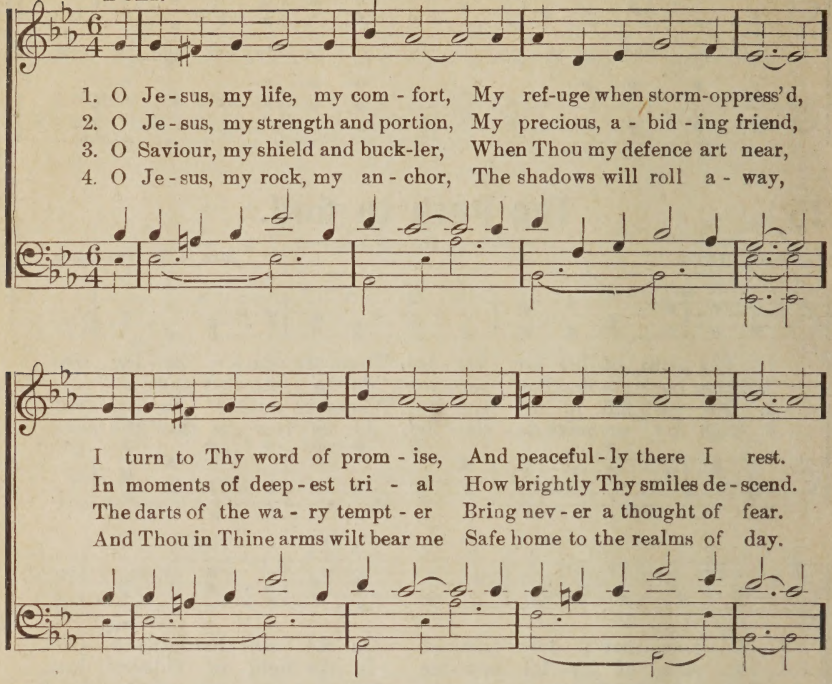
A Star in the Cloud.

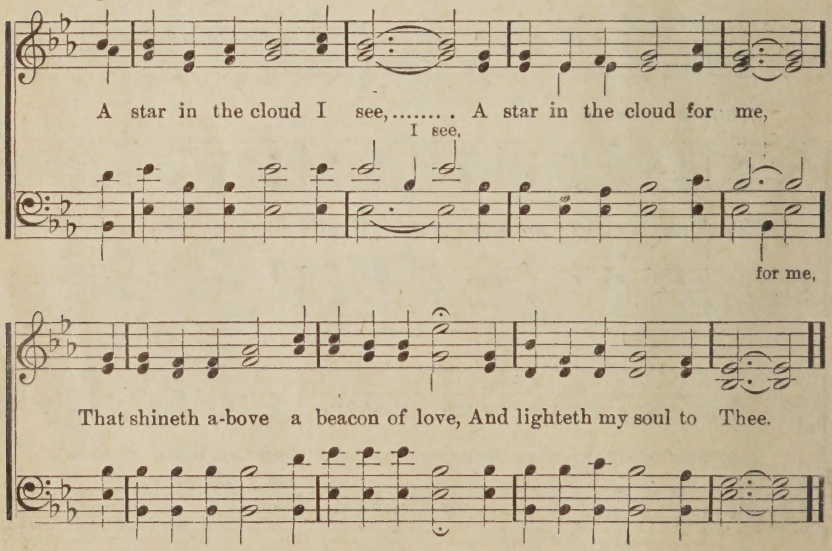
FANNY J. CROSBY.

Copyright, 1916, by B. D. Ackley.
Mrs. G. W. Anderson, owner.

B. D. ACKLEY

DUET.

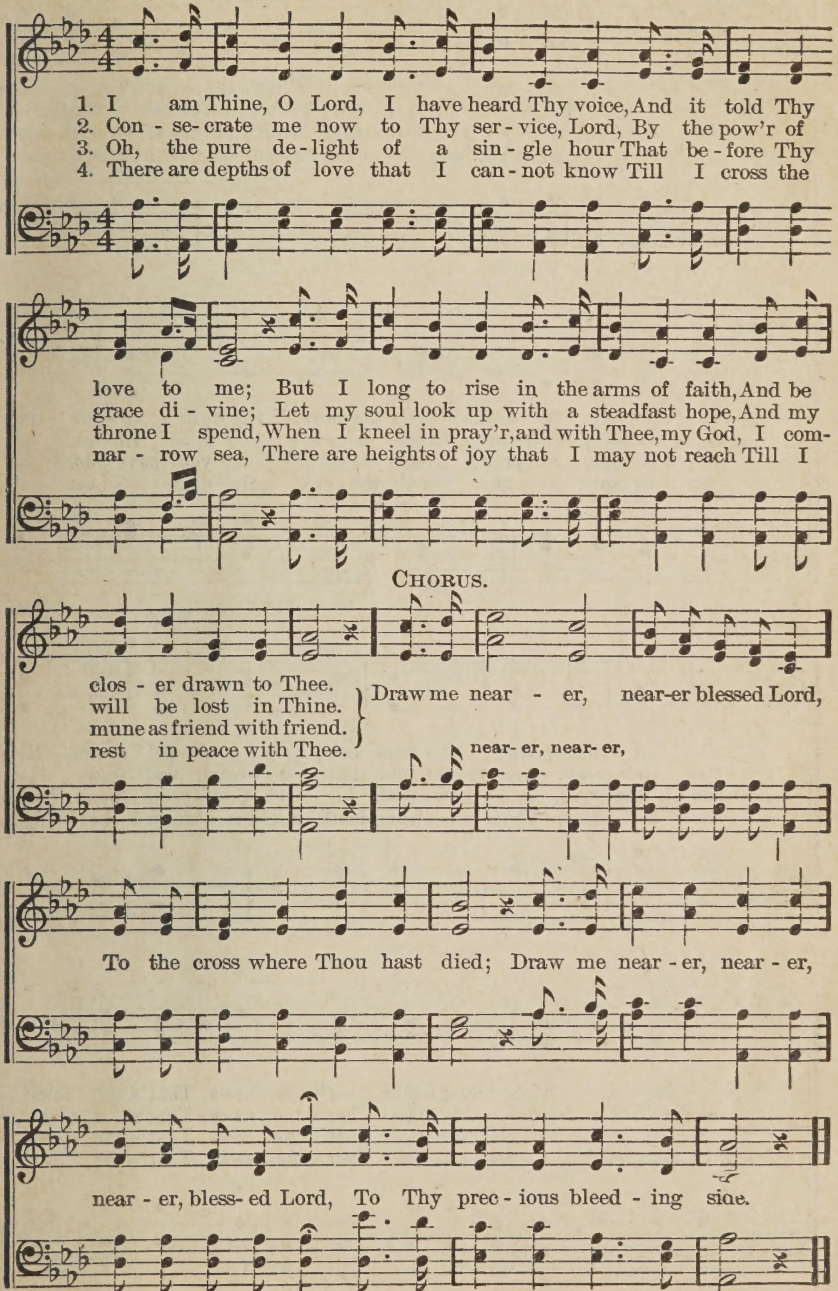

1. O Je-sus, my life, my com-fort, My ref-uge when storm-oppress'd,
2. O Je-sus, my strength and portion, My precious, a-bid-ing friend,
3. O Saviour, my shield and buck-ler, When Thou my defence art near,
4. O Je-sus, my rock, my an-chor, The shadows will roll a-way,
I turn to Thy word of prom-ise, And peaceful-ly there I rest.
In moments of deep-est tri-al How brightly Thy smiles de-scend.
The darts of the wa-ry tempt-er Bring nev-er a thought of fear.
And Thou in Thine arms wilt bear me Safe home to the realms of day.

CHORUS.

A star in the cloud I see,..... A star in the cloud for me,
I see,
for me,
That shineth a-bove a beacon of love, And lighteth my soul to Thee.

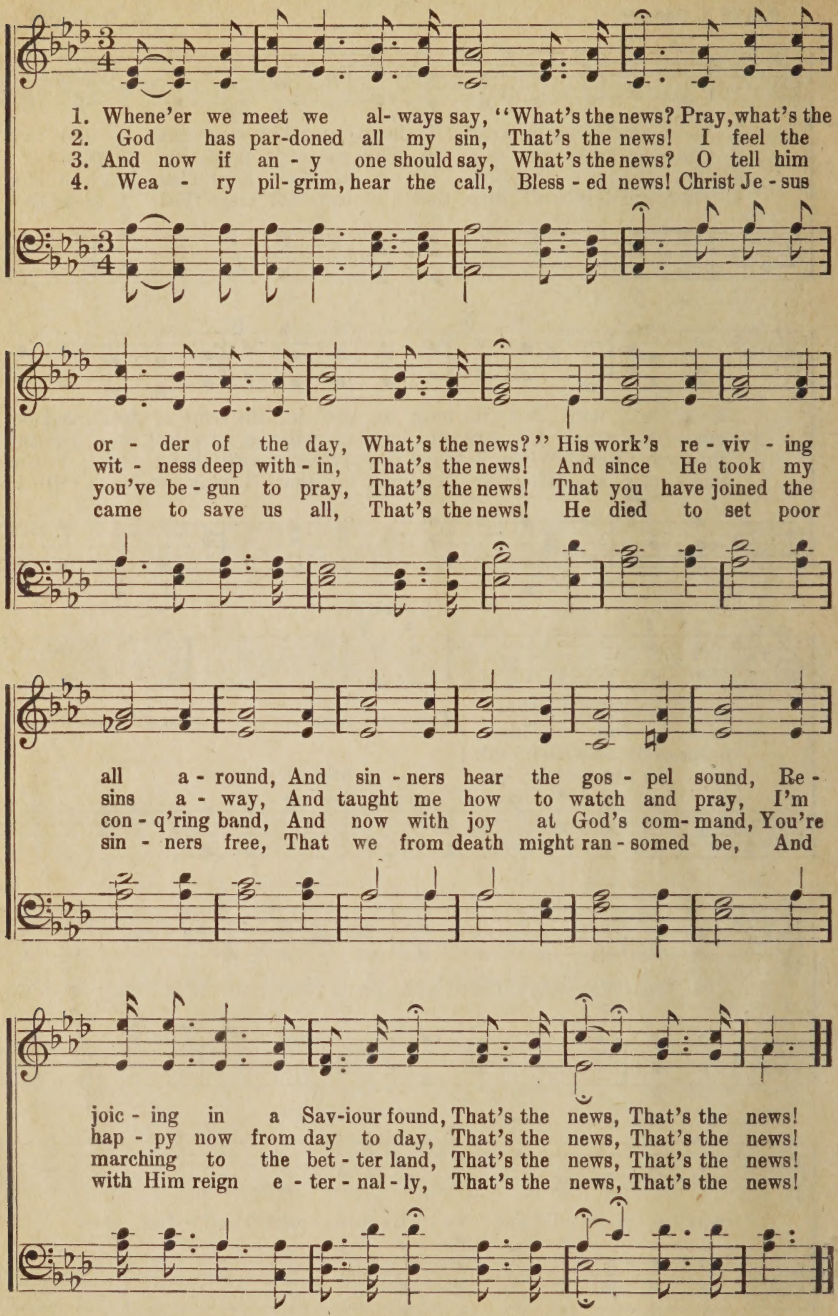
Draw Me Nearer.

Copyright, 1903. Renewal. By per. W. H. Doane.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy ser - vice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. Oh, the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my
throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I com-
nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I
CHORUS.
clos - er drawn to Thee.
will be lost in Thine.
mune as friend with friend.
rest in peace with Thee.
Draw me near - er, near-er blessed Lord,
near- er, near- er,
To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near - er, near - er,
near - er, bless- ed Lord, To Thy prec - ious bleed - ing side.

What's the News?

Words arranged by W. H. G. Rev. W. H. GEISTWEIT.

1. Whene'er we meet we al- ways say, "What's the news? Pray, what's the
2. God has par-doned all my sin, That's the news! I feel the
3. And now if an - y one should say, What's the news? O tell him
4. Wea - ry pil- grim, hear the call, Bless - ed news! Christ Je - sus
or - der of the day, What's the news?" His work's re - viv - ing
wit - ness deep with - in, That's the news! And since He took my
you've be - gun to pray, That's the news! That you have joined the
came to save us all, That's the news! He died to set poor
all a - round, And sin - ners hear the gos - pel sound, Re -
sins a - way, And taught me how to watch and pray, I'm
con - q'ring band, And now with joy at God's com- mand, You're
sin - ners free, That we from death might ran - somed be, And
joic - ing in a Sav-iour found, That's the news, That's the news!
hap - py now from day to day, That's the news, That's the news!
marching to the bet - ter land, That's the news, That's the news!
with Him reign e - ter - nal - ly, That's the news, That's the news!

39 When Jesus Spoke Peace to My Soul.

Copyright, 1921, by Mrs. G. W. Anderson.

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. I wandered a - far in a world full of sin, And sought sat - is-
2. The dark sky no lon - ger brings fear to my heart, The light of His
3. E - ter - nal con- tent-ment a - bides in my soul, The fu - ture I

fac-tion in vain; Till tired and discouraged, I met the great Friend, Who
love makes me glad; I sing the new song He has giv - en to me, O
face with de - light; My hope of sal - va- tion is stead-fast and sure, My

CHORUS.

turned my feet homeward a - gain.
why should I ev - er be sad?
weak-ness is lost in His might.
} When Jesus spoke peace to my soul,.....

to my soul,

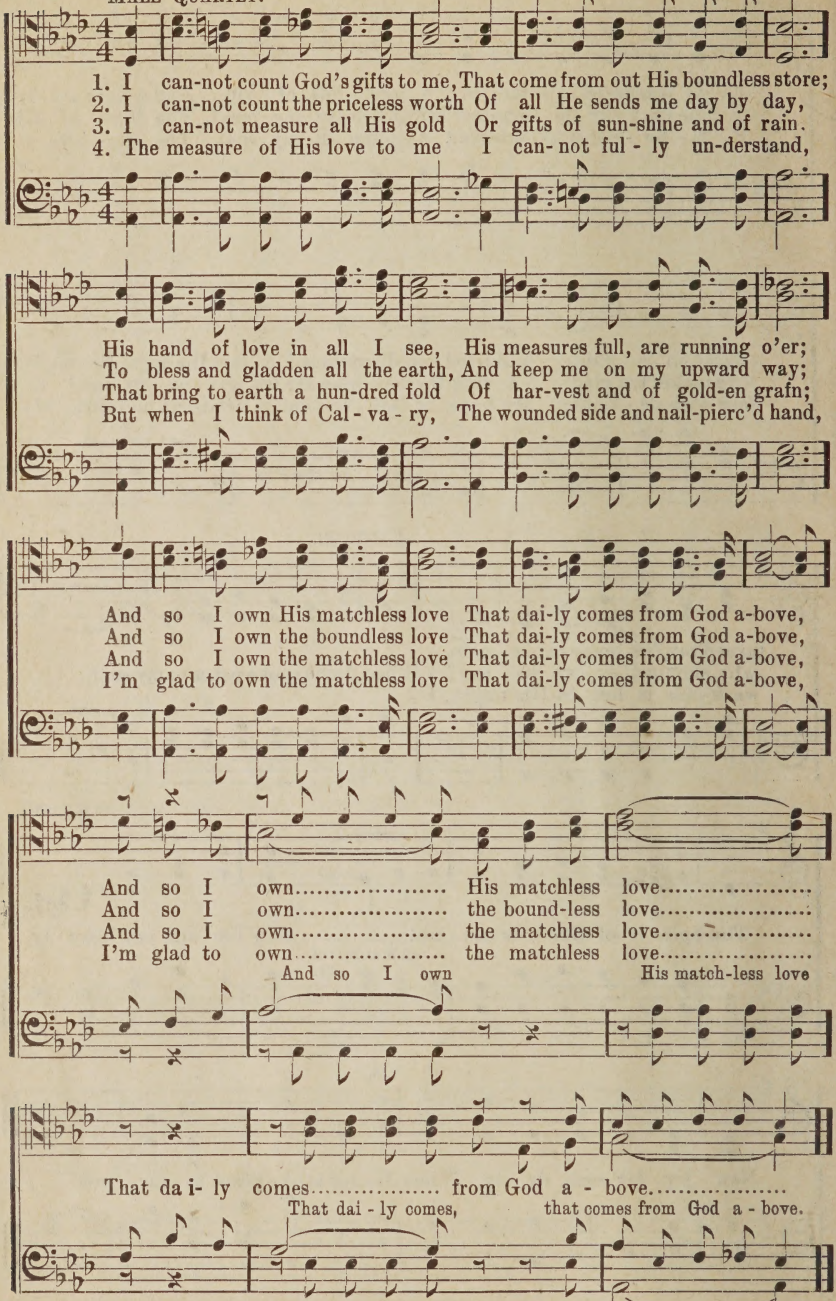
The Spir - it of God took con - trol,..... New life and new beau - ty,

took con-trol,

New joy for each du - ty, When Je - sus spoke peace to my soul.

40 I Cannot Count God's Gifts.

W. C. POOLE. Copyright, 1927, by Mrs. G. W. Anderson. Chautauqua, N. Y. B. D. ACKLEY.

MALE QUARTET.

1. I can-not count God's gifts to me, That come from out His boundless store;
2. I can-not count the priceless worth Of all He sends me day by day,
3. I can-not measure all His gold Or gifts of sun-shine and of rain.
4. The measure of His love to me I can- not ful - ly un-derstand,
His hand of love in all I see, His measures full, are running o'er;
To bless and gladden all the earth, And keep me on my upward way;
That bring to earth a hun-dred fold Of har-vest and of gold-en grain;
But when I think of Cal - va - ry, The wounded side and nail-pierc'd hand,
And so I own His matchless love That dai-ly comes from God a-bove,
And so I own the boundless love That dai-ly comes from God a-bove,
And so I own the matchless love That dai-ly comes from God a-bove,
I'm glad to own the matchless love That dai-ly comes from God a-bove,
And so I own His matchless love
And so I own the bound-less love
And so I own the matchless love
I'm glad to own the matchless love
And so I own His match-less love
That da i- ly comes from God a - bove.
That dai - ly comes, that comes from God a - bove.

41

His Way For Me.

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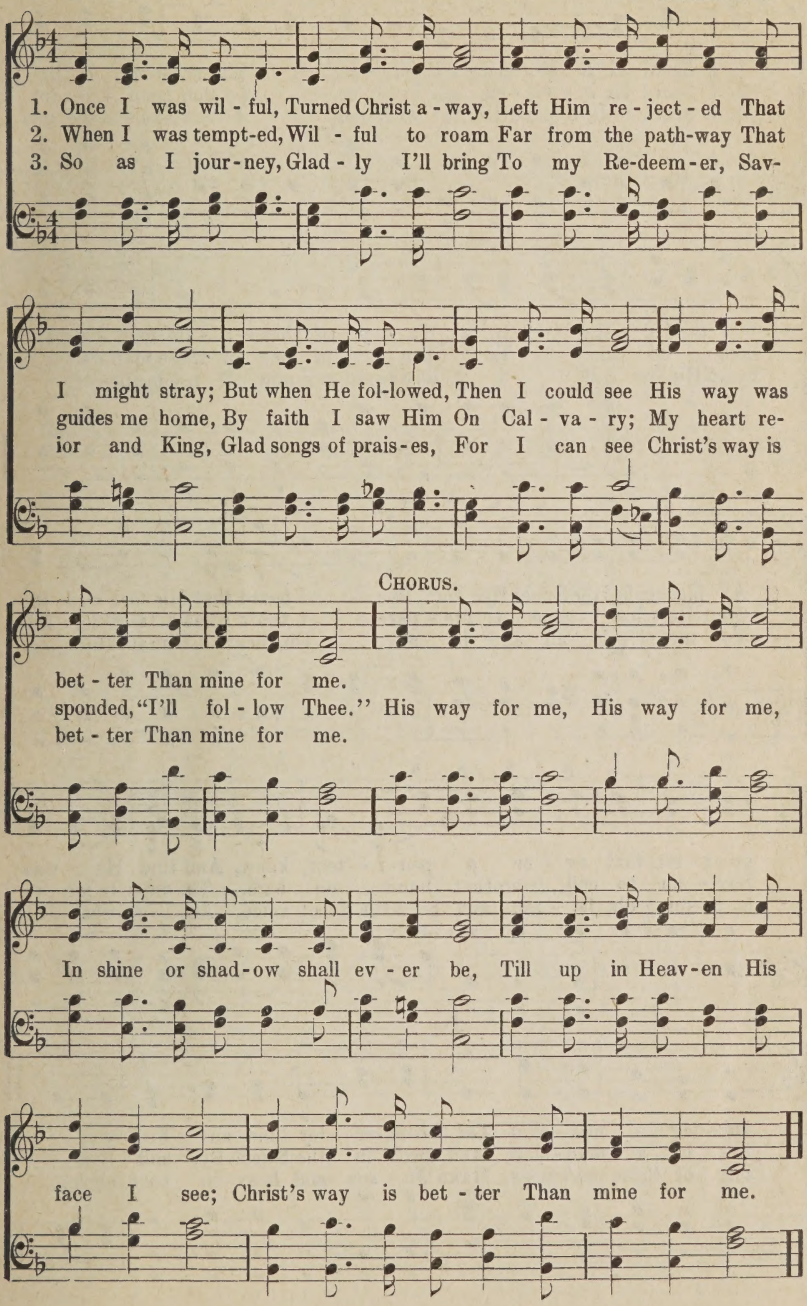
W. C. Poole. Rachael Ruth.


1. Once I was wil - ful, Turned Christ a - way, Left Him re - ject - ed That
2. When I was tempt-ed, Wil - ful to roam Far from the path-way That
3. So as I jour - ney, Glad - ly I'll bring To my Re-deem - er, Sav-
I might stray; But when He fol-lowed, Then I could see His way was
guides me home, By faith I saw Him On Cal - va - ry; My heart re-
ior and King, Glad songs of prais - es, For I can see Christ's way is
CHORUS.
bet - ter Than mine for me.
sponded, "I'll fol - low Thee." His way for me, His way for me,
bet - ter Than mine for me.
In shine or shad - ow shall ev - er be, Till up in Heav - en His
face I see; Christ's way is bet - ter Than mine for me.

I Heard of a Savior.

Rev. C. B. Cook. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY NELLIE SHARPE ANDERSON Nellie Albright Weber.

1. I heard of a won-der-ful Sav-ior, Whose home is be-
2. I heard He in-vit-ed us, broth-er, To that beau-ti-ful
3. I heard Him speak in a whis-per, I lis-tened and

yond the far sky In a cit-y of beau-ti-ful man-sions,
home up there, To live in one of those man-sions
heard His low call, I an-swered and now, O my broth-er,

A place called the Sweet Bye and Bye, I heard that His love was the
That He has gone to pre-pare, I tho't what a won-der-ful
To me He is all and in all, Oh, hear Him speak-ing, my

great-est, that ev-er a pen-i-tent knew, And that He was
Sav-ior to call from that home on high, To in-vite me to
broth-er, oh, lis-ten and hear His sweet voice, Ac-cept of

build-ing a man-sion Oh, broth-er for me and for you.
live in a man-sion, And dwell in the Sweet Bye and Bye.
one of those man-sions, Make Je-sus and heav-en your choice.

The Cross is Not Greater.

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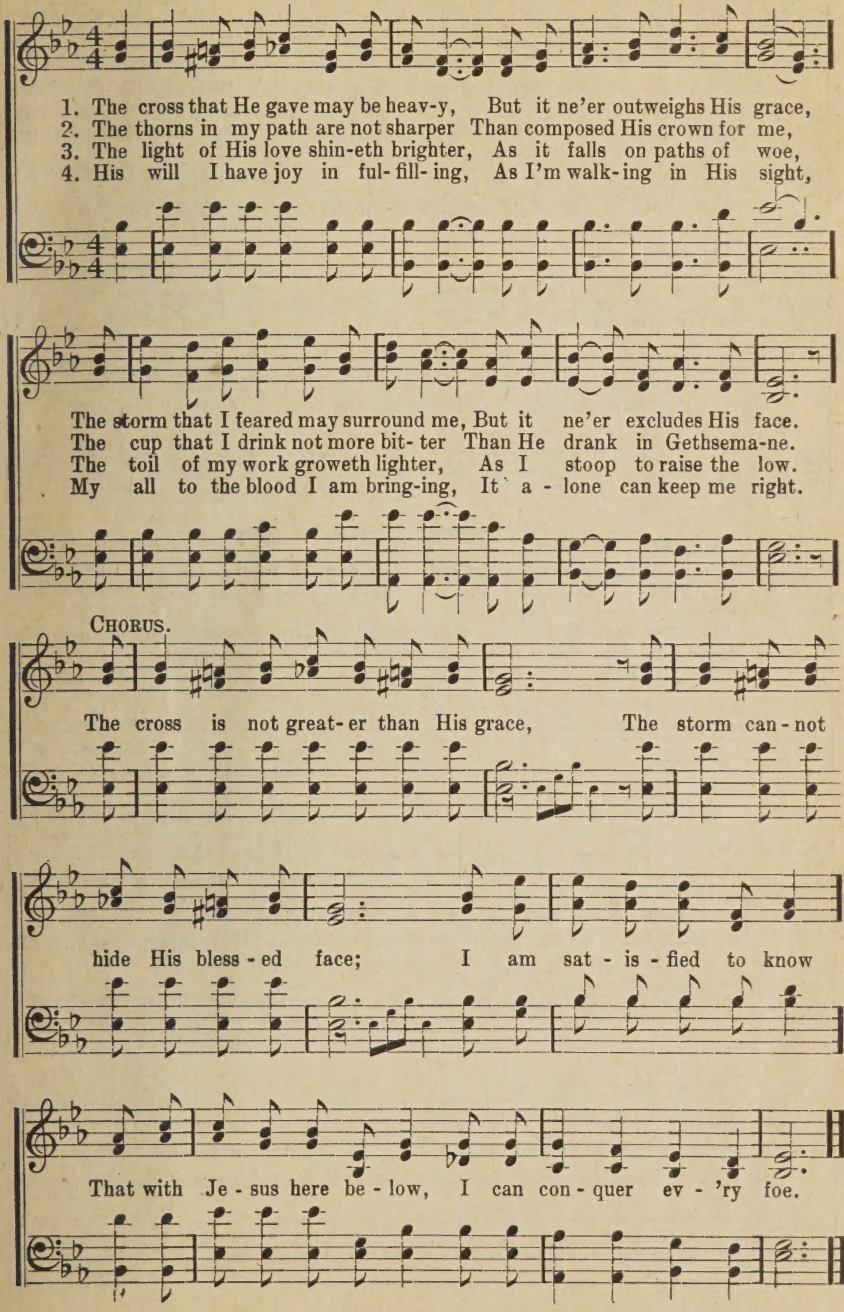

1. The cross that He gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er outweighs His grace,
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His crown for me,
3. The light of His love shin-eth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight,
The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Gethsema-ne.
The toil of my work groweth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right.
CHORUS.
The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can-not
hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know
That with Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.

He Points the Way.

H. W. G. Copyright, 1923, by Homer W. Grimes. HOMER W. GRIMES.

1. I do not know what lies beyond, But He points the Way; His guid - ance
2. I can- not wander ver - y far, While He points the Way; I know not
3. When sorrows come and clouds appear, His Hand points the Way; He soothes my

bids my faith re-spond As He points the Way. The path is dark I
where the dan-gers are, But He points the Way. The paths of sin that
spir - it, dries my tear, As He points the Way. For ev - 'ry need of

can - not see, And it may rough and dan - g'rous be, Some-one must
seem so clear Do not al-lure while He is near, I trav - el
ev - 'ry hour, I find sup- ply with - in His pow'r That leads me

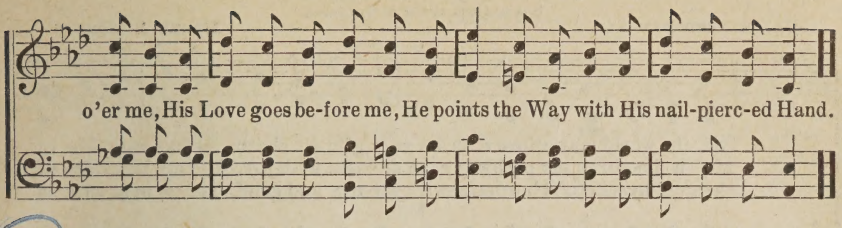
rit.

point the Way for me, So He points the Way.
on with-out a fear, While He points the Way.
on to Heaven's Bow'r, For He points the Way.

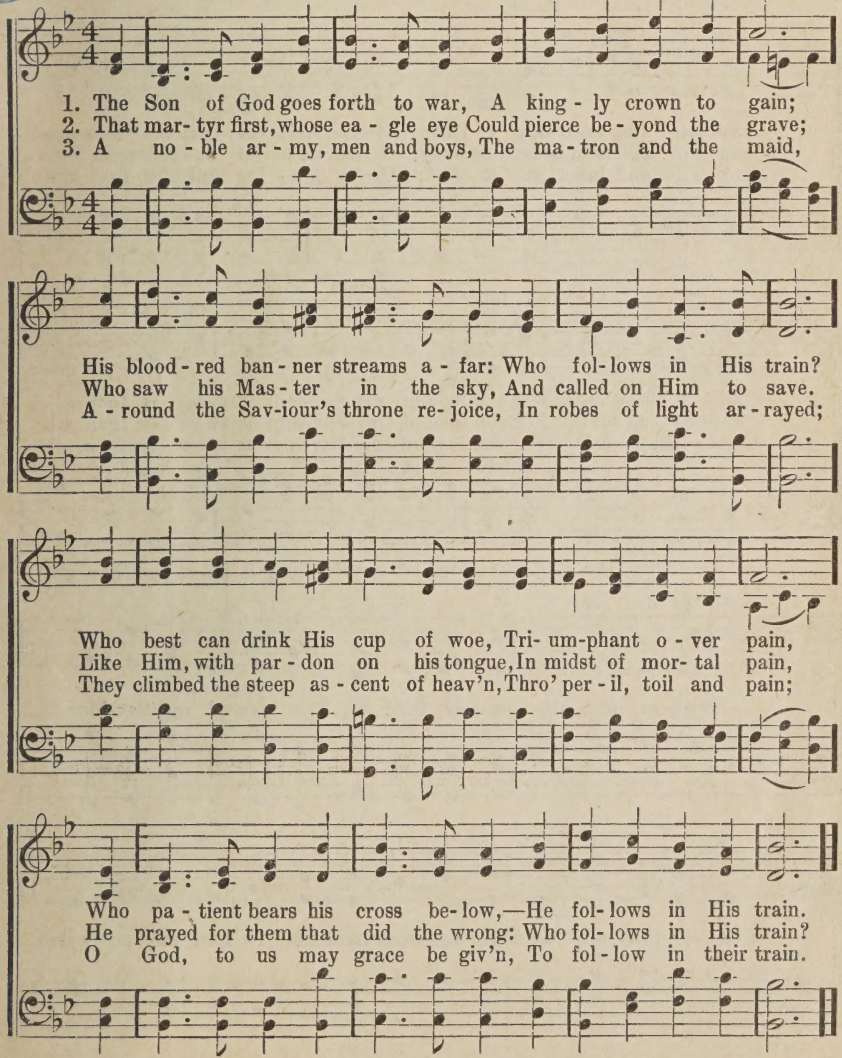
CHORUS.

He points the Way with His nail-pierc-ed Hand, From sin burden'd earth To that beautiful Land. His Eye watches

He Points the Way.



45 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. HEBER. H. S. CUTLER.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. That mar- tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave;
3. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol- lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save.
A - round the Sav-iour's throne re- joice, In robes of light ar - rayed;
Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri- um-phant o - ver pain,
Like Him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor- tal pain,
They climbed the steep as - cent of heav'n, Thro' per - il, toil and pain;
Who pa - tient bears his cross be- low,—He fol- lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol- lows in His train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n, To fol - low in their train.

Sweeter than All.

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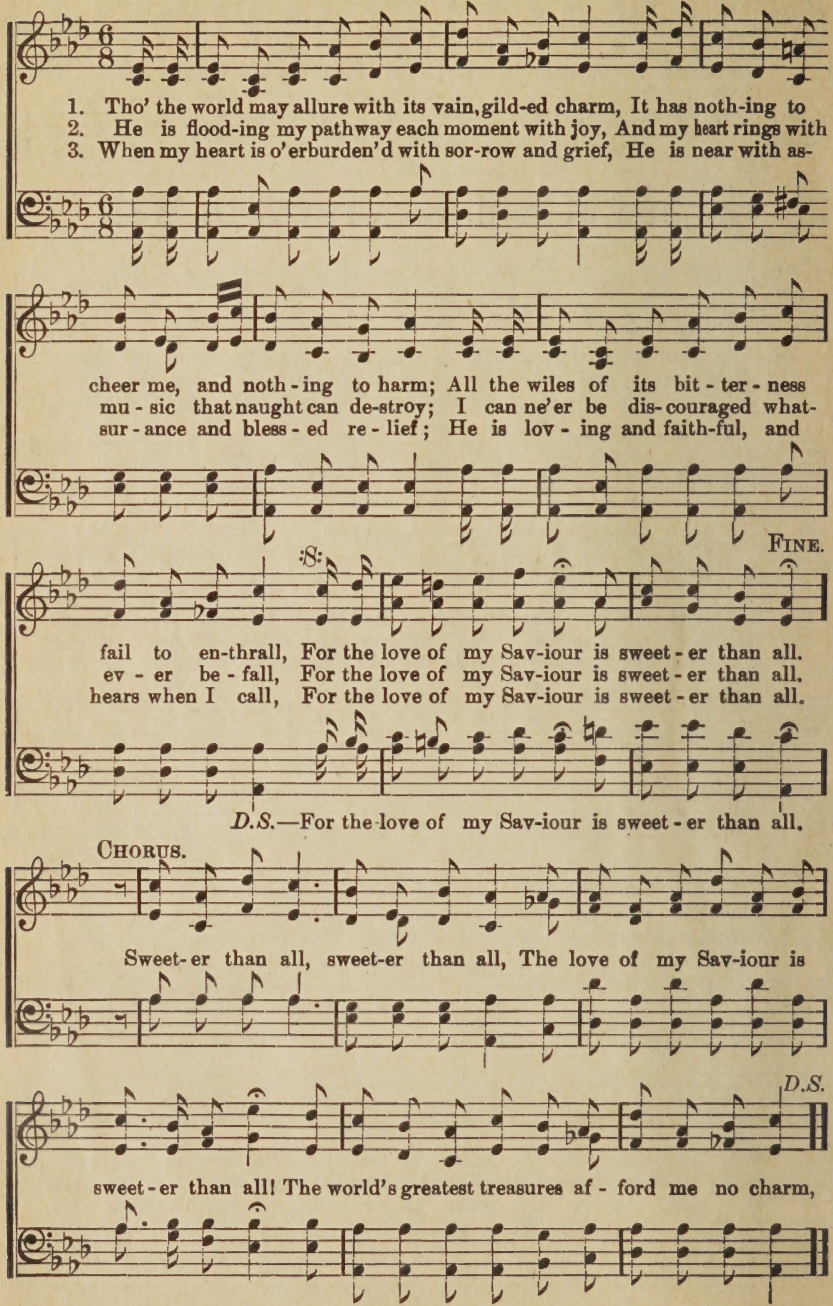
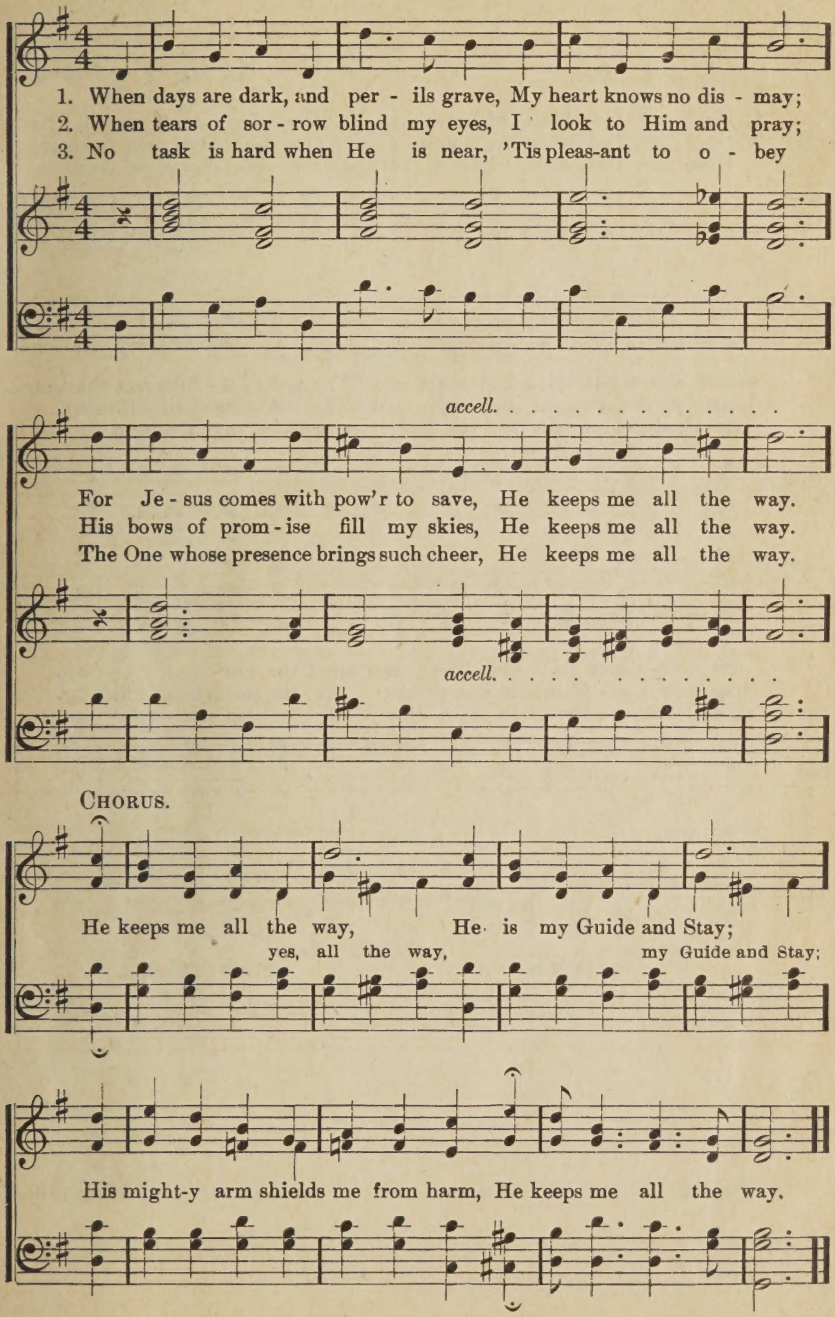
Rev. ALFRED BARRATT. HENRY P. MORTON.

1. Tho' the world may allure with its vain, gild-ed charm, It has noth-ing to
2. He is flood-ing my pathway each moment with joy, And my heart rings with
3. When my heart is o'erburden'd with sor-row and grief, He is near with as-
cheer me, and noth-ing to harm; All the wiles of its bit-ter-ness
mu-sic that naught can de-stroy; I can ne'er be dis-couraged what-
sur-ance and bless-ed re-lief; He is lov-ing and faith-ful, and
FINE.
fail to en-thrall, For the love of my Sav-iour is sweet-er than all.
ev-er be-fall, For the love of my Sav-iour is sweet-er than all.
hears when I call, For the love of my Sav-iour is sweet-er than all.
D.S.—For the love of my Sav-iour is sweet-er than all.
CHORUS.
Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all, The love of my Sav-iour is
D.S.
sweet-er than all! The world's greatest treasures af-ford me no charm,

47

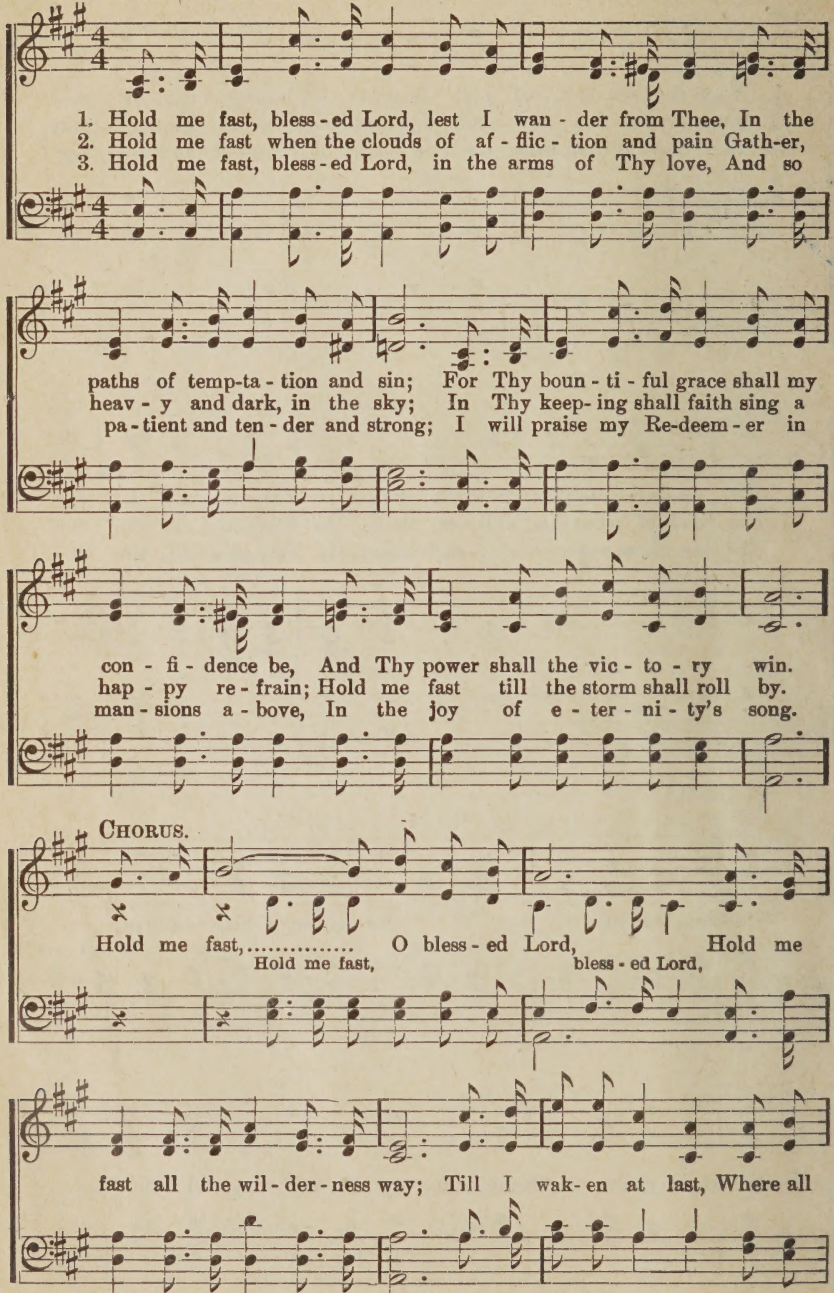
He Keeps Me All the Way.

RALPH BUNSEN. Copyright, 1917, by Nellie Sharpe Anderson. B. D. ACKLEY.

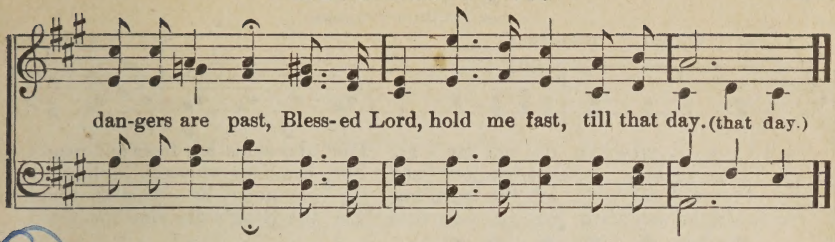

1. When days are dark, and per - ils grave, My heart knows no dis - may;
2. When tears of sor - row blind my eyes, I look to Him and pray;
3. No task is hard when He is near, 'Tis pleas-ant to o - bey
accell.
For Je - sus comes with pow'r to save, He keeps me all the way.
His bows of prom - ise fill my skies, He keeps me all the way.
The One whose presence brings such cheer, He keeps me all the way.
accell.
CHORUS.
He keeps me all the way, He is my Guide and Stay;
yes, all the way, my Guide and Stay;
His might-y arm shields me from harm, He keeps me all the way.

Hold Me Fast.

Copyright, 1921, by Mrs. G. W. Anderson.

E. E. HEWITT. (Posthumous.) B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Hold me fast, bless-ed Lord, lest I wan-der from Thee, In the
2. Hold me fast when the clouds of af-flic-tion and pain Gath-er,
3. Hold me fast, bless-ed Lord, in the arms of Thy love, And so
paths of temp-ta-tion and sin; For Thy boun-ti-ful grace shall my
heav-y and dark, in the sky; In Thy keep-ing shall faith sing a
pa-tient and ten-der and strong; I will praise my Re-deem-er in
con-fi-dence be, And Thy power shall the vic-to-ry win.
hap-py re-frain; Hold me fast till the storm shall roll by.
man-sions a-bove, In the joy of e-ter-ni-ty's song.
CHORUS.
Hold me fast,..... O bless-ed Lord, Hold me
Hold me fast, bless-ed Lord,
fast all the wil-der-ness way; Till I wak-en at last, Where all

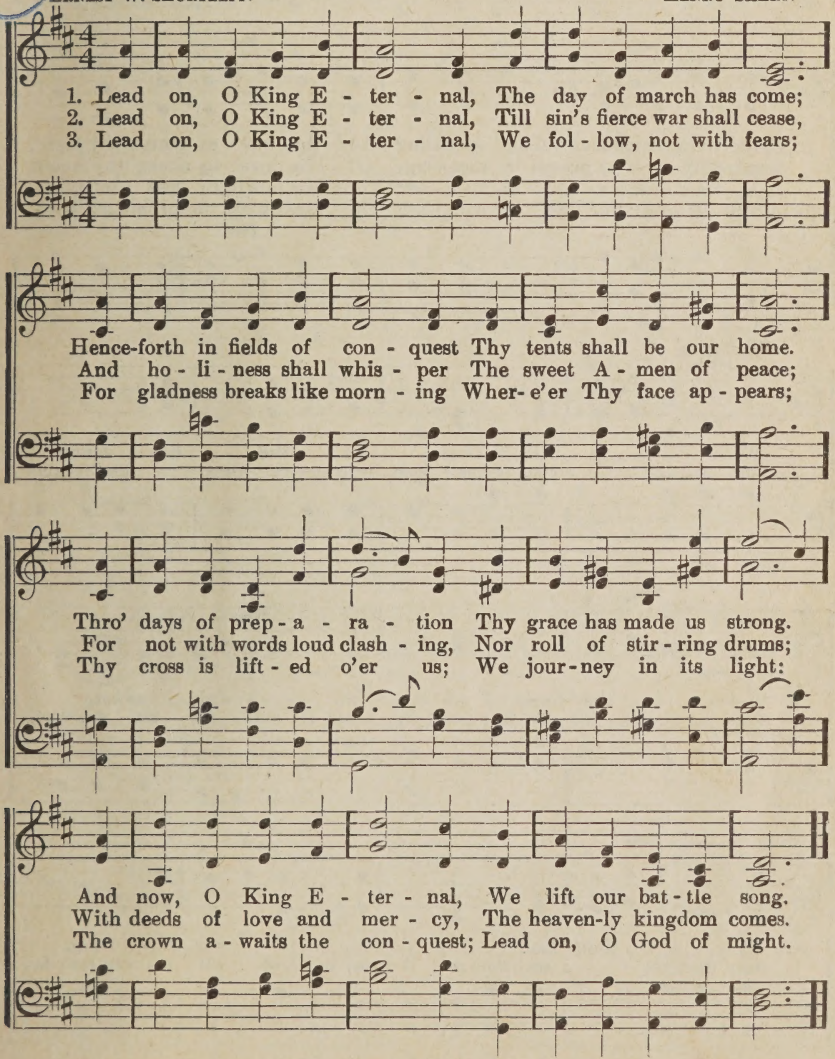
Hold Me Fast.



49

Lead On, O King Eternal.

ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF. HENRY SMART.


1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come;
2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, We fol - low, not with fears;
Hence-forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home.
And ho - li - ness shall whis - per The sweet A - men of peace;
For gladness breaks like morn - ing Wher-e'er Thy face ap - pears;
Thro' days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong.
For not with words loud clash - ing, Nor roll of stir - ring drums;
Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us; We jour-ney in its light:
And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.
With deeds of love and mer - cy, The heaven-ly kingdom comes.
The crown a - waits the con - quest; Lead on, O God of might.

50

Stay Thou Not.

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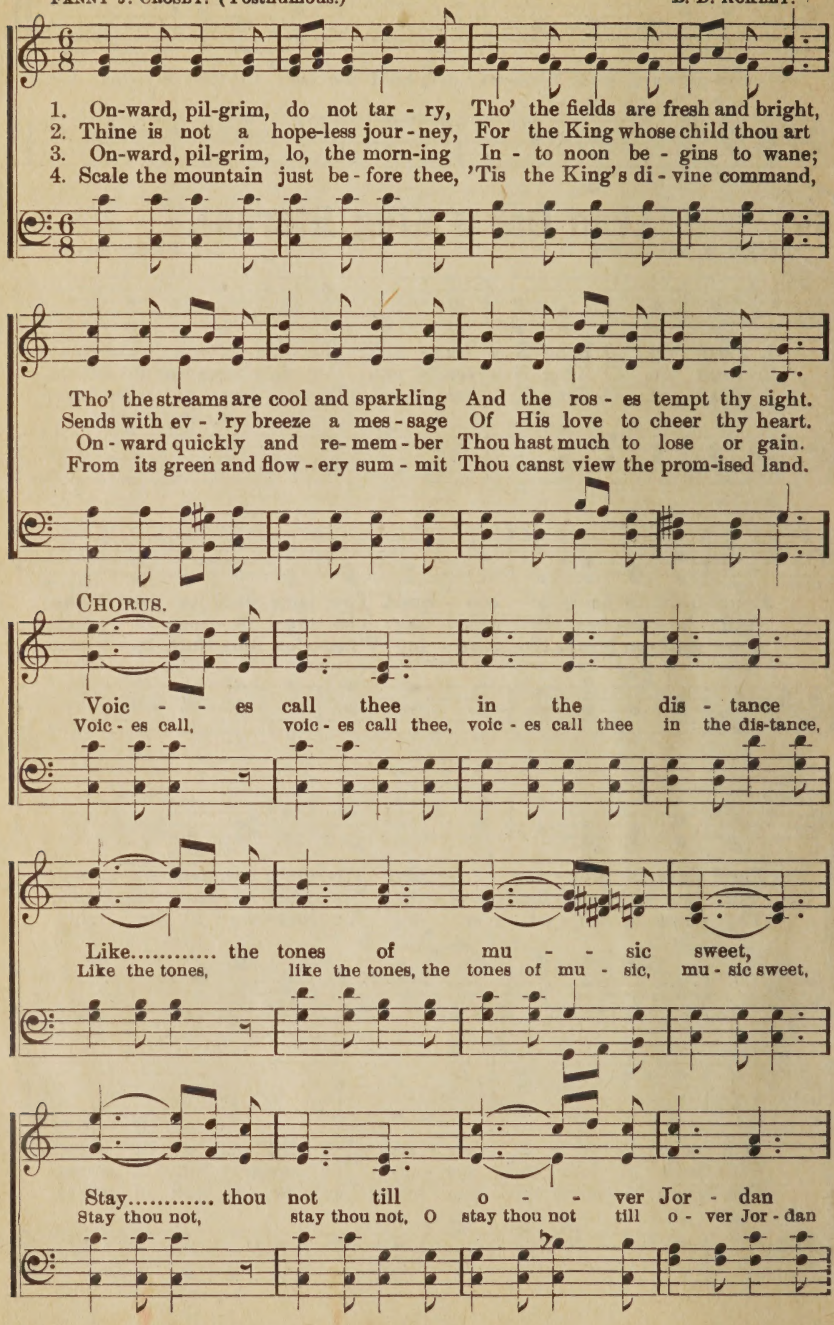
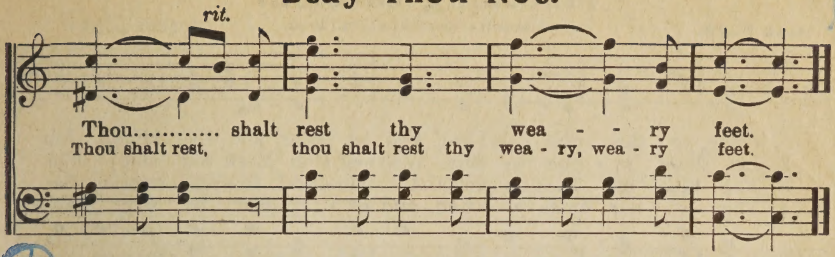
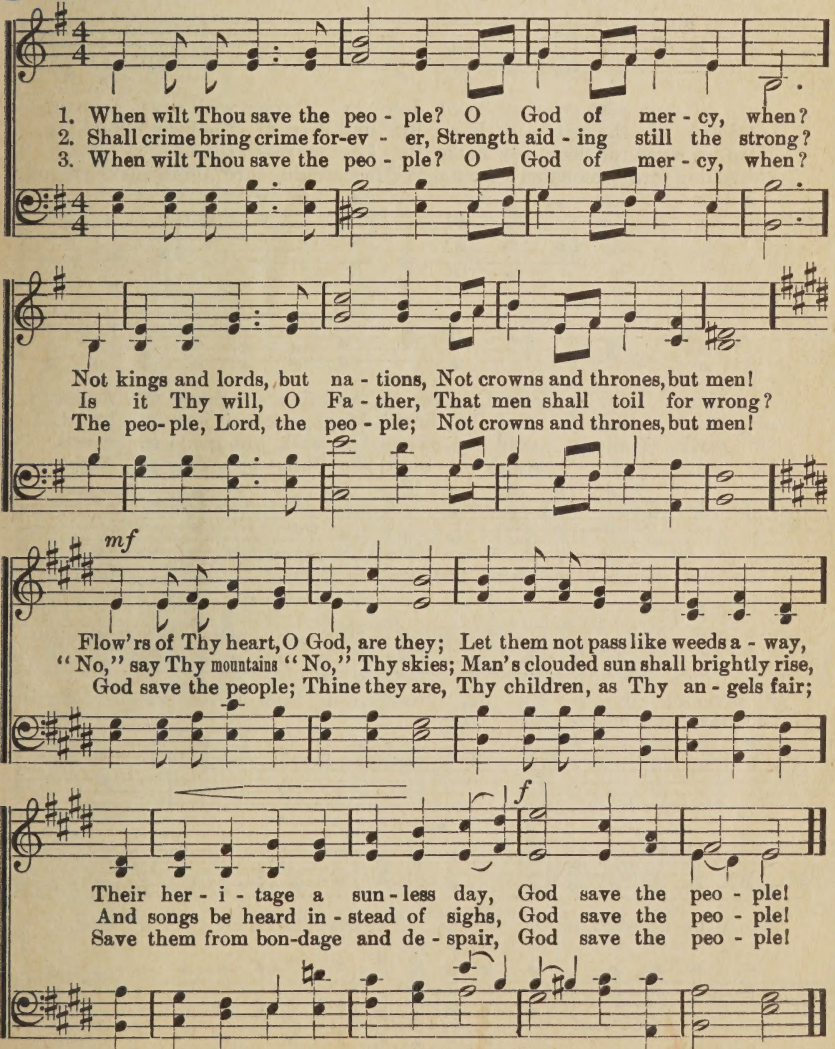
FANNY J. CROSBY. (Posthumous.) B. D. ACKLEY.

1. On-ward, pil-grim, do not tar - ry, Tho' the fields are fresh and bright,
2. Thine is not a hope-less jour - ney, For the King whose child thou art
3. On-ward, pil-grim, lo, the morn-ing In - to noon be - gins to wane;
4. Scale the mountain just be - fore thee, 'Tis the King's di - vine command,
Tho' the streams are cool and sparkling And the ros - es tempt thy sight.
Sends with ev - 'ry breeze a mes - sage Of His love to cheer thy heart.
On - ward quickly and re- mem - ber Thou hast much to lose or gain.
From its green and flow - ery sum - mit Thou canst view the prom-ised land.
CHORUS.
Voic - - es call thee in the dis - tance
Voic - es call, voic - es call thee, voic - es call thee in the dis-tance,
Like..... the tones of mu - - sic sweet,
Like the tones, like the tones, the tones of mu - sic, mu - sic sweet,
Stay..... thou not till o - - ver Jor - dan
Stay thou not, stay thou not, O stay thou not till o - ver Jor - dan

Stay Thou Not.



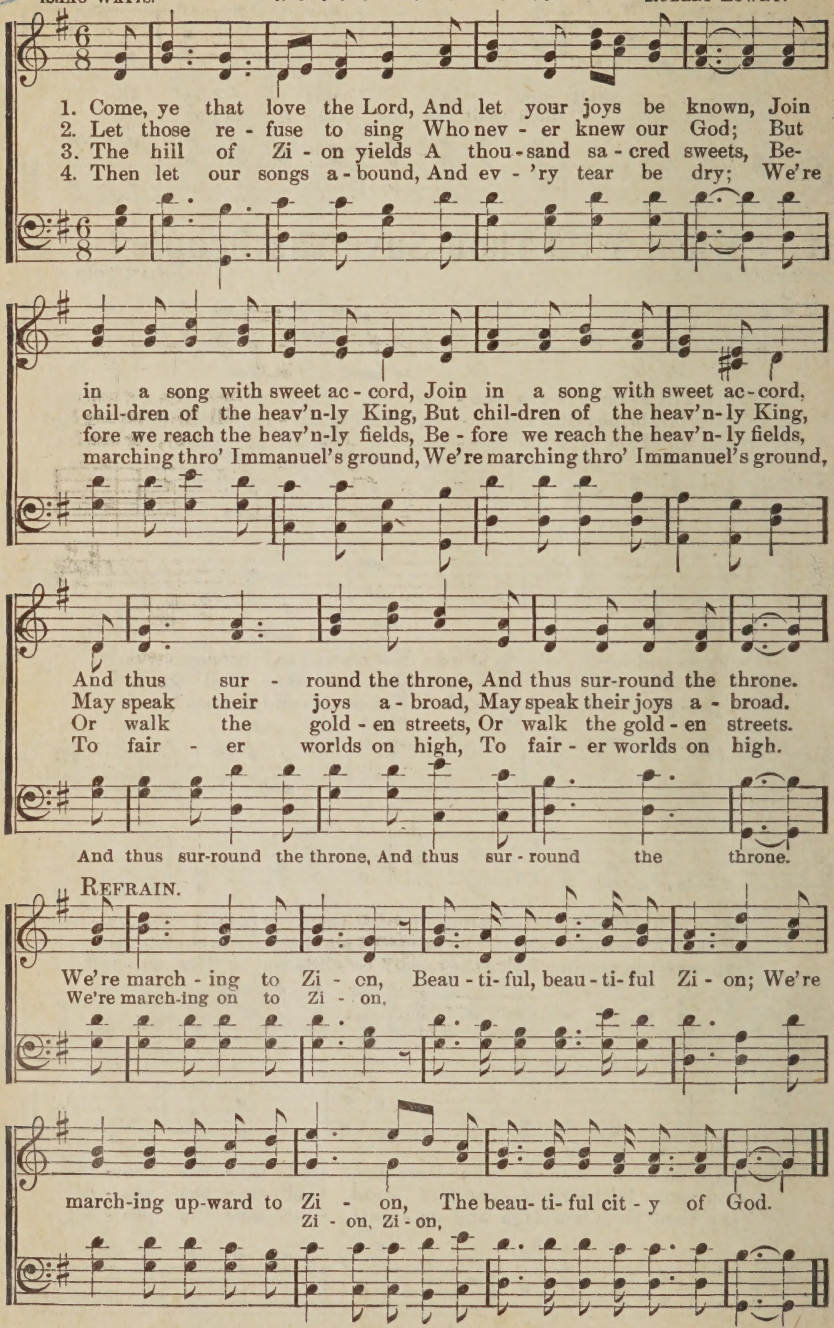
51 When Wilt Thou Save the People?

EBENEZER ELLIOTT. JOSIAH BOOTH.

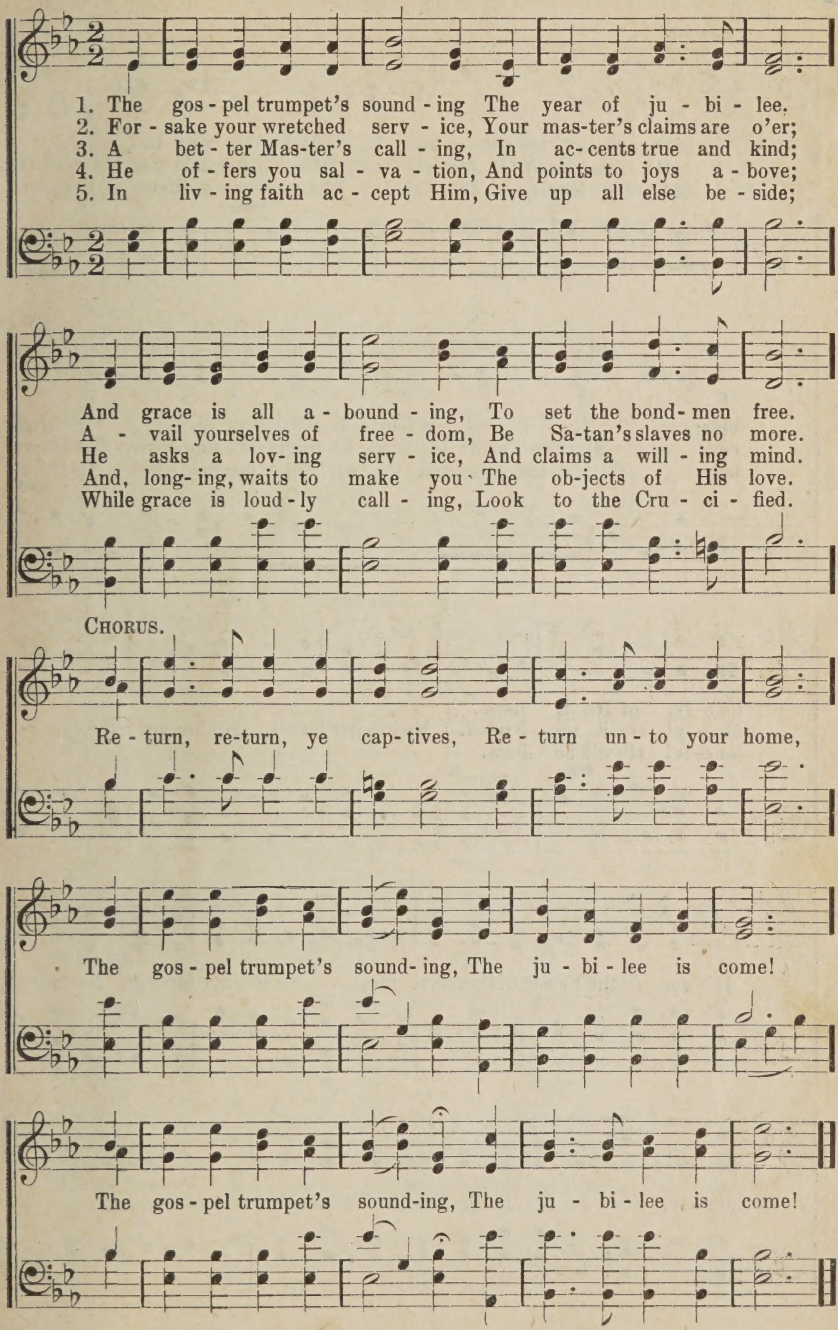

1. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?
2. Shall crime bring crime for-ev - er, Strength aid - ing still the strong?
3. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?
Not kings and lords, but na - tions, Not crowns and thrones, but men!
Is it Thy will, O Fa - ther, That men shall toil for wrong?
The peo-ple, Lord, the peo - ple; Not crowns and thrones, but men!
mf
Flow'rs of Thy heart, O God, are they; Let them not pass like weeds a - way,
"No," say Thy mountains "No," Thy skies; Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
God save the people; Thine they are, Thy children, as Thy an - gels fair;
f
Their her - i - tage a sun - less day, God save the peo - ple!
And songs be heard in - stead of sighs, God save the peo - ple!
Save them from bon-dage and de - spair, God save the peo - ple!

Marching to Zion.

ISAAC WATTS. Copyright property of Mary Runyon Lowry. By per. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be-
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're
in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King,
fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields,
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
REFRAIN.
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti- ful, beau - ti- ful Zi - on; We're
We're march-ing on to Zi - on,
march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau- ti- ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

53 The Gospel Trumpet's Sounding.

English. LEV. 25: 8–13. R. S. THAIN.

1. The gos - pel trumpet's sound - ing The year of ju - bi - lee.
2. For - sake your wretched serv - ice, Your mas-ter's claims are o'er;
3. A bet - ter Mas-ter's call - ing, In ac-cents true and kind;
4. He of - fers you sal - va - tion, And points to joys a - bove;
5. In liv - ing faith ac - cept Him, Give up all else be - side;
And grace is all a - bound - ing, To set the bond- men free.
A - vail yourselves of free - dom, Be Sa-tan's slaves no more.
He asks a lov- ing serv - ice, And claims a will - ing mind.
And, long- ing, waits to make you The ob-jects of His love.
While grace is loud - ly call - ing, Look to the Cru - ci - fied.
CHORUS.
Re - turn, re-turn, ye cap- tives, Re - turn un - to your home,
The gos - pel trumpet's sound- ing, The ju - bi - lee is come!
The gos - pel trumpet's sound-ing, The ju - bi - lee is come!

No Longer Lonely.

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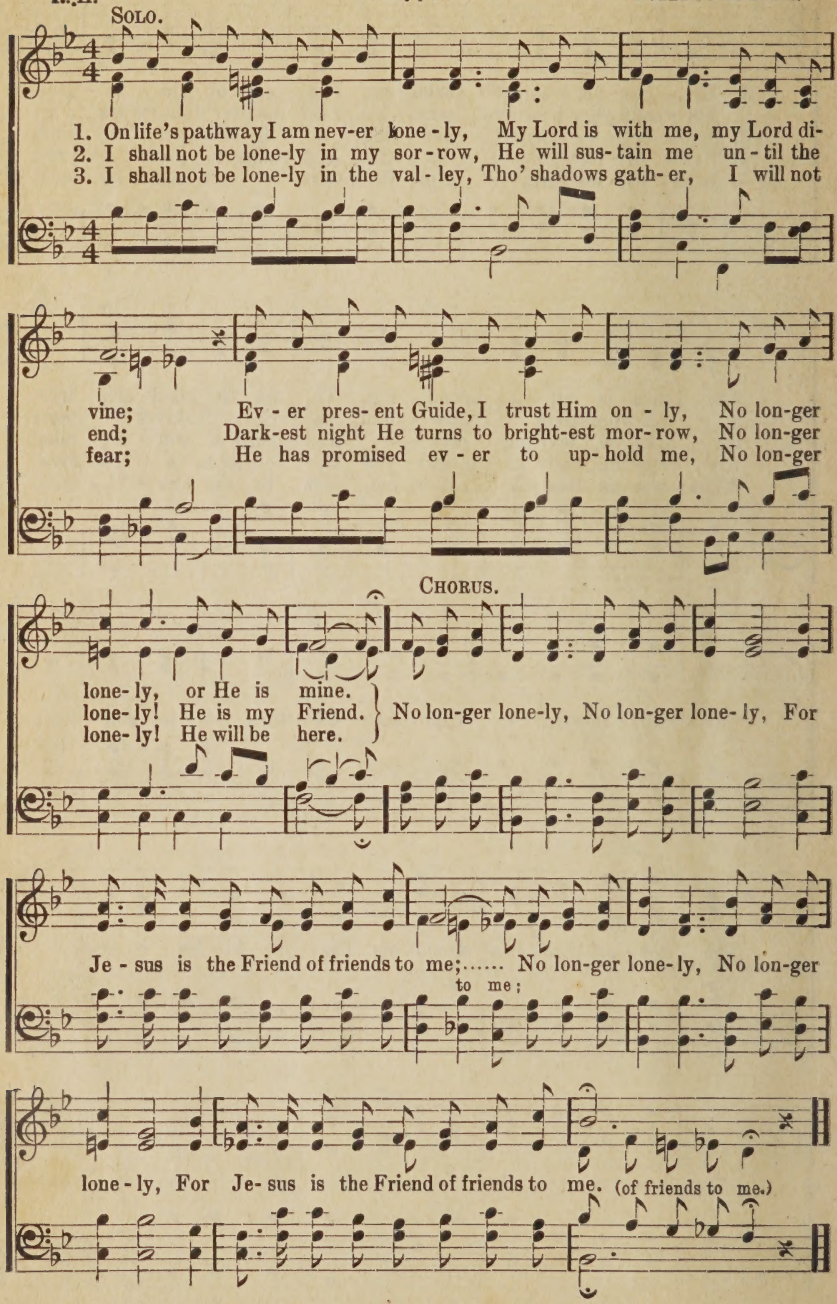
SOLO.
1. On life's pathway I am nev-er lone-ly, My Lord is with me, my Lord di-
2. I shall not be lone-ly in my sor-row, He will sus-tain me un-til the
3. I shall not be lone-ly in the val-ley, Tho' shadows gath-er, I will not
vine; Ev-er pres-ent Guide, I trust Him on-ly, No lon-ger
end; Dark-est night He turns to bright-est mor-row, No lon-ger
fear; He has promised ev-er to up-hold me, No lon-ger
CHORUS.
lone-ly, or He is mine.
lone-ly! He is my Friend.
lone-ly! He will be here.
No lon-ger lone-ly, No lon-ger lone-ly, For
Je-sus is the Friend of friends to me;..... No lon-ger lone-ly, No lon-ger
to me;
lone-ly, For Je-sus is the Friend of friends to me. (of friends to me.)

Sunshine in the Soul.

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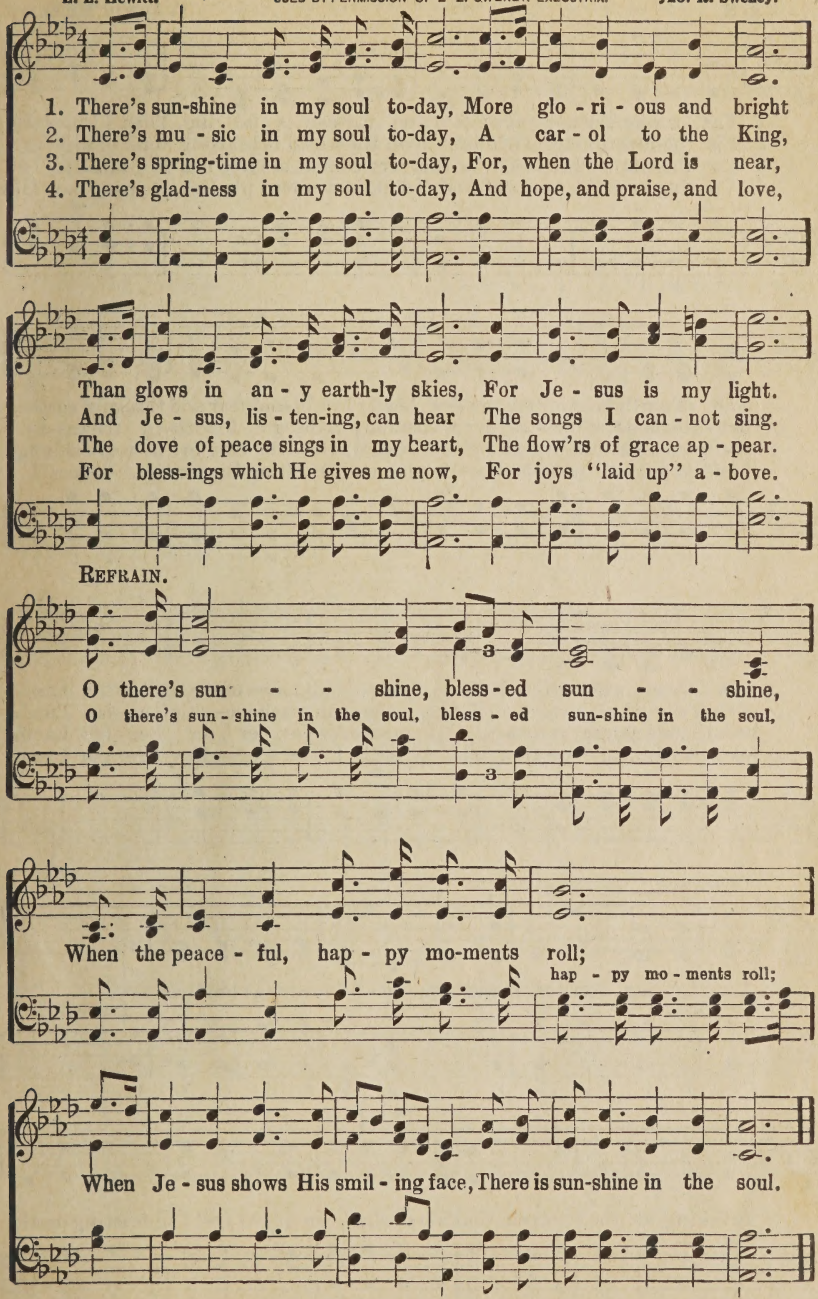
E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to the King,
3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,
Than glows in an - y earth-ly skies, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, lis - ten-ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.
REFRAIN.
O there's sun - - shine, bless - ed sun - - shine,
O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun-shine in the soul,
When the peace - ful, hap - py mo-ments roll;
hap - py mo - ments roll;
When Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sun-shine in the soul.

56 Dwelling In Beulah Land.

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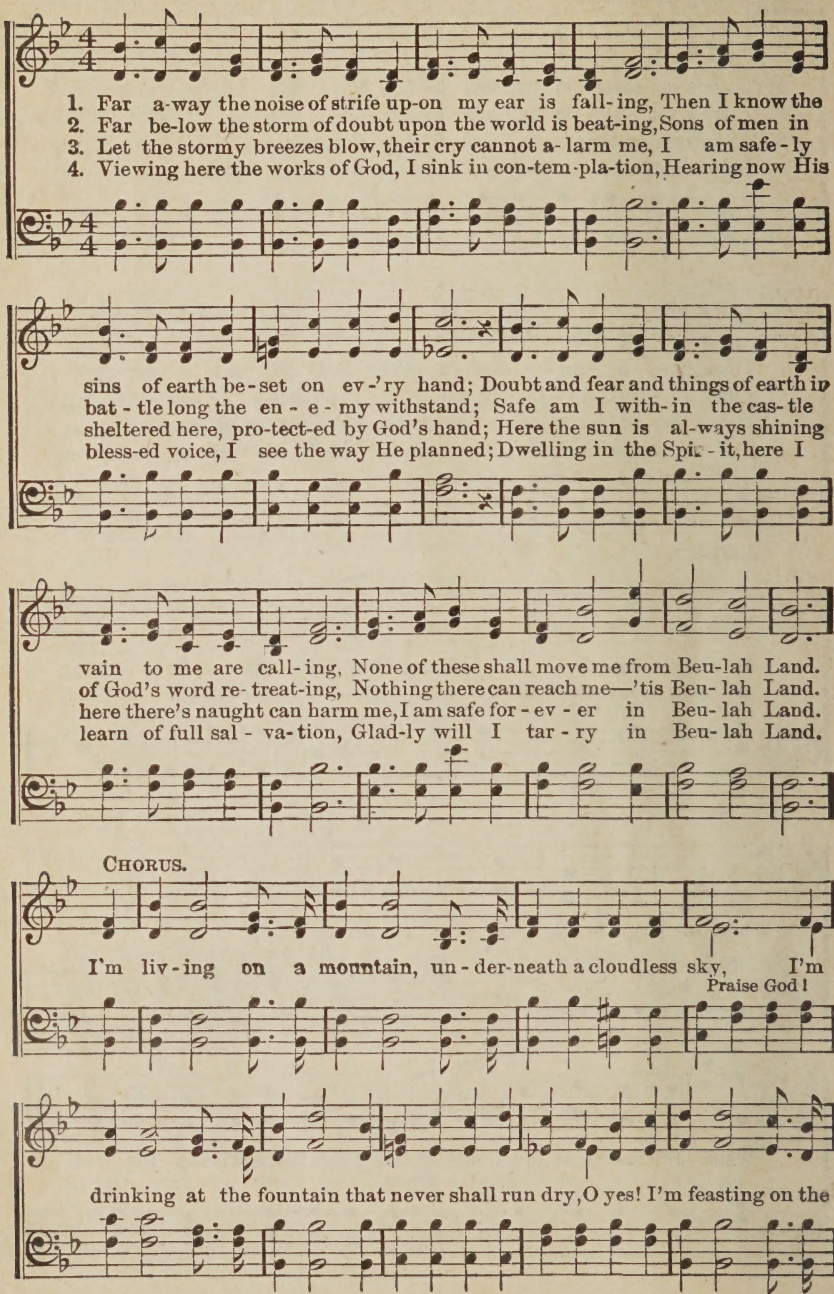
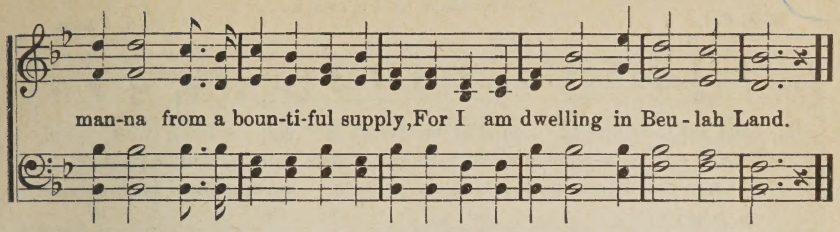
C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. Far a-way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the sins of earth be-set on ev-'ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu-lah Land.
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt upon the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in bat-tle long the en-e-my withstand; Safe am I with-in the cas-tle of God's word re-treat-ing, Nothing there can reach me—'tis Beu-lah Land.
3. Let the stormy breezes blow, their cry cannot a-larm me, I am safe-ly sheltered here, pro-tect-ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al-ways shining here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for-ev-er in Beu-lah Land.
4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hearing now His bless-ed voice, I see the way He planned; Dwelling in the Spir-it, here I learn of full sal-va-tion, Glad-ly will I tar-ry in Beu-lah Land.
CHORUS.
I'm liv-ing on a mountain, un-der-neath a cloudless sky, I'm Praise God!
drinking at the fountain that never shall run dry, O yes! I'm feasting on the

Dwelling in Beulah Land.



57 Jesus Only.

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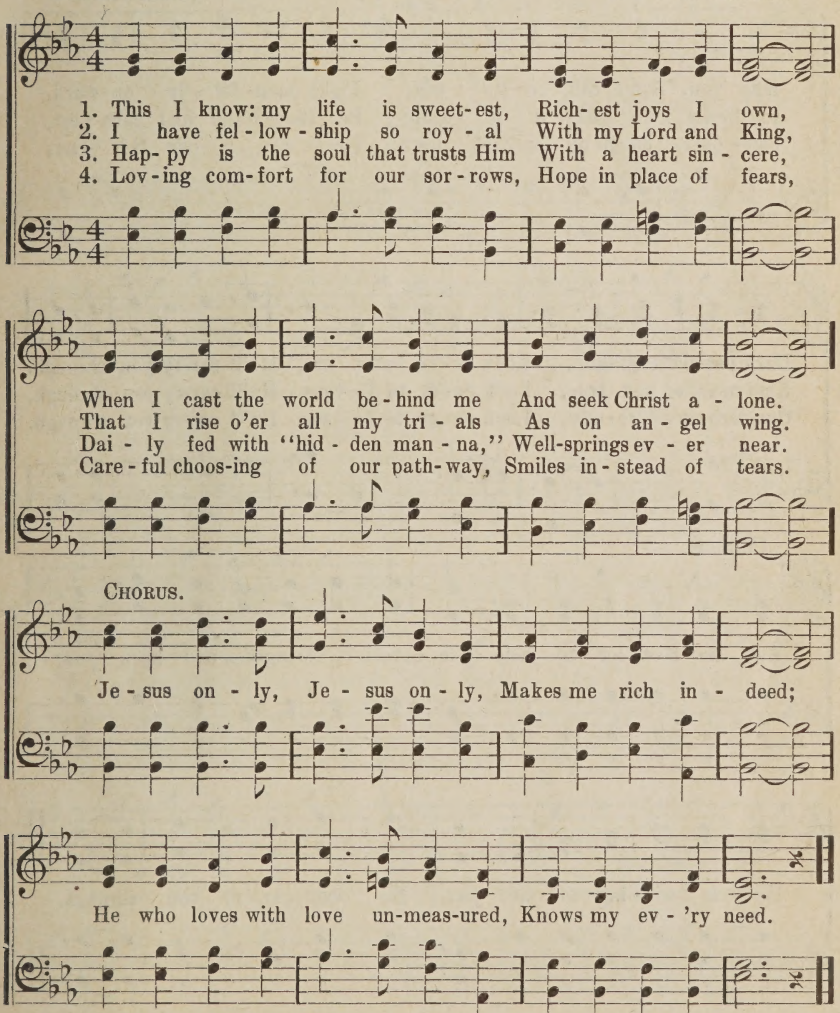
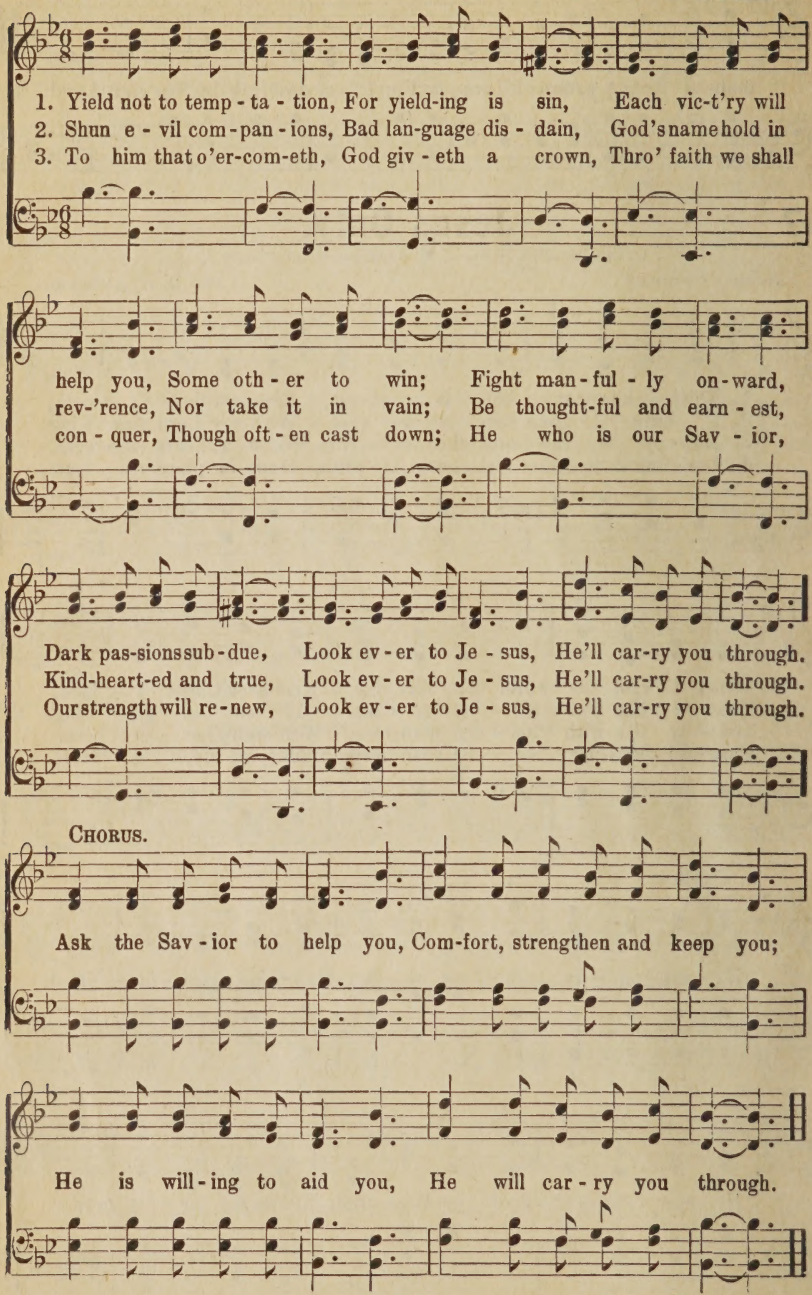
ROBERT CUSHMAN. Mrs. G. W. ANDERSON.

1. This I know: my life is sweet-est, Rich-est joys I own,
2. I have fel-low-ship so roy-al With my Lord and King,
3. Hap-py is the soul that trusts Him With a heart sin-cere,
4. Lov-ing com-fort for our sor-rows, Hope in place of fears,
When I cast the world be-hind me And seek Christ a-lone.
That I rise o'er all my tri-als As on an-gel wing.
Dai-ly fed with "hid-den man-na," Well-springs ev-er near.
Care-ful choos-ing of our path-way, Smiles in-stead of tears.
CHORUS.
Je-sus on-ly, Je-sus on-ly, Makes me rich in-deed;
He who loves with love un-meas-ured, Knows my ev-'ry need.

58

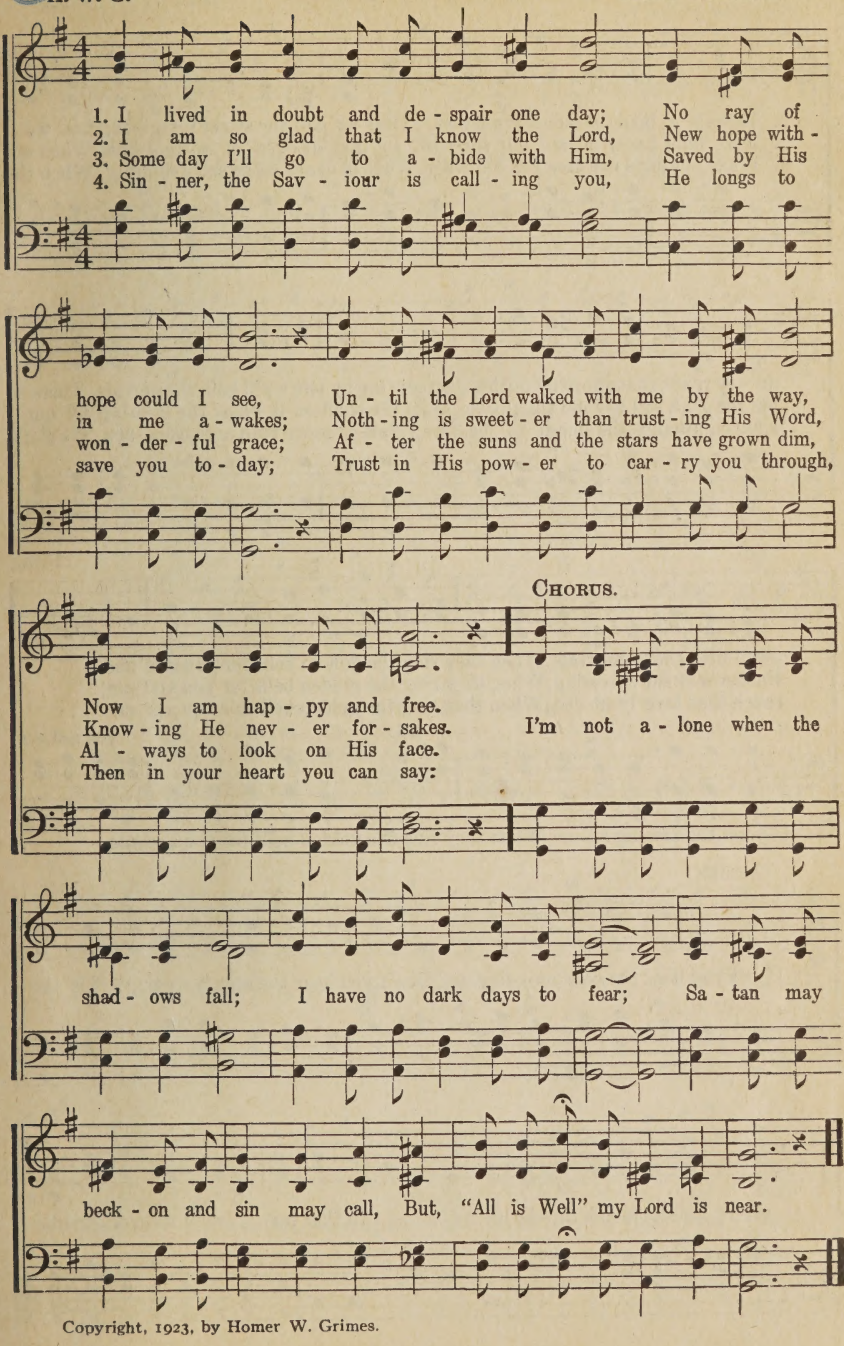
Yield Not to Temptation.

BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER.

H. R. P. H. R. Palmer.

1. Yield not to temp - ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad lan-guage dis - dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall
help you, Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on-ward,
rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and earn - est,
con - quer, Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - ior,
Dark pas-sions sub-due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re-new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
CHORUS.
Ask the Sav - ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen and keep you;
He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

59

When the Lord Is Near.

H. W. G. Homer W. Grimes.

1. I lived in doubt and de - spair one day; No ray of
2. I am so glad that I know the Lord, New hope with -
3. Some day I'll go to a - bide with Him, Saved by His
4. Sin - ner, the Sav - iour is call - ing you, He longs to
hope could I see, Un - til the Lord walked with me by the way,
in me a - wakes; Noth - ing is sweet - er than trust - ing His Word,
won - der - ful grace; Af - ter the suns and the stars have grown dim,
save you to - day; Trust in His pow - er to car - ry you through,
Chorus.
Now I am hap - py and free.
Know - ing He nev - er for - sakes.
Al - ways to look on His face.
Then in your heart you can say:
I'm not a - lone when the
shad - ows fall; I have no dark days to fear; Sa - tan may
beck - on and sin may call, But, "All is Well" my Lord is near.

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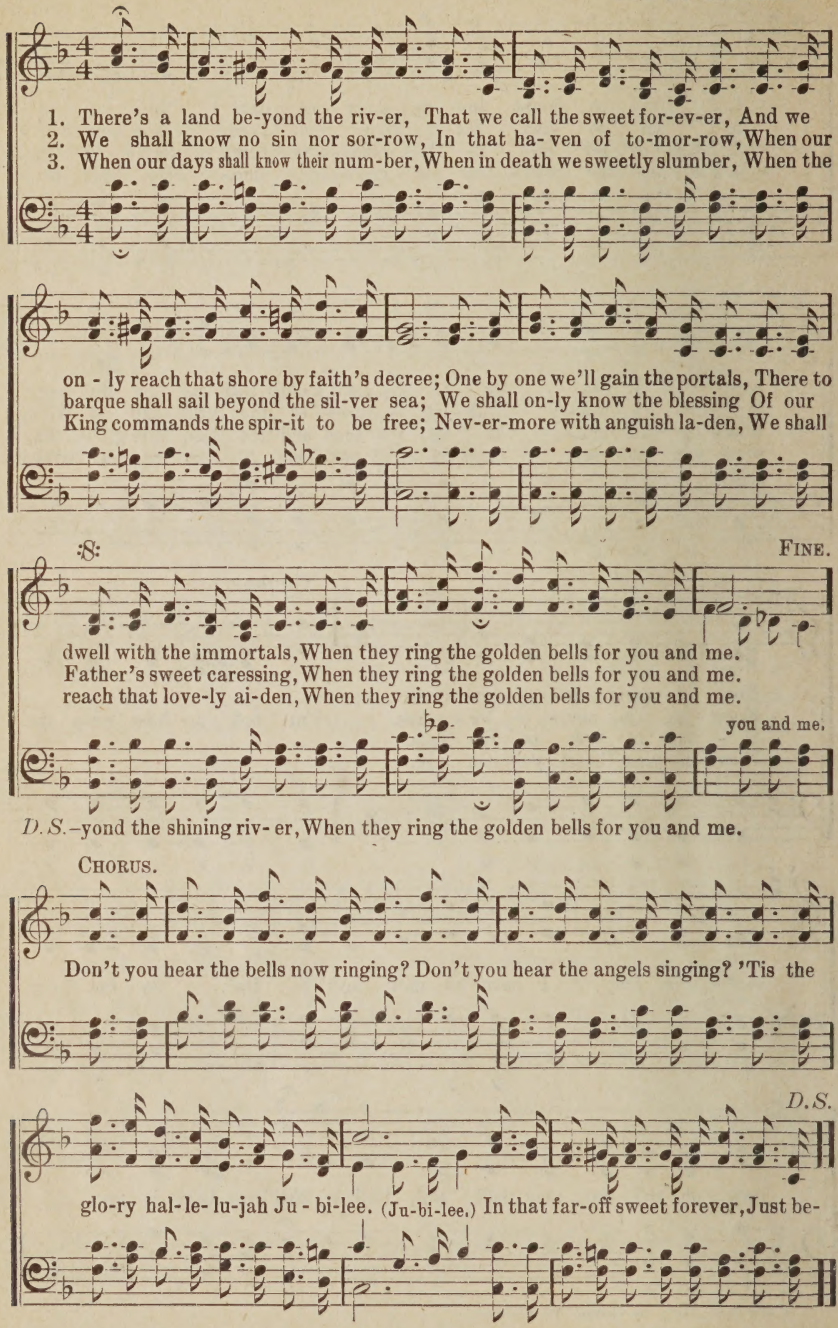
When They Ring the Golden Bells.

DION DE MARBELLE.

1. There's a land be-yond the riv-er, That we call the sweet for-ev-er, And we
2. We shall know no sin nor sor-row, In that ha-ven of to-mor-row, When our
3. When our days shall know their num-ber, When in death we sweetly slumber, When the
on - ly reach that shore by faith's decree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to
barque shall sail beyond the sil-ver sea; We shall on-ly know the blessing Of our
King commands the spir-it to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish la-den, We shall
:S:
FINE.
dwell with the immortals, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
Father's sweet caressing, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
reach that love-ly ai-den, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
you and me.
D. S. -yond the shining riv-er, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
CHORUS.
Don't you hear the bells now ringing? Don't you hear the angels singing? 'Tis the
D.S.
glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah Ju - bi-lee. (Ju-bi-lee.) In that far-off sweet forever, Just be-

The Home I Love.

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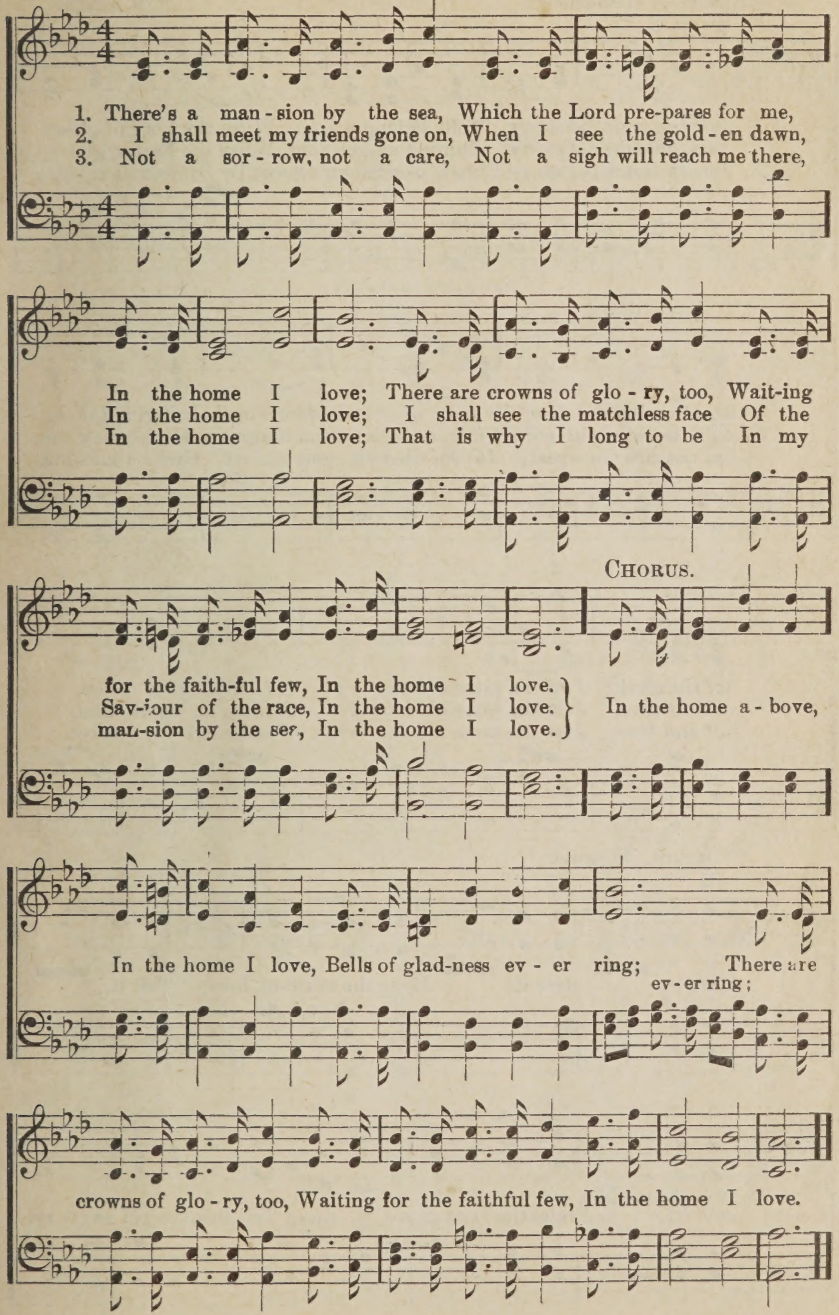
JAMES ROWE. HAZEL SCOVILLE.

1. There's a man - sion by the sea, Which the Lord pre-pares for me,
2. I shall meet my friends gone on, When I see the gold - en dawn,
3. Not a sor - row, not a care, Not a sigh will reach me there,
In the home I love; There are crowns of glo - ry, too, Wait-ing
In the home I love; I shall see the matchless face Of the
In the home I love; That is why I long to be In my
CHORUS.
for the faith-ful few, In the home I love.
Sav-iour of the race, In the home I love.
man-sion by the sea, In the home I love.
In the home a - bove,
In the home I love, Bells of glad-ness ev - er ring; There are
ev - er ring;
crowns of glo - ry, too, Waiting for the faithful few, In the home I love.

Just the Same Old Story.

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E. E. HEWITT. (Posthumous.) B. D. ACKLEY.

SOLO.

1. Just the same old sto-ry Told so long a - go, When the Lord of glo-ry
2. Just the same old sto-ry Shining an-gels told, When the Easter glor-y,
3. Just the same the sto-ry, Preach'd on Salem's street, By His own disci - ples,

Came to earth be - low; Sto - ry of a Saviour's birth, Bringing joy to
Touch'd the skies with gold; Christ is ris - en from the grave, Mighty now our
Let our lips re - peat; Je - sus died for you and me, Grace a-maz-ing,

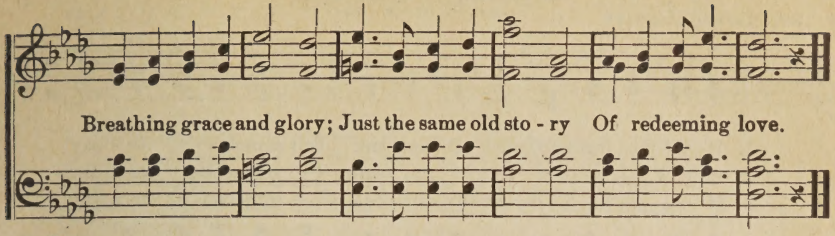
all the earth; Just the same old sto - ry Told so long a - go.
souls to save, Just the same old sto - ry, Shining an - gels told.
full and free; Just the same old sto - ry, Wonder-ful - ly sweet.

CHORUS. *Vigoroso.*

Hear it, hear it! Hear the words of love; Tell it,

tell it! Praise the Lord above, (a - bove;) Tell the Gos-pel sto - ry,

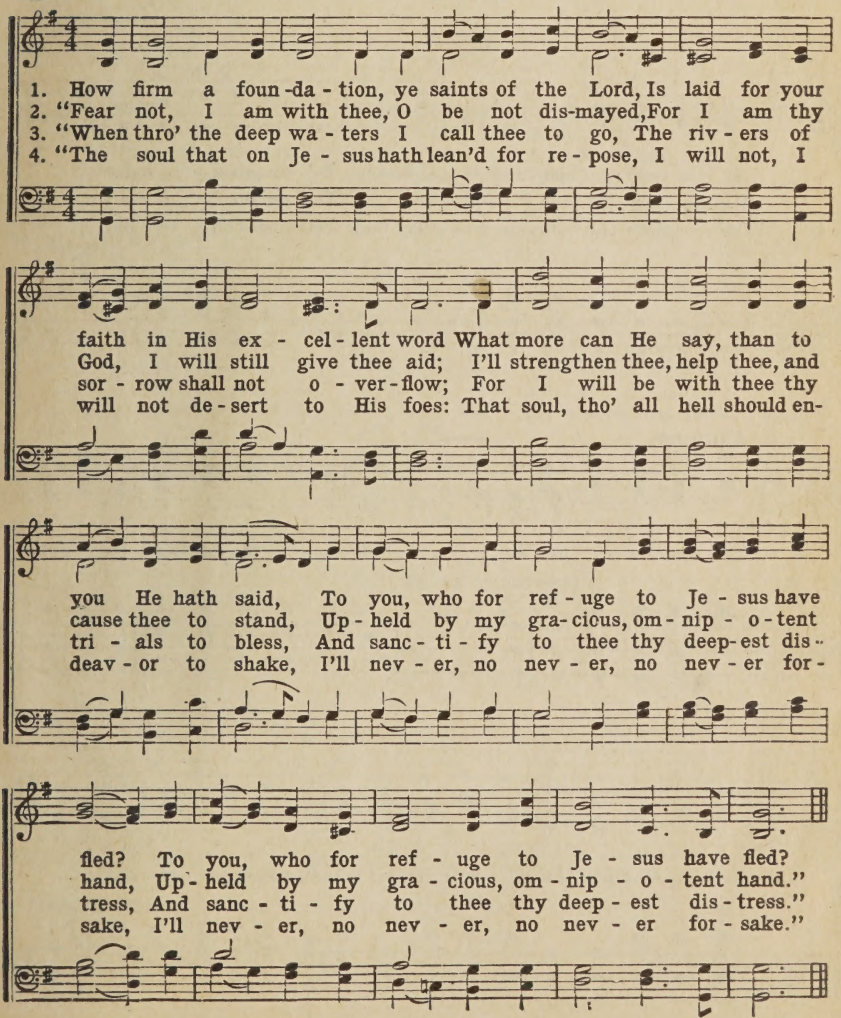
Just the Same Old Story.



63

How Firm a Foundation.

(PORTUGUESE HYMN.)


1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath lean'd for re - pose, I will not, I
faith in His ex - cel - lent word What more can He say, than to
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy
will not de - sert to His foes: That soul, tho' all hell should en-
you He hath said, To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent
tri - als to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis -
deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for -
fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
hand, Up - held by my gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand."
tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress."
sake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake."

Tell Somebody To-day.

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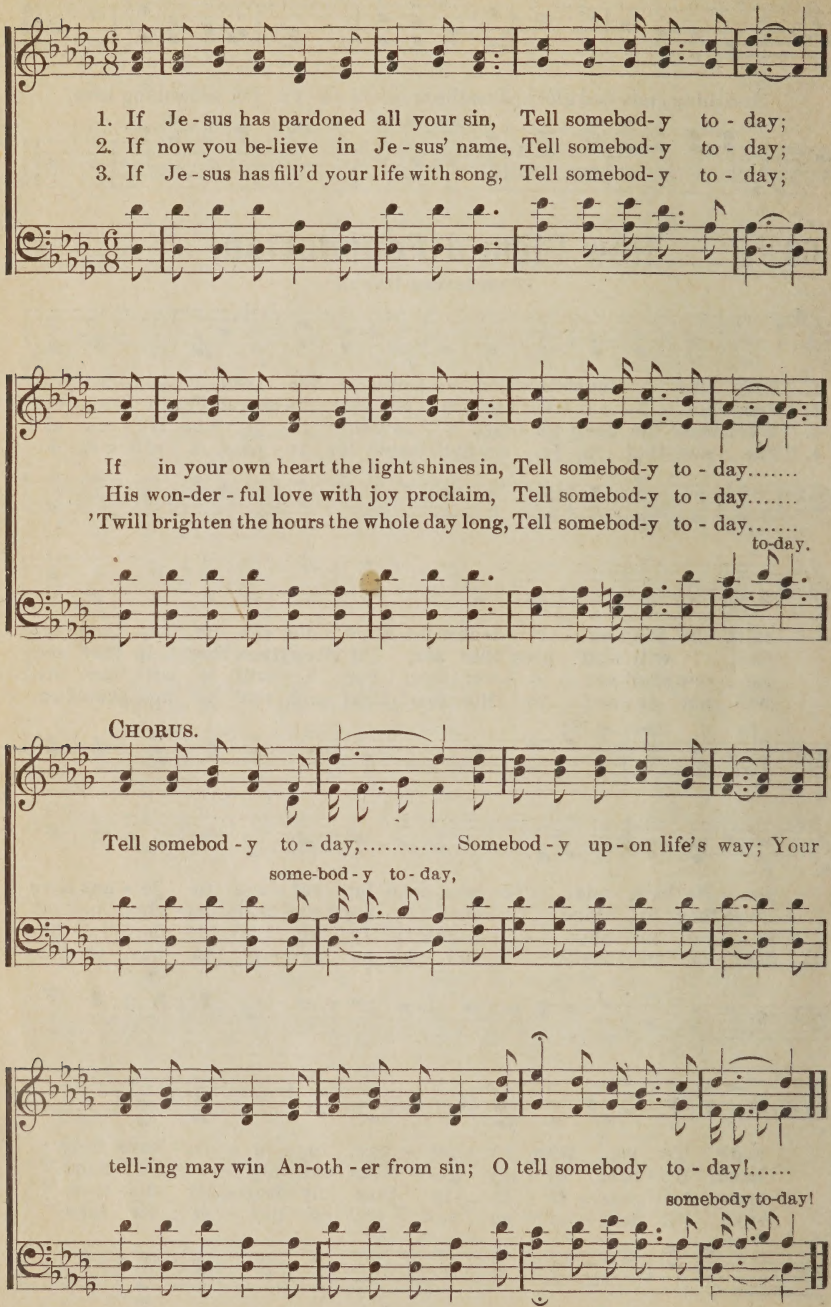
Rev. ALFRED BARRATT. B. D. ACKLEY.


1. If Je - sus has pardoned all your sin, Tell somebod - y to - day;
2. If now you be-lieve in Je - sus' name, Tell somebod - y to - day;
3. If Je - sus has fill'd your life with song, Tell somebod - y to - day;
If in your own heart the light shines in, Tell somebod-y to - day.....
His won-der - ful love with joy proclaim, Tell somebod-y to - day.....
'Twill brighten the hours the whole day long, Tell somebod-y to - day.....
to-day.
CHORUS.
Tell somebod - y to - day,..... Somebod - y up - on life's way; Your
some-bod - y to - day,
tell-ing may win An-oth - er from sin; O tell somebody to - day!.....
somebody to-day!

65 Love Opened Wide the Door.

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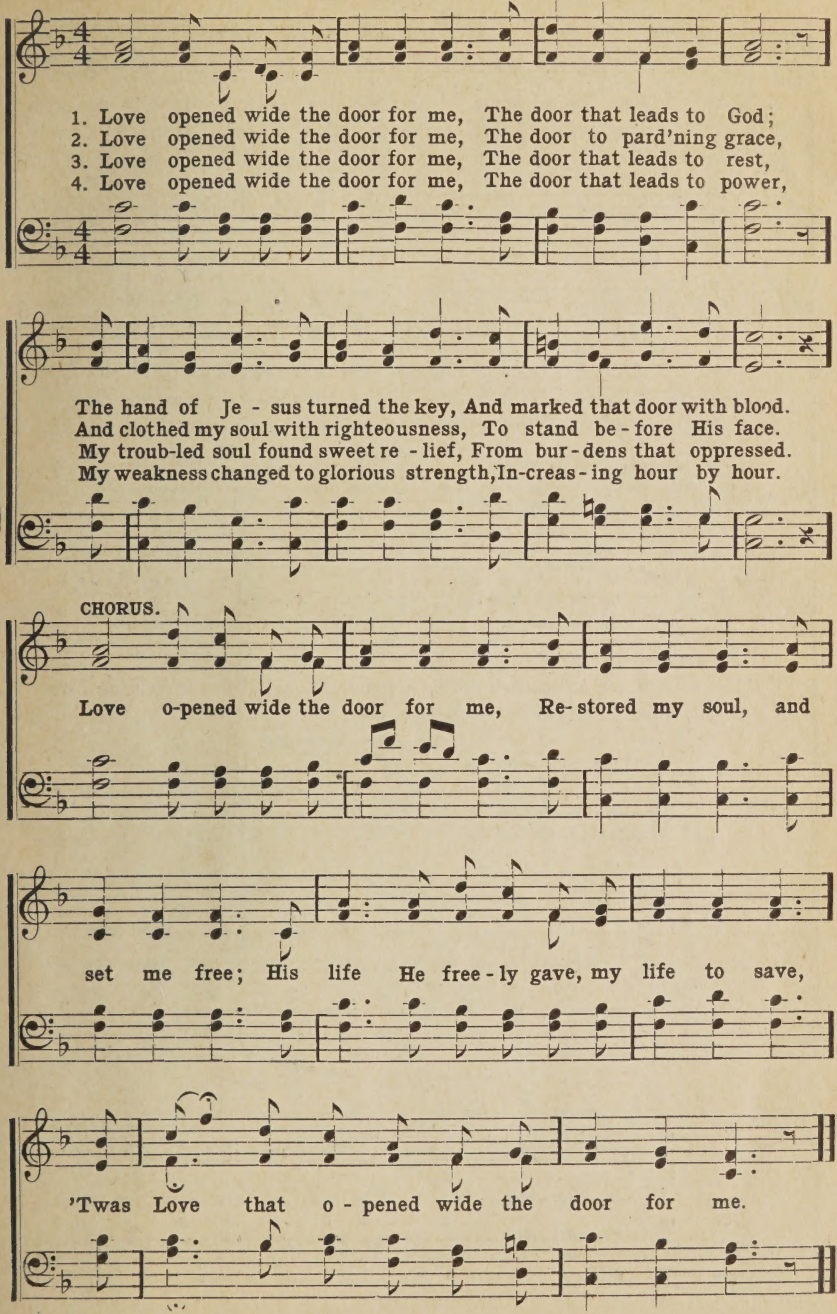
1. Love opened wide the door for me, The door that leads to God;
2. Love opened wide the door for me, The door to pard'ning grace,
3. Love opened wide the door for me, The door that leads to rest,
4. Love opened wide the door for me, The door that leads to power,
The hand of Je - sus turned the key, And marked that door with blood.
And clothed my soul with righteousness, To stand be - fore His face.
My troub-led soul found sweet re - lief, From bur - dens that oppressed.
My weakness changed to glorious strength, In-creas - ing hour by hour.
CHORUS.
Love o-pened wide the door for me, Re-stored my soul, and
set me free; His life He free - ly gave, my life to save,
'Twas Love that o - pened wide the door for me.

There's a Song In My Heart.

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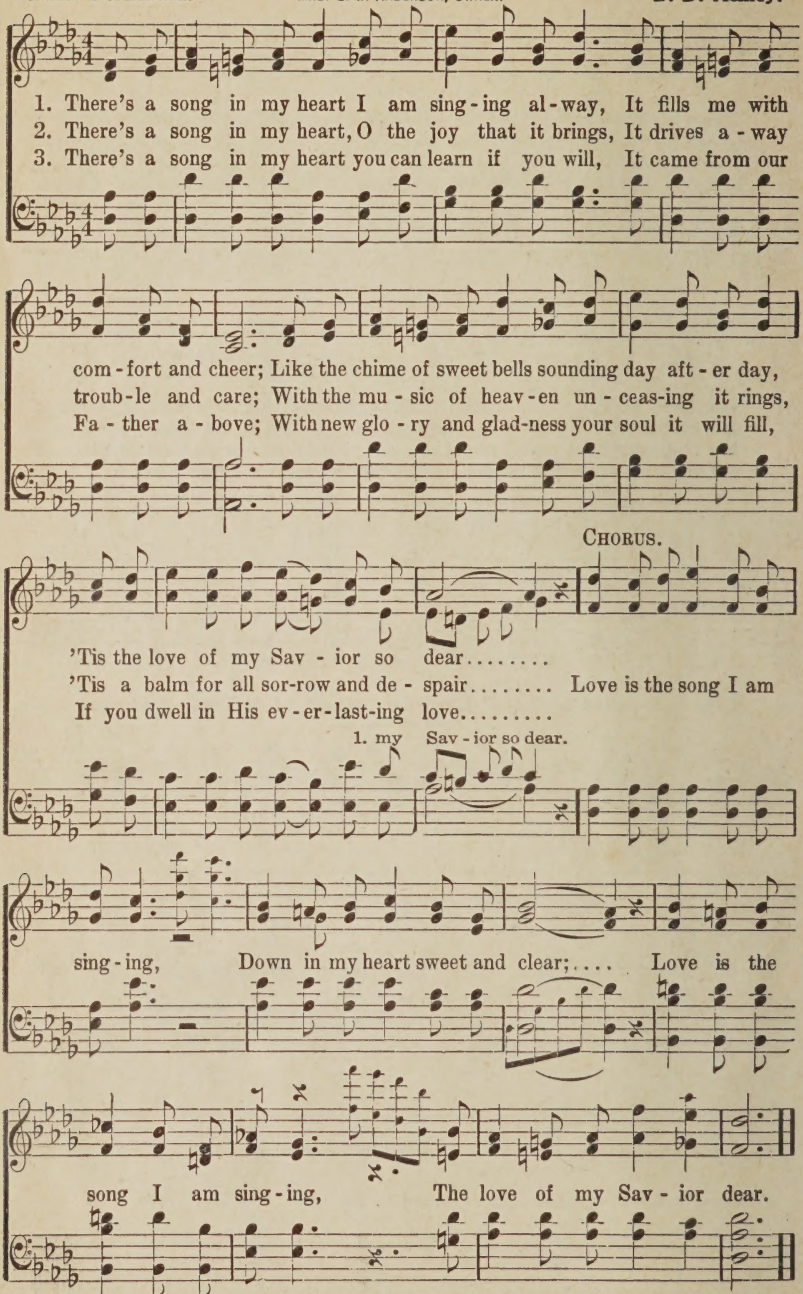
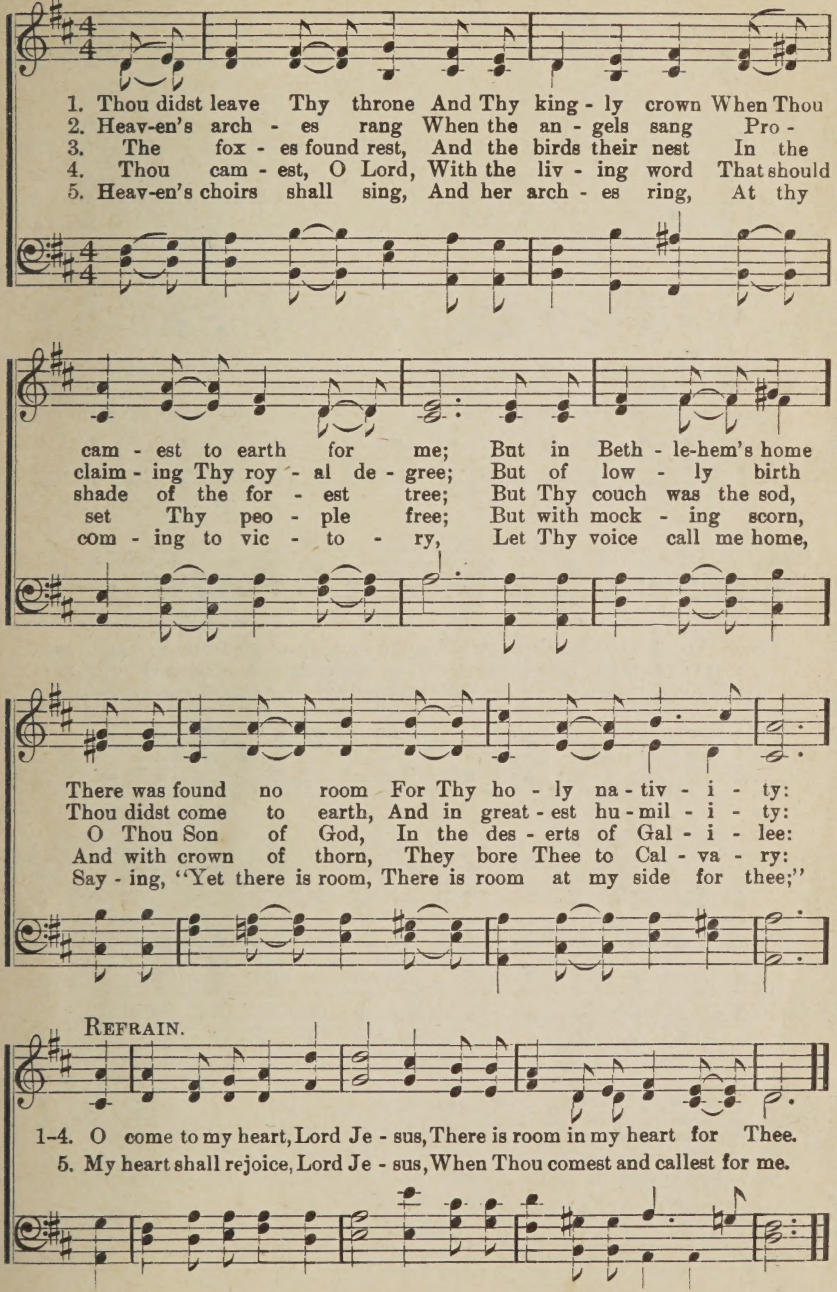

1. There's a song in my heart I am sing-ing al-way, It fills me with
2. There's a song in my heart, O the joy that it brings, It drives a-way
3. There's a song in my heart you can learn if you will, It came from our
com-fort and cheer; Like the chime of sweet bells sounding day aft-er day,
troub-le and care; With the mu-sic of heav-en un-ceas-ing it rings,
Fa-ther a-bove; With new glo-ry and glad-ness your soul it will fill,
CHORUS.
'Tis the love of my Sav-ior so dear.....
'Tis a balm for all sor-row and de-spair..... Love is the song I am
If you dwell in His ev-er-last-ing love.....
1. my Sav-ior so dear.
sing-ing, Down in my heart sweet and clear;.... Love is the
song I am sing-ing, The love of my Sav-ior dear.

Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne.

EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT. TIMOTHY R. MATTHEWS

1. Thou didst leave Thy throne And Thy king - ly crown When Thou
2. Heav-en's arch - es rang When the an - gels sang Pro -
3. The fox - es found rest, And the birds their nest In the
4. Thou cam - est, O Lord, With the liv - ing word That should
5. Heav-en's choirs shall sing, And her arch - es ring, At thy
cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - le-hem's home
claim - ing Thy roy - al de - gree; But of low - ly birth
shade of the for - est tree; But Thy couch was the sod,
set Thy peo - ple free; But with mock - ing scorn,
com - ing to vic - to - ry, Let Thy voice call me home,
There was found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty:
Thou didst come to earth, And in great - est hu - mil - i - ty:
O Thou Son of God, In the des - erts of Gal - i - lee:
And with crown of thorn, They bore Thee to Cal - va - ry:
Say - ing, "Yet there is room, There is room at my side for thee;"
REFRAIN.
1-4. O come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee.
5. My heart shall rejoice, Lord Je - sus, When Thou comest and callest for me.

Higher Than the Heavens.

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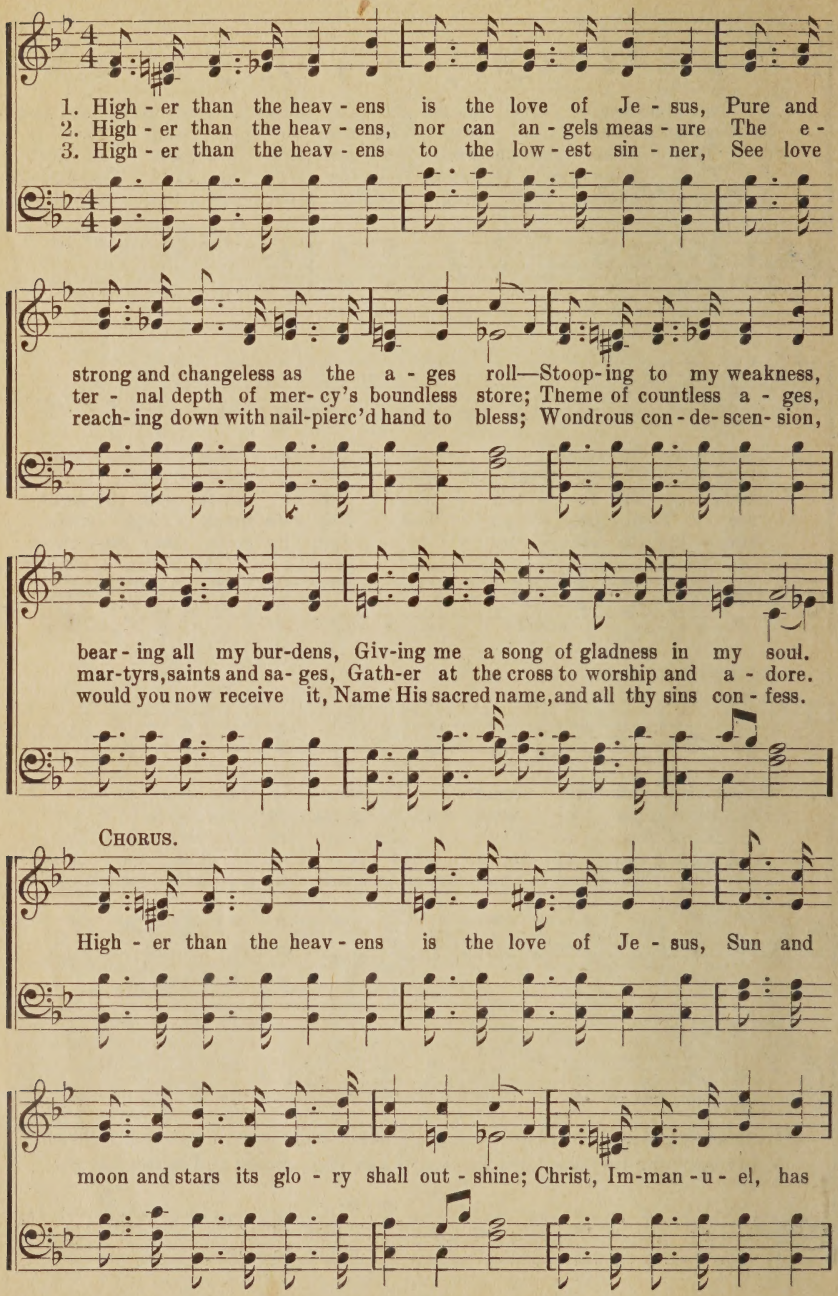
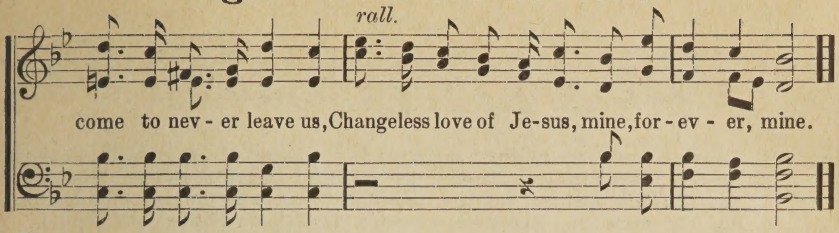
Rev. A. H. ACKLEY. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. High - er than the heav - ens is the love of Je - sus, Pure and
2. High - er than the heav - ens, nor can an - gels meas - ure The e -
3. High - er than the heav - ens to the low - est sin - ner, See love
strong and changeless as the a - ges roll—Stoop-ing to my weakness,
ter - nal depth of mer- cy's boundless store; Theme of countless a - ges,
reach- ing down with nail-pierc'd hand to bless; Wondrous con - de- scen- sion,
bear - ing all my bur-dens, Giv-ing me a song of gladness in my soul.
mar-tyrs, saints and sa- ges, Gath-er at the cross to worship and a - dore.
would you now receive it, Name His sacred name, and all thy sins con - fess.
CHORUS.
High - er than the heav - ens is the love of Je - sus, Sun and
moon and stars its glo - ry shall out - shine; Christ, Im-man - u - el, has

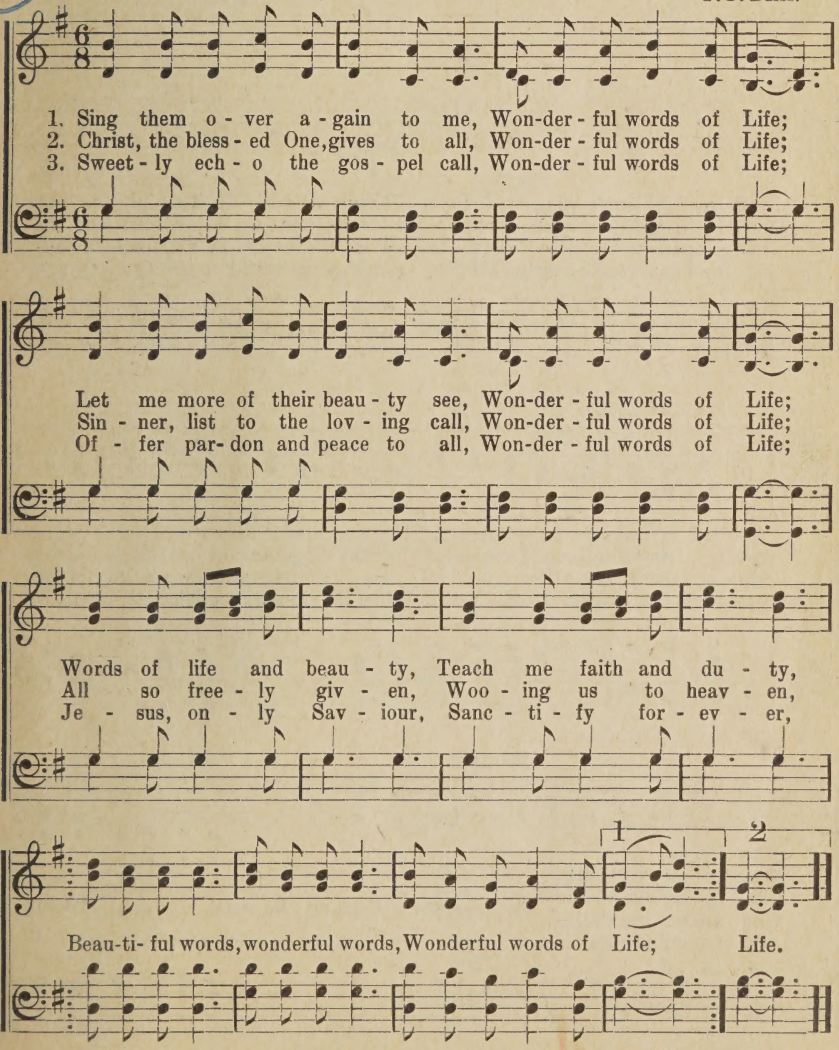
Higher Than the Heavens.



69

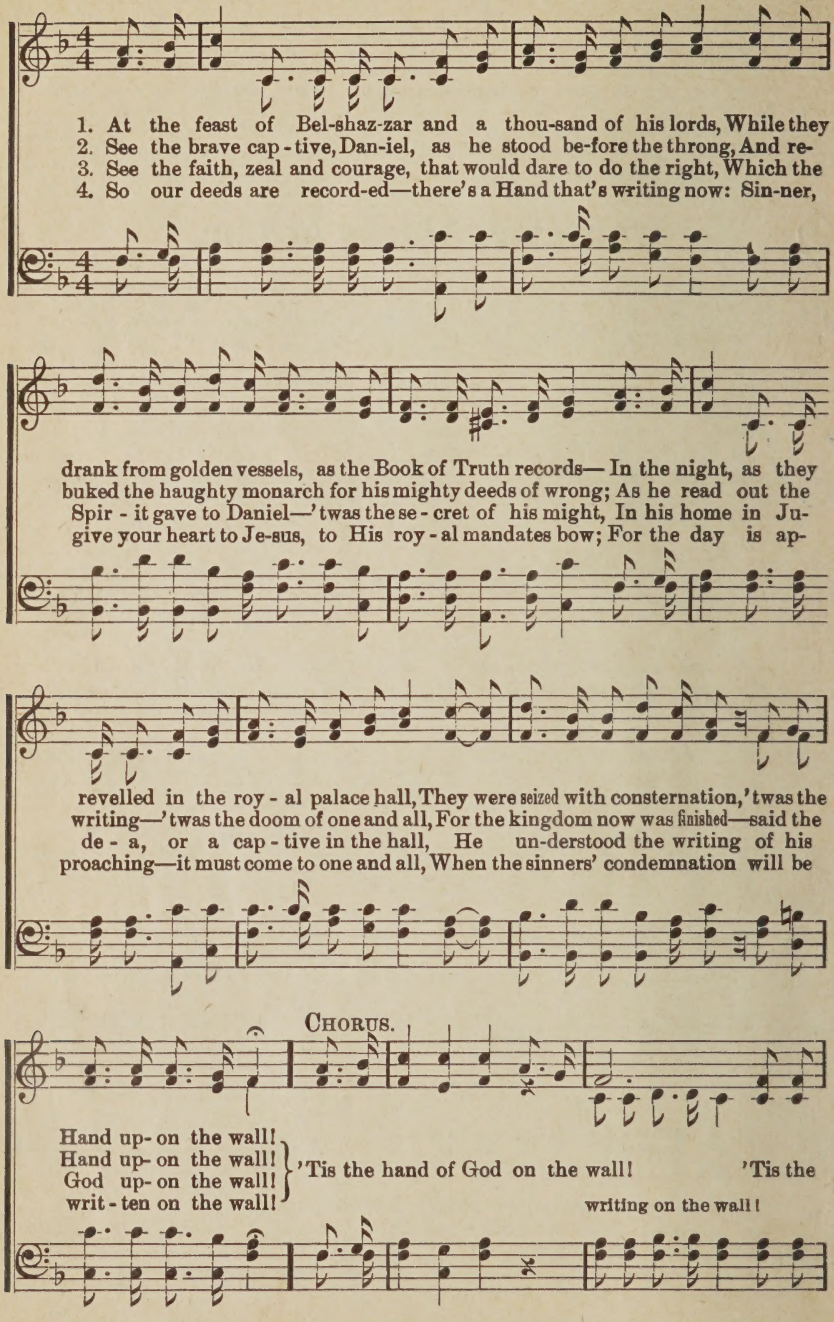
Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. BLISS.

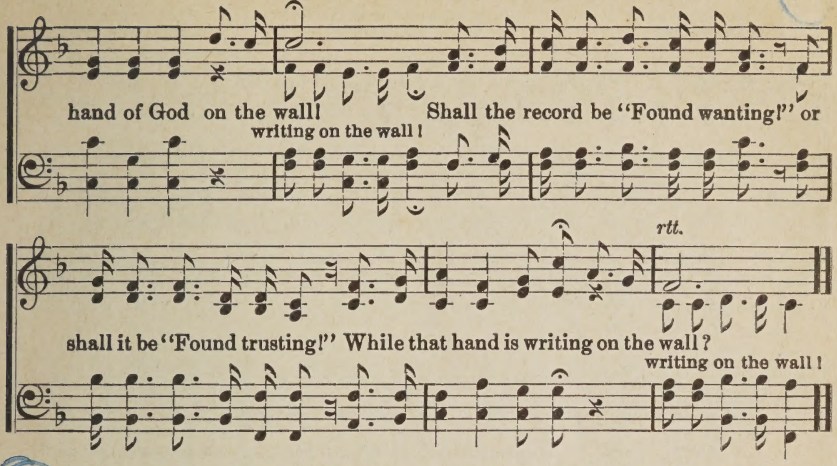

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der - ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all, Won-der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der - ful words of Life;
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der - ful words of Life;
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der - ful words of Life;
Of - fer par- don and peace to all, Won-der - ful words of Life;
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty,
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en,
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er,
1
2
Beau-ti- ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life;
Life.

70 The Handwriting On the Wall.

K. S. KNOWLES SHAW.


1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thou-sand of his lords, While they
2. See the brave cap-tive, Dan-iel, as he stood be-fore the throng, And re-
3. See the faith, zeal and courage, that would dare to do the right, Which the
4. So our deeds are record-ed—there's a Hand that's writing now: Sin-ner,
drank from golden vessels, as the Book of Truth records— In the night, as they
buked the haughty monarch for his mighty deeds of wrong; As he read out the
Spir-it gave to Daniel—'twas the se-cret of his might, In his home in Ju-
give your heart to Je-sus, to His roy-al mandates bow; For the day is ap-
revelled in the roy-al palace hall, They were seized with consternation, 'twas the
writing—'twas the doom of one and all, For the kingdom now was finished—said the
de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall, He un-derstood the writing of his
proaching—it must come to one and all, When the sinners' condemnation will be
CHORUS.
Hand up-on the wall!
Hand up-on the wall!
God up-on the wall!
writ-ten on the wall!
'Tis the hand of God on the wall!
'Tis the writing on the wall!

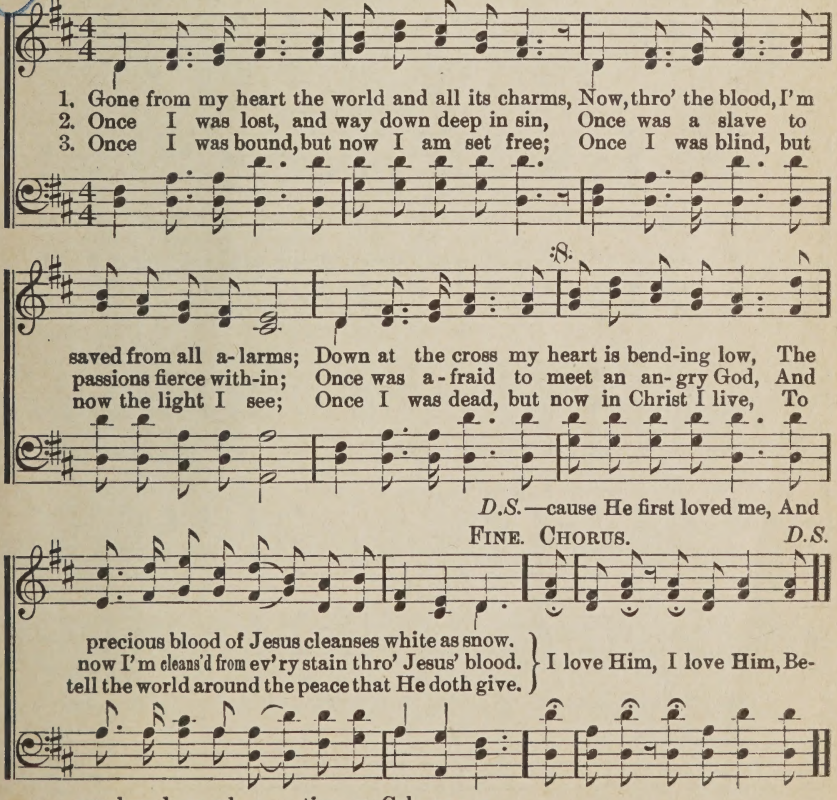
The Handwriting On the Wall.


hand of God on the wall! Shall the record be "Found wanting!" or
writing on the wall!
rtt.
shall it be "Found trusting!" While that hand is writing on the wall?
writing on the wall!

71

I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. S. C. Foster.


1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charms, Now, thro' the blood, I'm
2. Once I was lost, and way down deep in sin, Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but
saved from all a-larms; Down at the cross my heart is bend-ing low, The
passions fierce with-in; Once was a-fraid to meet an an-gry God, And
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To
D.S.—cause He first loved me, And
Fine. Chorus. D.S.
precious blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.
now I'm cleans'd from ev'ry stain thro' Jesus' blood.
tell the world around the peace that He doth give.
I love Him, I love Him, Be-
purchased my sal-va-tion on Cal-va-ry.

72 How Sweet is His Love for Me.

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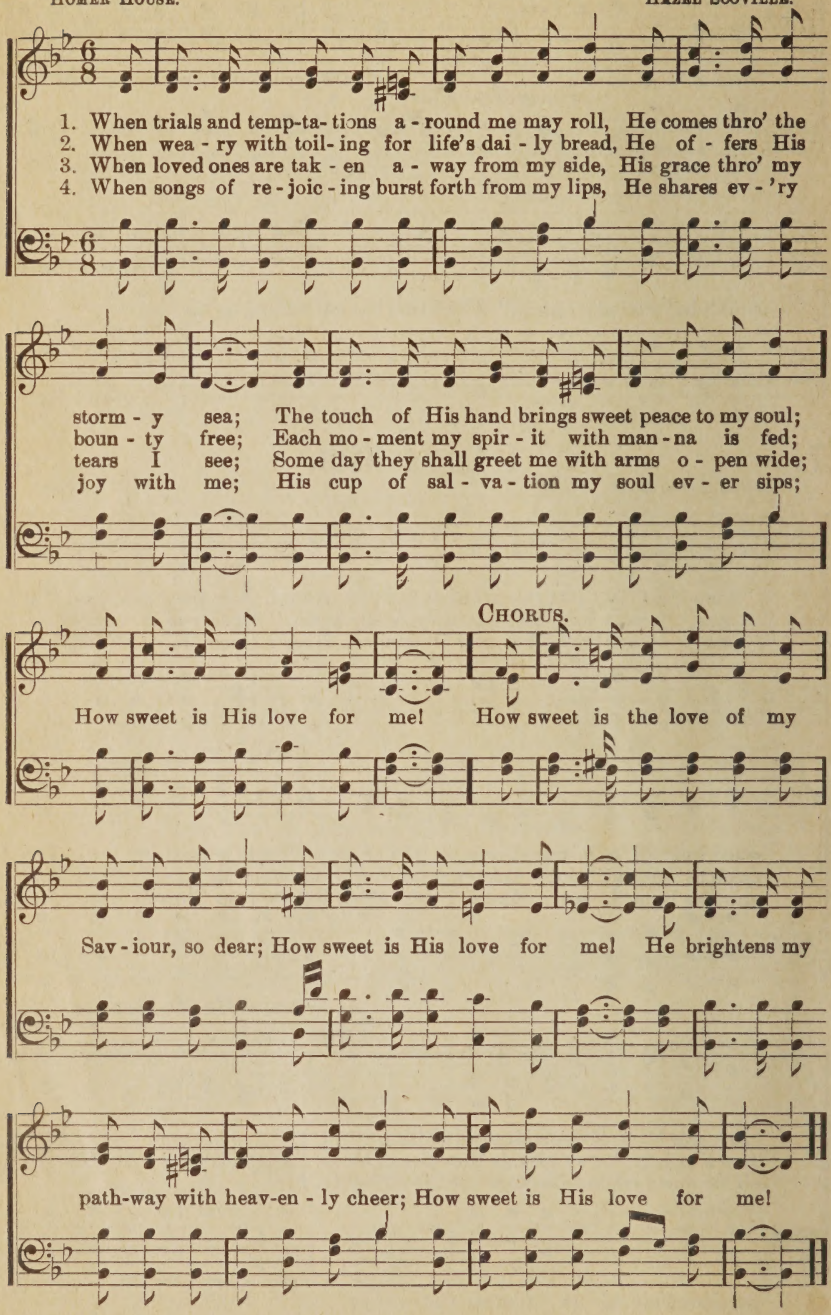
HOMER HOUSE. HAZEL SCOVILLE.

1. When trials and temp-ta-tions a-round me may roll, He comes thro' the storm-y sea; The touch of His hand brings sweet peace to my soul;
2. When wea-ry with toil-ing for life's dai-ly bread, He of-fers His boun-ty free; Each mo-ment my spir-it with man-na is fed;
3. When loved ones are tak-en a-way from my side, His grace thro' my tears I see; Some day they shall greet me with arms o-pen wide;
4. When songs of re-joic-ing burst forth from my lips, He shares ev-'ry joy with me; His cup of sal-va-tion my soul ev-er sips;
CHORUS.
How sweet is His love for me! How sweet is the love of my Sav-iour, so dear; How sweet is His love for me! He brightens my path-way with heav-en-ly cheer; How sweet is His love for me!

Nobody Cares.

SHERRARD BEATTY.

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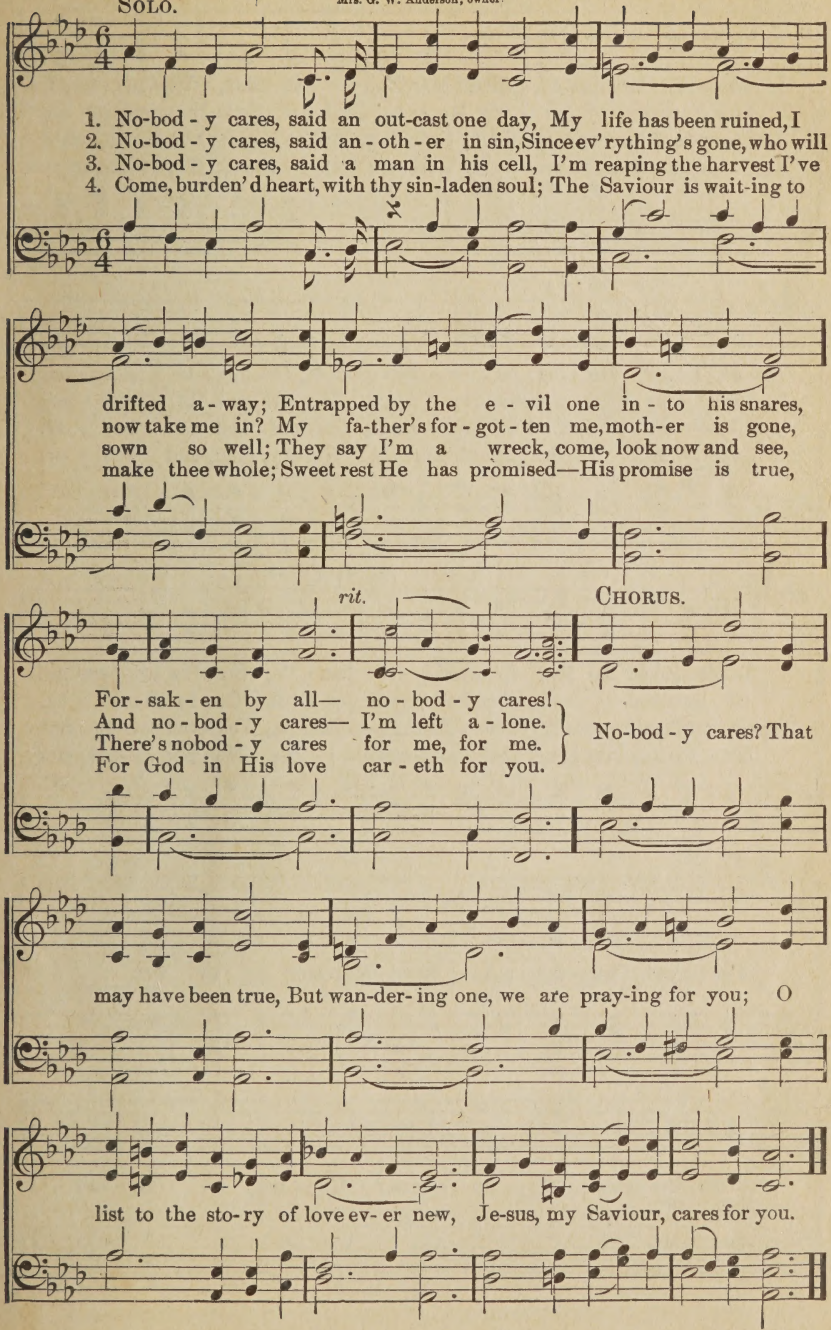
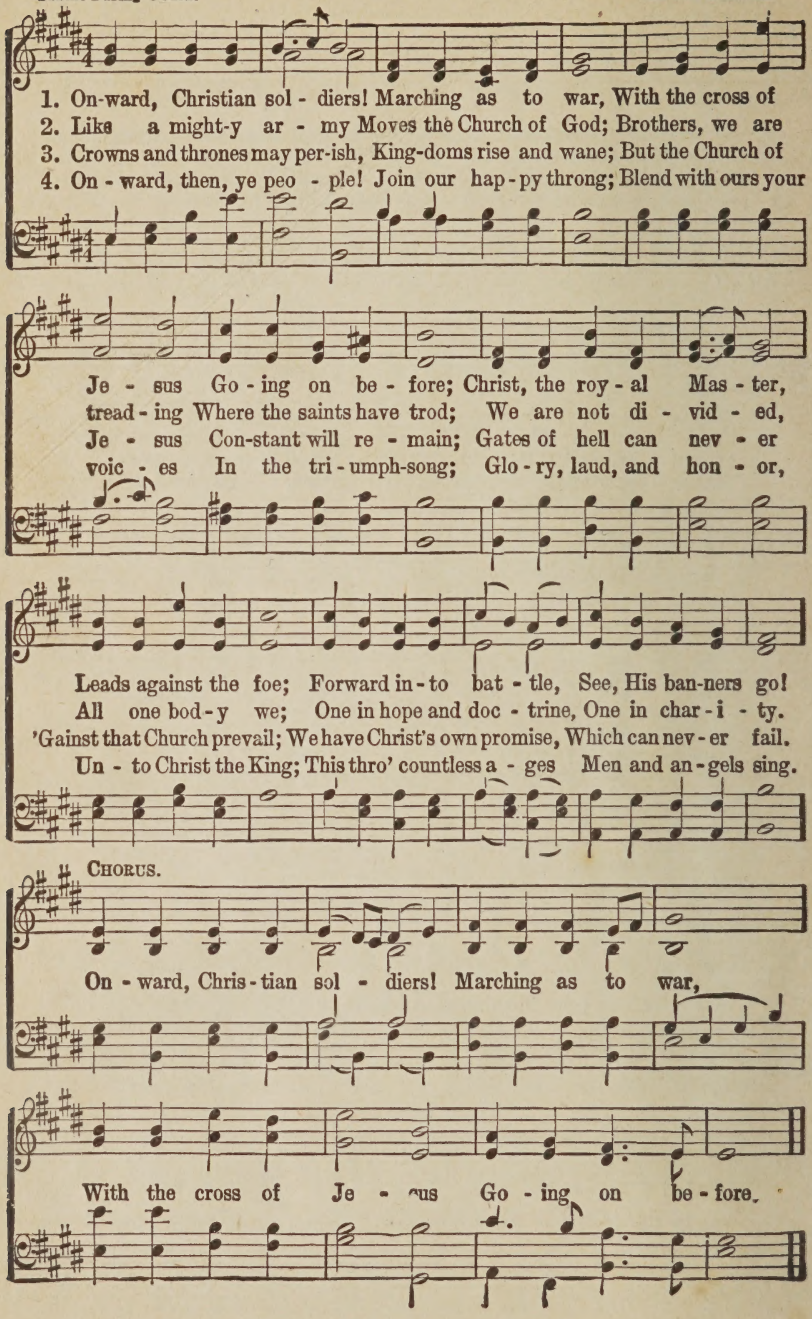
Mrs. G. W. Anderson, owner.

B. D. ACKLEY.

SOLO.

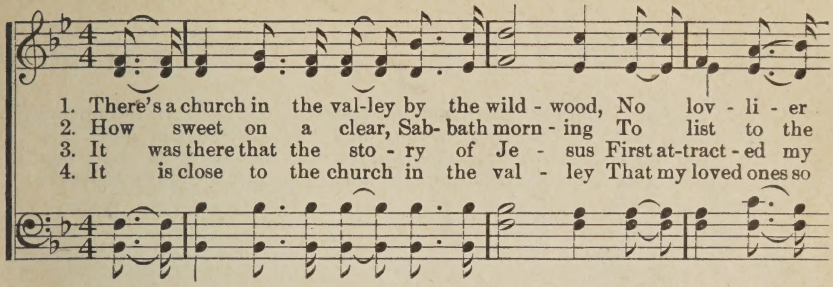

1. No-bod - y cares, said an out-cast one day, My life has been ruined, I
2. No-bod - y cares, said an - oth - er in sin, Since ev'rything's gone, who will
3. No-bod - y cares, said a man in his cell, I'm reaping the harvest I've
4. Come, burden'd heart, with thy sin-laden soul; The Saviour is wait-ing to
drifted a - way; Entrapped by the e - vil one in - to his snares,
now take me in? My fa-ther's for - got - ten me, moth-er is gone,
sown so well; They say I'm a wreck, come, look now and see,
make thee whole; Sweet rest He has promised—His promise is true,
rit.
CHORUS.
For - sak - en by all— no - bod - y cares!
And no - bod - y cares— I'm left a - lone.
There's nobod - y cares for me, for me.
For God in His love car - eth for you.
No-bod - y cares? That
may have been true, But wan-der- ing one, we are pray-ing for you; O
list to the sto-ry of love ev- er new, Je-sus, my Saviour, cares for you.

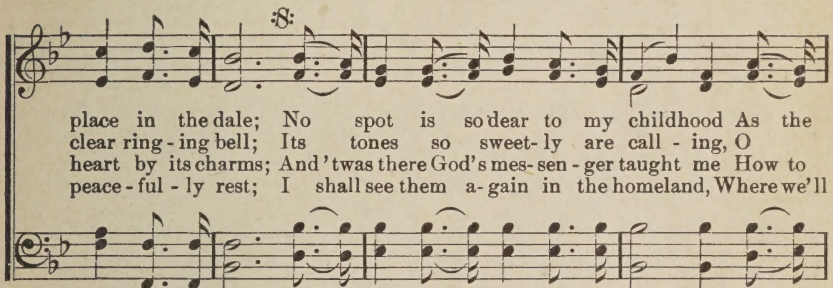
Onward, Christian Soldiers!

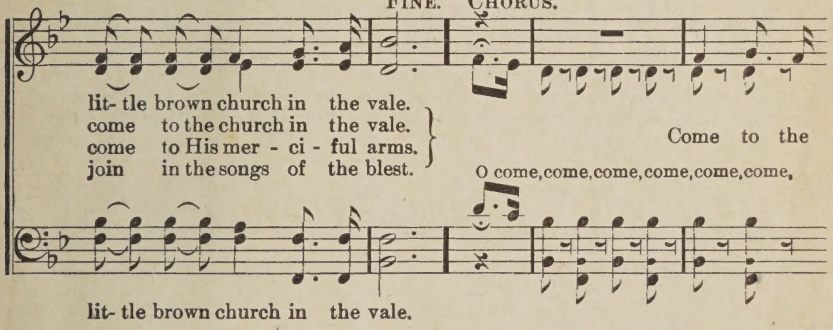
Sabine Baring-Gould. Arthur Sullivan.

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane; But the Church of
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng; Blend with ours your
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voic - es In the tri - umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,
Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go!
All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, Which can nev - er fail.
Un - to Christ the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.
CHORUS.
On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! Marching as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

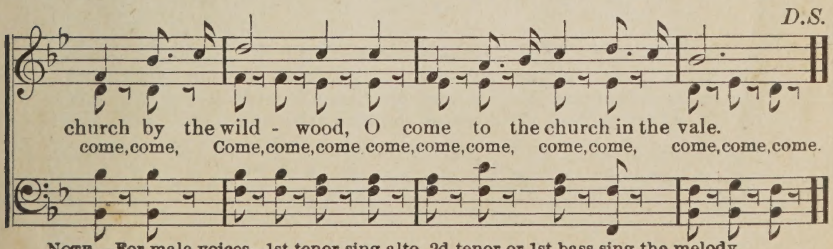
75 The Church In the Wildwood.

W. S. P. AND E. E. H. DR. WM. S. PITTS.


1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild - wood, No lov - li - er
2. How sweet on a clear, Sab- bath morn - ing To list to the
3. It was there that the sto - ry of Je - sus First at-tract - ed my
4. It is close to the church in the val - ley That my loved ones so


S:
place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my childhood As the
clear ring - ing bell; Its tones so sweet- ly are call - ing, O
heart by its charms; And 'twas there God's mes- sen - ger taught me How to
peace - ful - ly rest; I shall see them a- gain in the homeland, Where we'll
D.S.—No spot is so dear to my child- hood As the

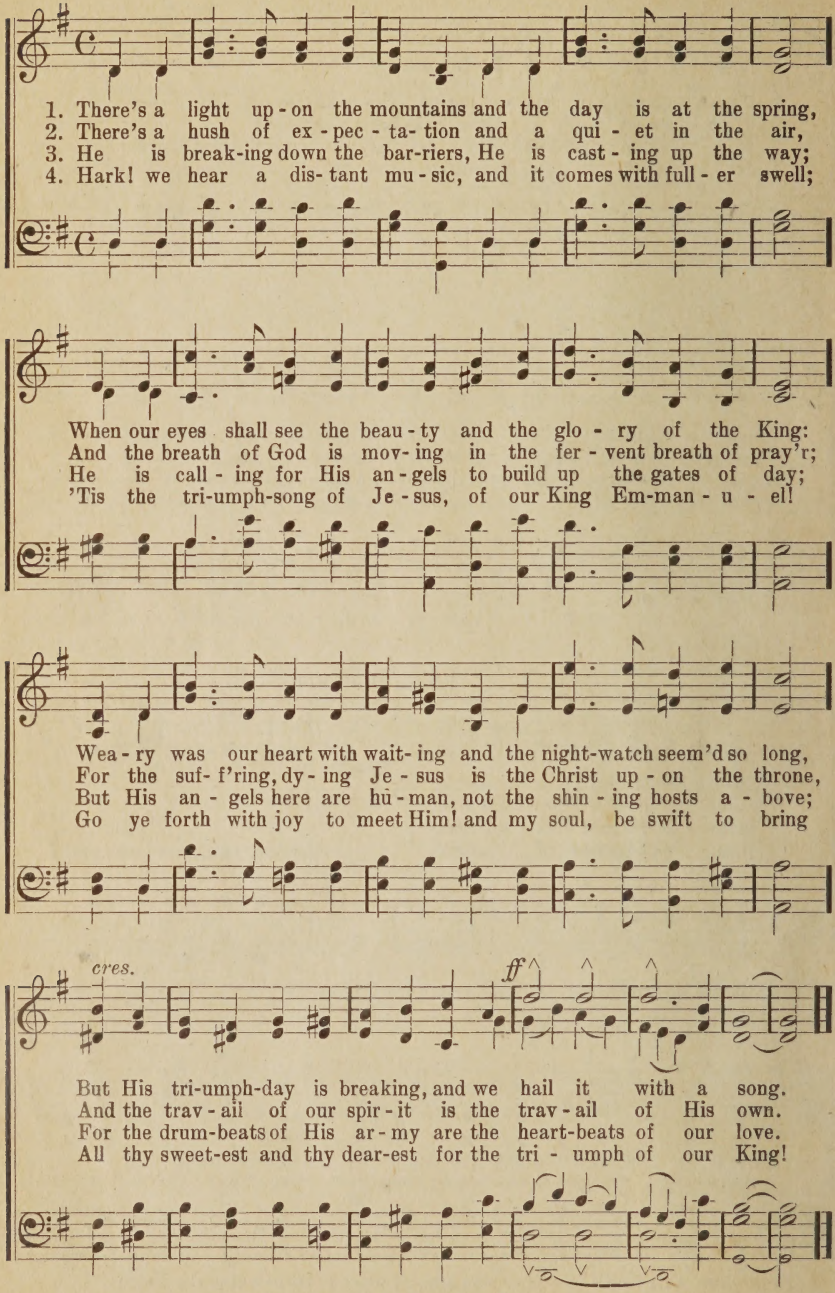

FINE. CHORUS.
lit- tle brown church in the vale.
come to the church in the vale.
come to His mer - ci - ful arms.
join in the songs of the blest.
Come to the
O come, come, come, come, come, come,
lit- tle brown church in the vale.



NOTE.—For male voices—1st tenor sing alto, 2d tenor or 1st bass sing the melody.

76 There's a Light Upon the Mountains.

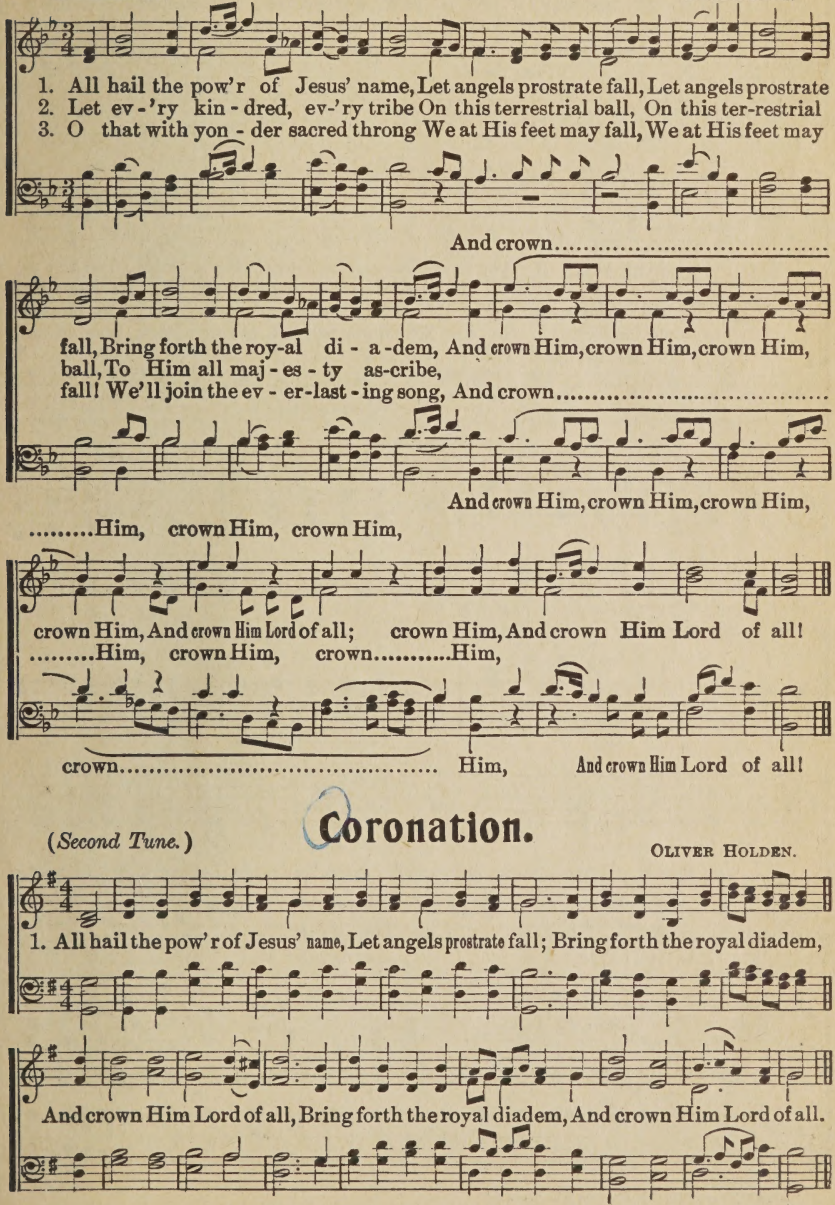
By permission The Epworth Press, London, Eng.

HENRY BURTON. M. L. WOSTENHOLM.

1. There's a light up-on the mountains and the day is at the spring,
2. There's a hush of ex-pec-ta-tion and a qui-et in the air,
3. He is break-ing down the bar-riers, He is cast-ing up the way;
4. Hark! we hear a dis-tant mu-sic, and it comes with full-er swell;
When our eyes shall see the beau-ty and the glo-ry of the King:
And the breath of God is mov-ing in the fer-vent breath of pray'r;
He is call-ing for His an-gels to build up the gates of day;
'Tis the tri-umph-song of Je-sus, of our King Em-man-u-el!
Wea-ry was our heart with wait-ing and the night-watch seem'd so long,
For the suf-f'ring, dy-ing Je-sus is the Christ up-on the throne,
But His an-gels here are hu-man, not the shin-ing hosts a-bove;
Go ye forth with joy to meet Him! and my soul, be swift to bring
cres.
ff
But His tri-umph-day is breaking, and we hail it with a song.
And the trav-ail of our spir-it is the trav-ail of His own.
For the drum-beats of His ar-my are the heart-beats of our love.
All thy sweet-est and thy dear-est for the tri-umph of our King!

Chorus Selections

77 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

E. PERRONET. T. RICHARDS.


1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall, Let angels prostrate
2. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe On this terrestrial ball, On this ter-restrial
3. O that with yon-der sacred throng We at His feet may fall, We at His feet may
And crown.....
fall, Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
ball, To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe,
fall! We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown.....
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
.....Him, crown Him, crown Him,
crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all; crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
.....Him, crown Him, crown.....Him,
crown..... Him, And crown Him Lord of all!

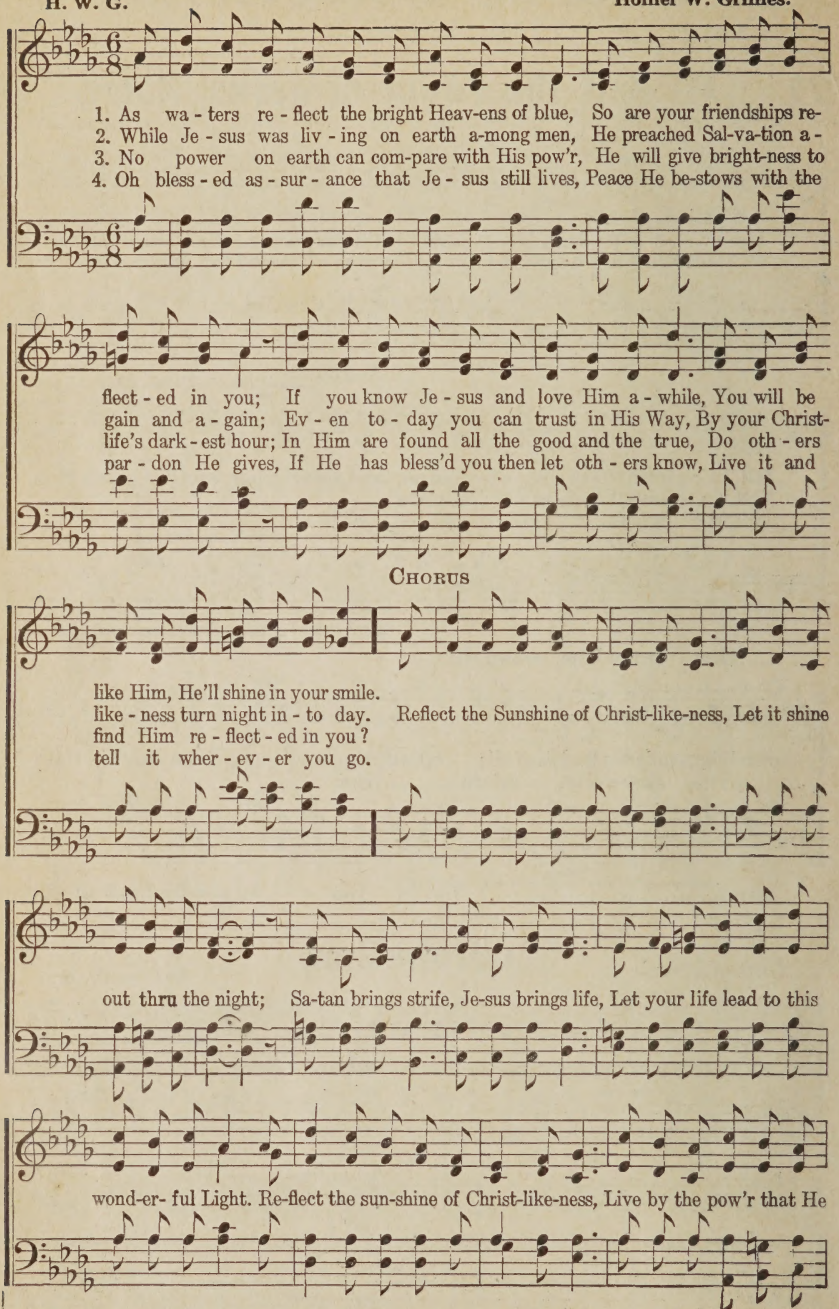
Coronation.

(*Second Tune.*)

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all.

Reflect the Sunshine of Christlikeness.

H. W. G. Homer W. Grimes.

1. As wa - ters re - flect the bright Heav-ens of blue, So are your friendships re-
2. While Je - sus was liv - ing on earth a-mong men, He preached Sal-va-tion a -
3. No power on earth can com-pare with His pow'r, He will give bright-ness to
4. Oh bless - ed as - sur - ance that Je - sus still lives, Peace He be-stows with the
flect - ed in you; If you know Je - sus and love Him a - while, You will be
gain and a - gain; Ev - en to - day you can trust in His Way, By your Christ-
life's dark - est hour; In Him are found all the good and the true, Do oth - ers
par - don He gives, If He has bless'd you then let oth - ers know, Live it and
CHORUS
like Him, He'll shine in your smile.
like - ness turn night in - to day. Reflect the Sunshine of Christ-like-ness, Let it shine
find Him re - flect - ed in you?
tell it wher - ev - er you go.
out thru the night; Sa-tan brings strife, Je-sus brings life, Let your life lead to this
wond-er- ful Light. Re-flect the sun-shine of Christ-like-ness, Live by the pow'r that He

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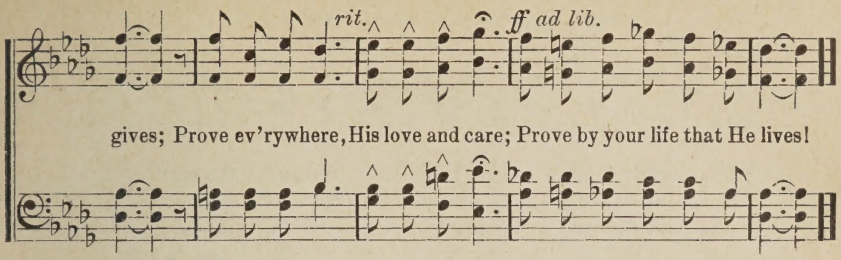
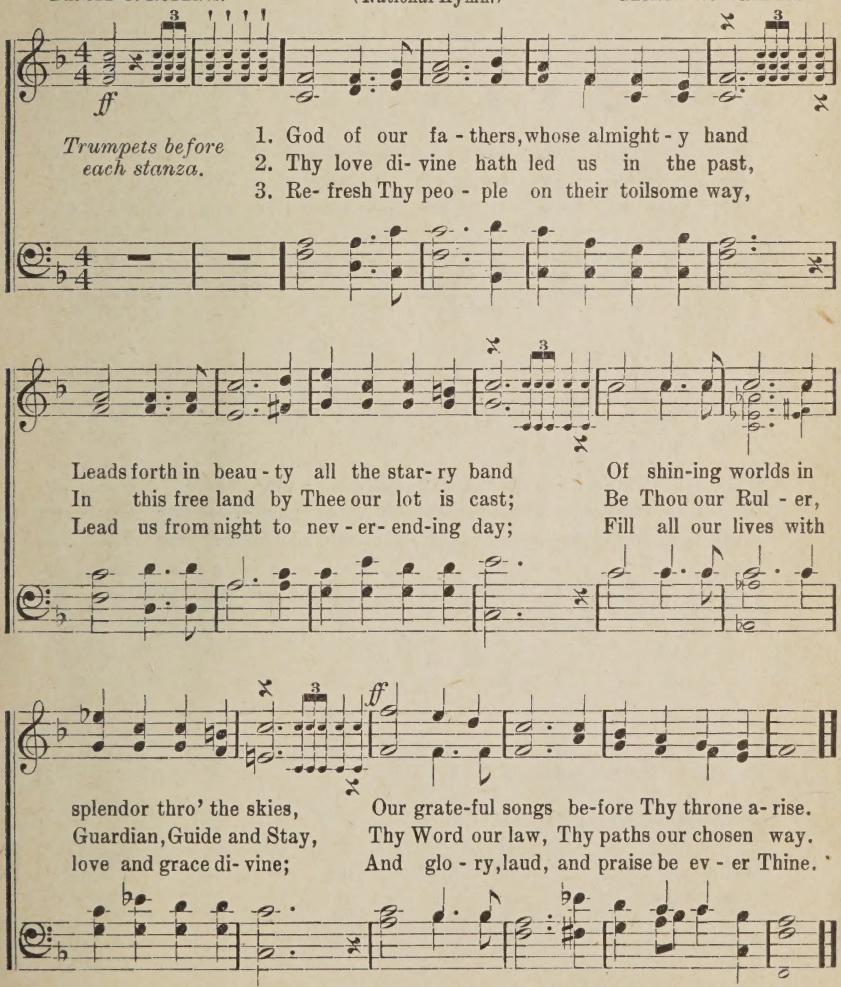
Reflect the Sunshine of Christlikeness.



79

God of Our Fathers.

DANIEL C. ROBERTS. (National Hymn.) GEORGE W. WARREN.


ff
Trumpets before each stanza.
1. God of our fa - thers, whose almight - y hand
2. Thy love di- vine hath led us in the past,
3. Re- fresh Thy peo - ple on their toilsome way,
Leads forth in beau - ty all the star- ry band
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Lead us from night to nev - er- end-ing day;
Of shin-ing worlds in
Be Thou our Rul - er,
Fill all our lives with
splendor thro' the skies,
Guardian, Guide and Stay,
love and grace di- vine;
Our grate-ful songs be-fore Thy throne a- rise.
Thy Word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.
And glo - ry, laud, and praise be ev - er Thine.

80 The Lord Omnipotent Reigneth.

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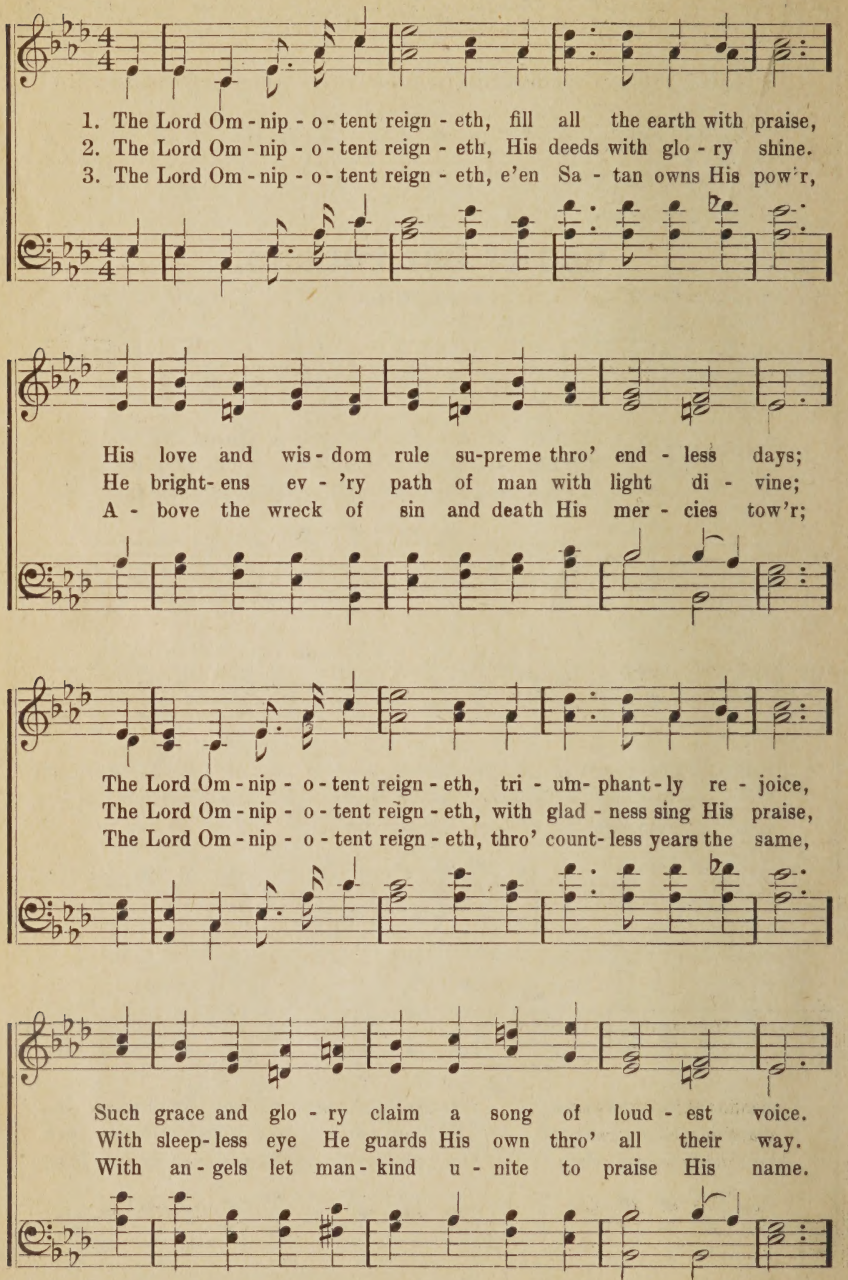
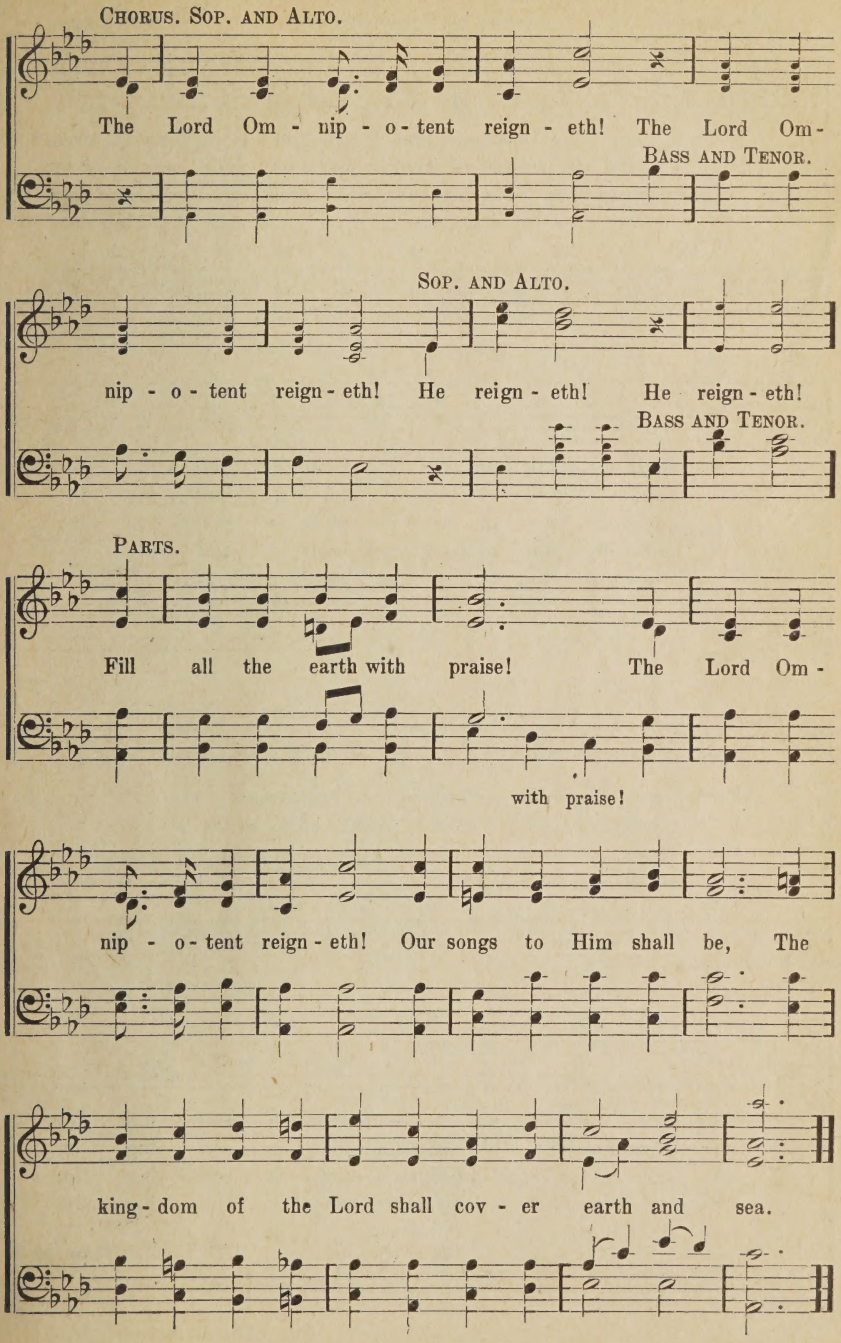
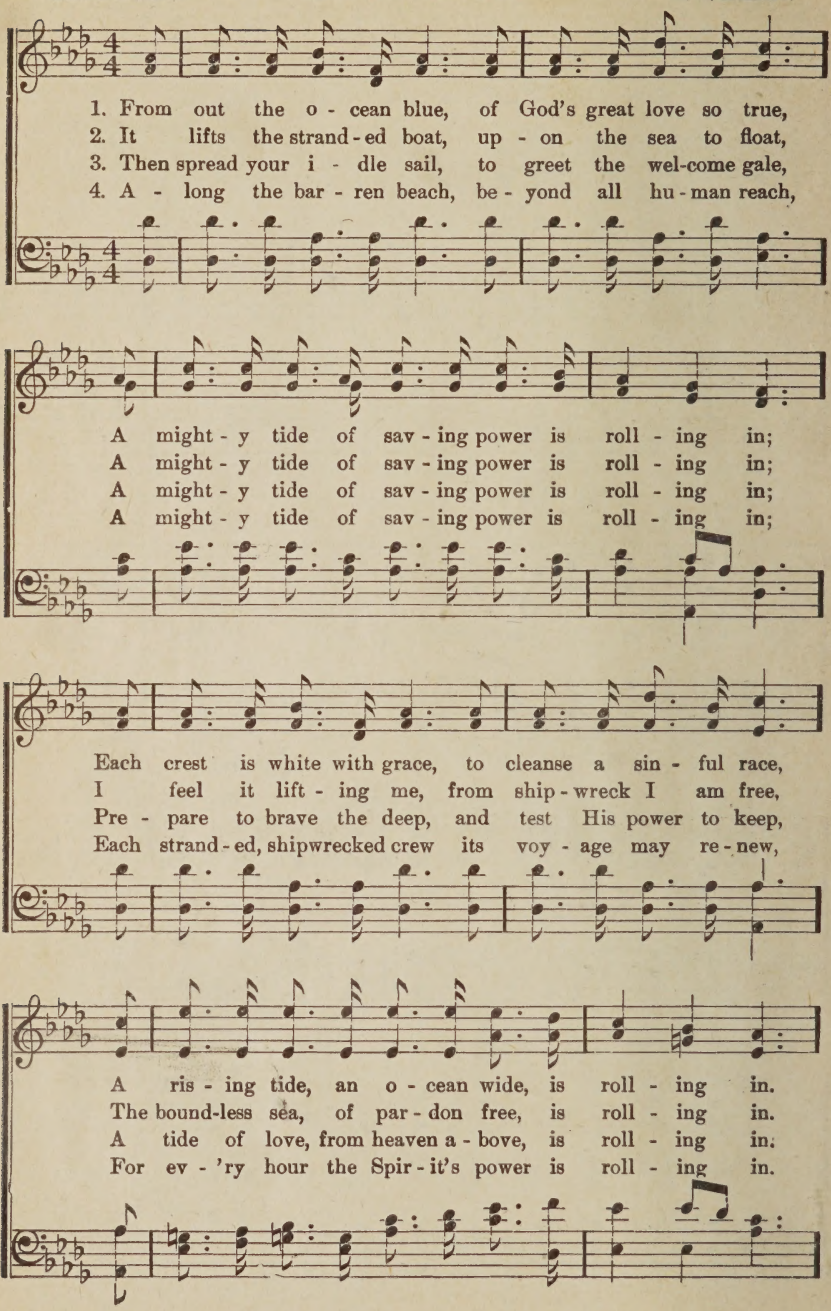
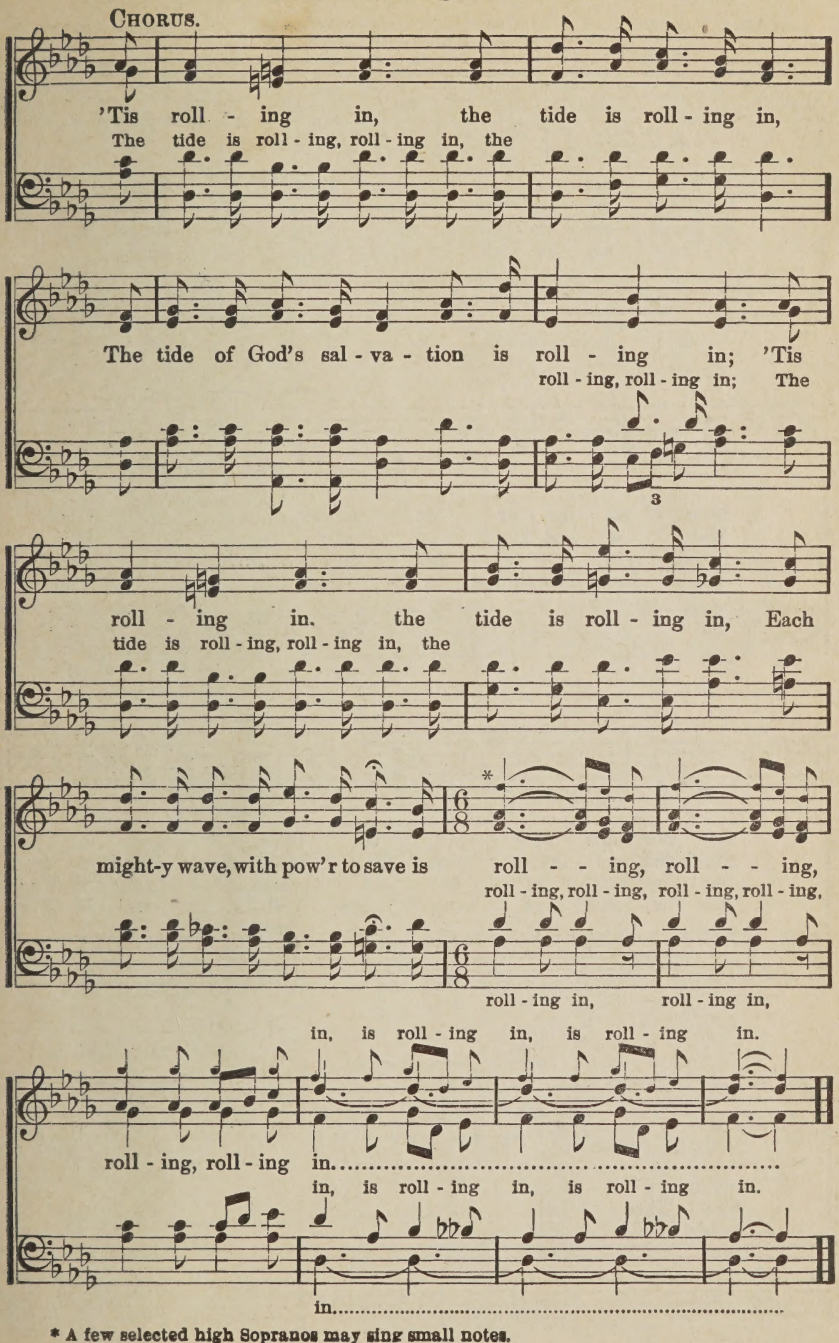
RALPH BUNSEN. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. The Lord Om - nip - o - tent reign - eth, fill all the earth with praise,
2. The Lord Om - nip - o - tent reign - eth, His deeds with glo - ry shine.
3. The Lord Om - nip - o - tent reign - eth, e'en Sa - tan owns His pow'r,
His love and wis - dom rule su-preme thro' end - less days;
He bright- ens ev - 'ry path of man with light di - vine;
A - bove the wreck of sin and death His mer - cies tow'r;
The Lord Om - nip - o - tent reign - eth, tri - um- phant - ly re - joice,
The Lord Om - nip - o - tent reign - eth, with glad - ness sing His praise,
The Lord Om - nip - o - tent reign - eth, thro' count- less years the same,
Such grace and glo - ry claim a song of loud - est voice.
With sleep- less eye He guards His own thro' all their way.
With an - gels let man - kind u - nite to praise His name.

The Lord Omnipotent Reigneth.

CHORUS. SOP. AND ALTO.
The Lord Om - nip - o - tent reign - eth! The Lord Om-
BASS AND TENOR.
SOP. AND ALTO.
nip - o - tent reign - eth! He reign - eth! He reign - eth!
BASS AND TENOR.
PARTS.
Fill all the earth with praise! The Lord Om -
with praise!
nip - o - tent reign - eth! Our songs to Him shall be, The
king - dom of the Lord shall cov - er earth and sea.

The Tide is Rolling In.

RALPH BUNSEN. Copyright, 1917, by Nellie Sharpe Anderson. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. From out the o - cean blue, of God's great love so true,
2. It lifts the strand - ed boat, up - on the sea to float,
3. Then spread your i - dle sail, to greet the wel-come gale,
4. A - long the bar - ren beach, be - yond all hu - man reach,
A might - y tide of sav - ing power is roll - ing in;
A might - y tide of sav - ing power is roll - ing in;
A might - y tide of sav - ing power is roll - ing in;
A might - y tide of sav - ing power is roll - ing in;
Each crest is white with grace, to cleanse a sin - ful race,
I feel it lift - ing me, from ship - wreck I am free,
Pre - pare to brave the deep, and test His power to keep,
Each strand - ed, shipwrecked crew its voy - age may re - new,
A ris - ing tide, an o - cean wide, is roll - ing in.
The bound-less sea, of par - don free, is roll - ing in.
A tide of love, from heaven a - bove, is roll - ing in.
For ev - 'ry hour the Spir - it's power is roll - ing in.

The Tide is Rolling In.—Concluded.

CHORUS.
'Tis roll - ing in, the tide is roll - ing in,
The tide is roll - ing, roll - ing in, the
The tide of God's sal - va - tion is roll - ing in; 'Tis
roll - ing, roll - ing in; The
roll - ing in. the tide is roll - ing in, Each
tide is roll - ing, roll - ing in, the
might-y wave, with pow'r to save is roll - - ing, roll - - ing,
roll - ing, roll - ing, roll - ing, roll - ing,
roll - ing in, roll - ing in,
in, is roll - ing in, is roll - ing in.
roll - ing, roll - ing in.....
in, is roll - ing in, is roll - ing in.
in.....

* A few selected high Sopranos may sing small notes.

King of Kings.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

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B. D. ACKLEY.

Unison.

1. Thou art ex - alt - ed, King of kings,.....
2. Thou art ex - alt - ed, King of kings,.....
3. Thou art ex - alt - ed, King of kings,.....
4. Thou art ex - alt - ed, King of kings,.....

bless - ed for - ev - er - more:..... Glad -
Mak - er and Lord of all;..... Mon -
Crown'd with e - ter - nal light;..... Dwell -
Yet from Thy throne a - bove,..... Thou

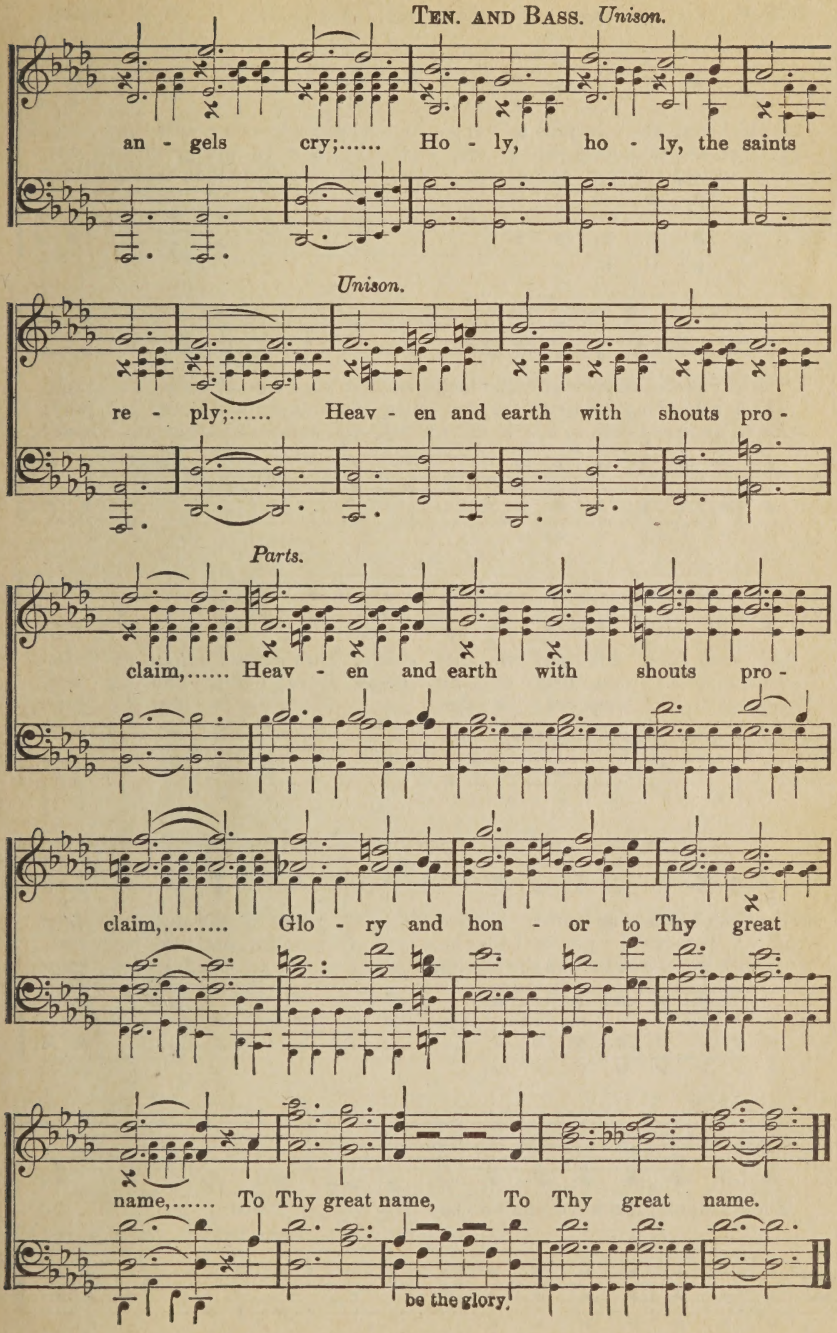
ly our souls bow down to Thee,..... Joy - ful Thy
archs and em - pires own Thy sway,..... Princ - es be -
ing in maj - es - ty su - preme,..... Cloth'd in Thy
dost be - hold and keep Thine own,..... Safe in Thy

CHORUS.

SOP. AND ALTO. *Unison.*

name a - dore.....
fore Thee fall.....
pow'r and might.....
arms of love.....

Ho - ly, ho - ly,

King of Kings.—Concluded.

Ten. and Bass. Unison.
an - gels cry;..... Ho - ly, ho - ly, the saints
Unison.
re - ply;..... Heav - en and earth with shouts pro -
Parts.
claim,..... Heav - en and earth with shouts pro -
claim,..... Glo - ry and hon - or to Thy great
name,..... To Thy great name, To Thy great name.
be the glory.

83 Master, the Tempest is Raging.

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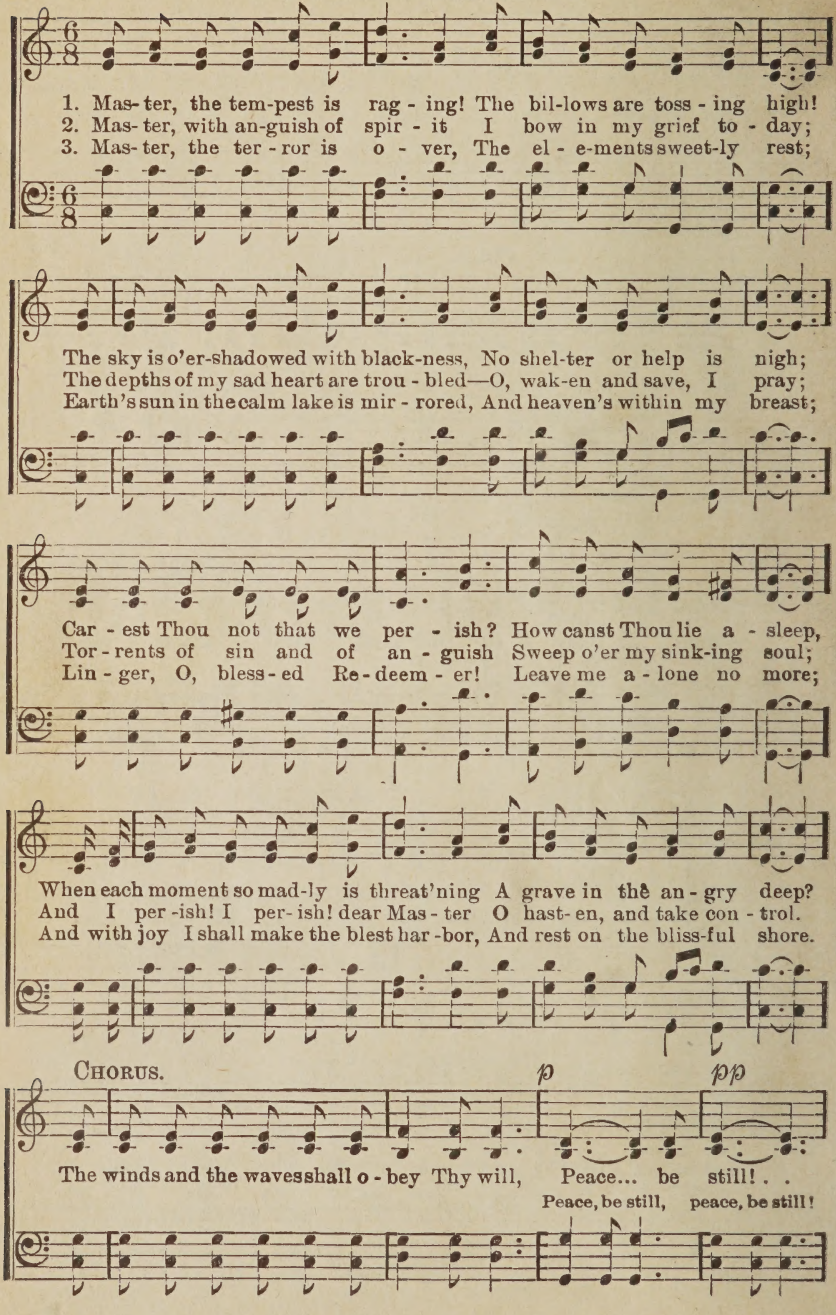
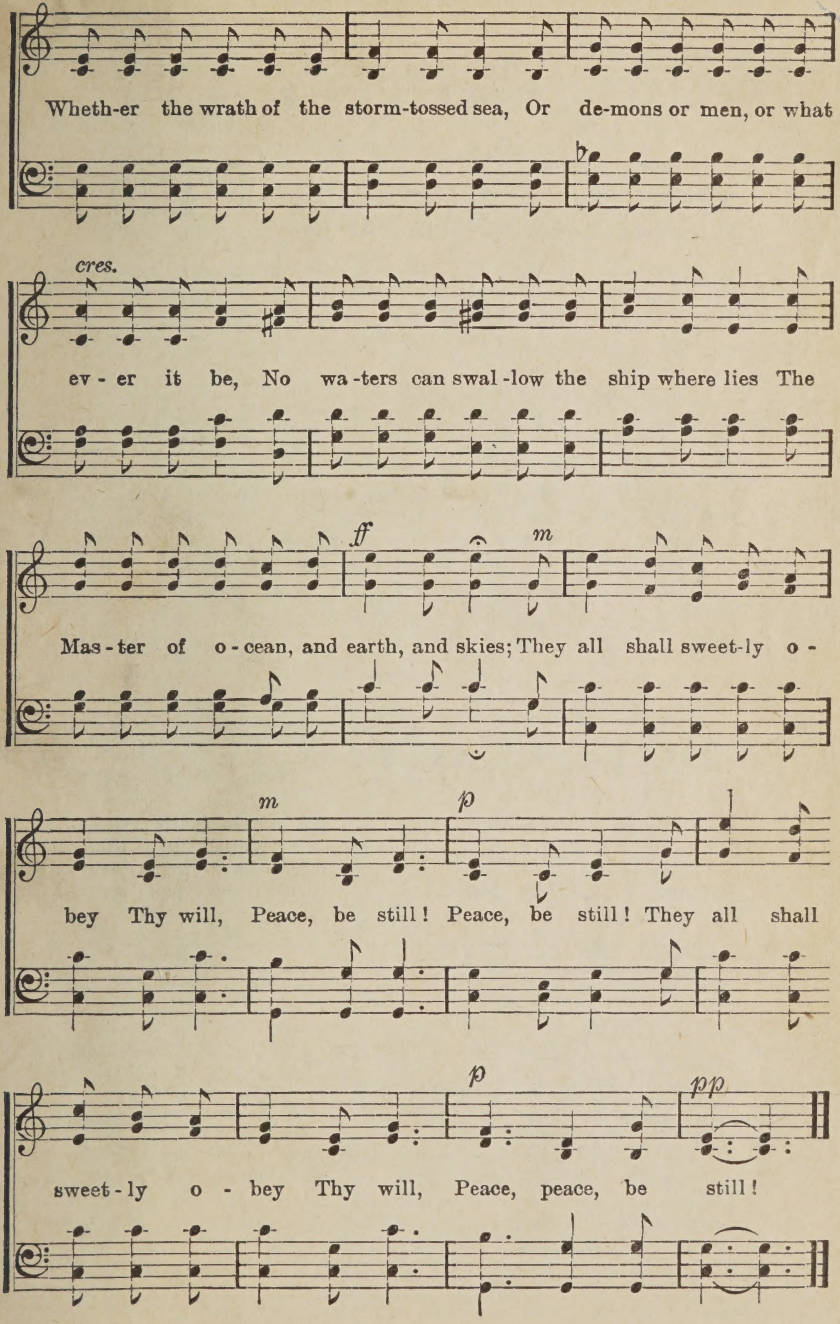

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag - ing! The bil-lows are toss - ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweet-ly rest;
The sky is o'er-shadowed with black-ness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are trou - bled—O, wak-en and save, I pray;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir - rored, And heaven's within my breast;
Car - est Thou not that we per - ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
Tor - rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
Lin - ger, O, bless - ed Re - deem - er! Leave me a - lone no more;
When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas - ter O hast-en, and take con - trol.
And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.
CHORUS.
p
pp
The winds and the waves shall o - bey Thy will, Peace... be still!. .
Peace, be still, peace, be still!

Master, the Tempest is Raging.

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what
cres.
ev - er it be, No wa-ters can swal-low the ship where lies The
ff
m
Mas-ter of o-cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o -
m
p
bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall
p
pp
sweet-ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

Onward I Go.

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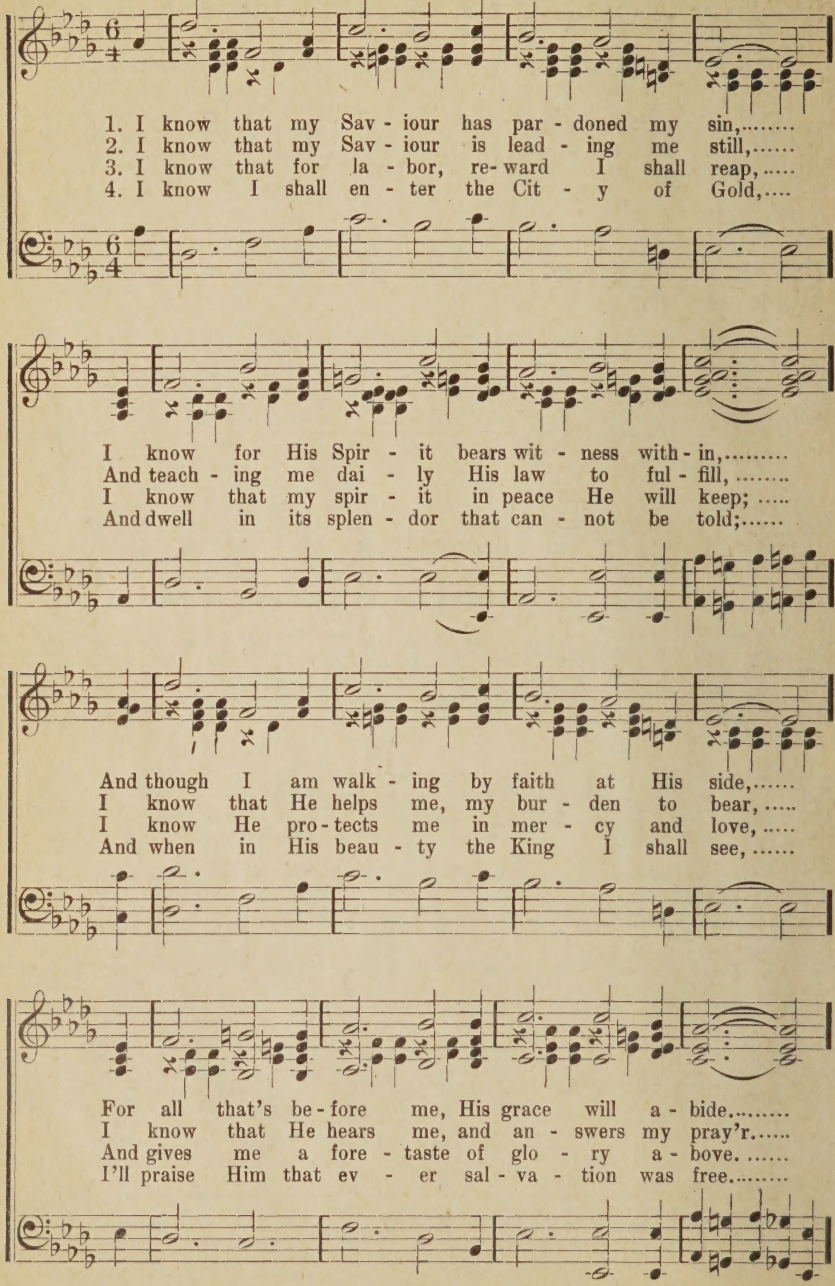
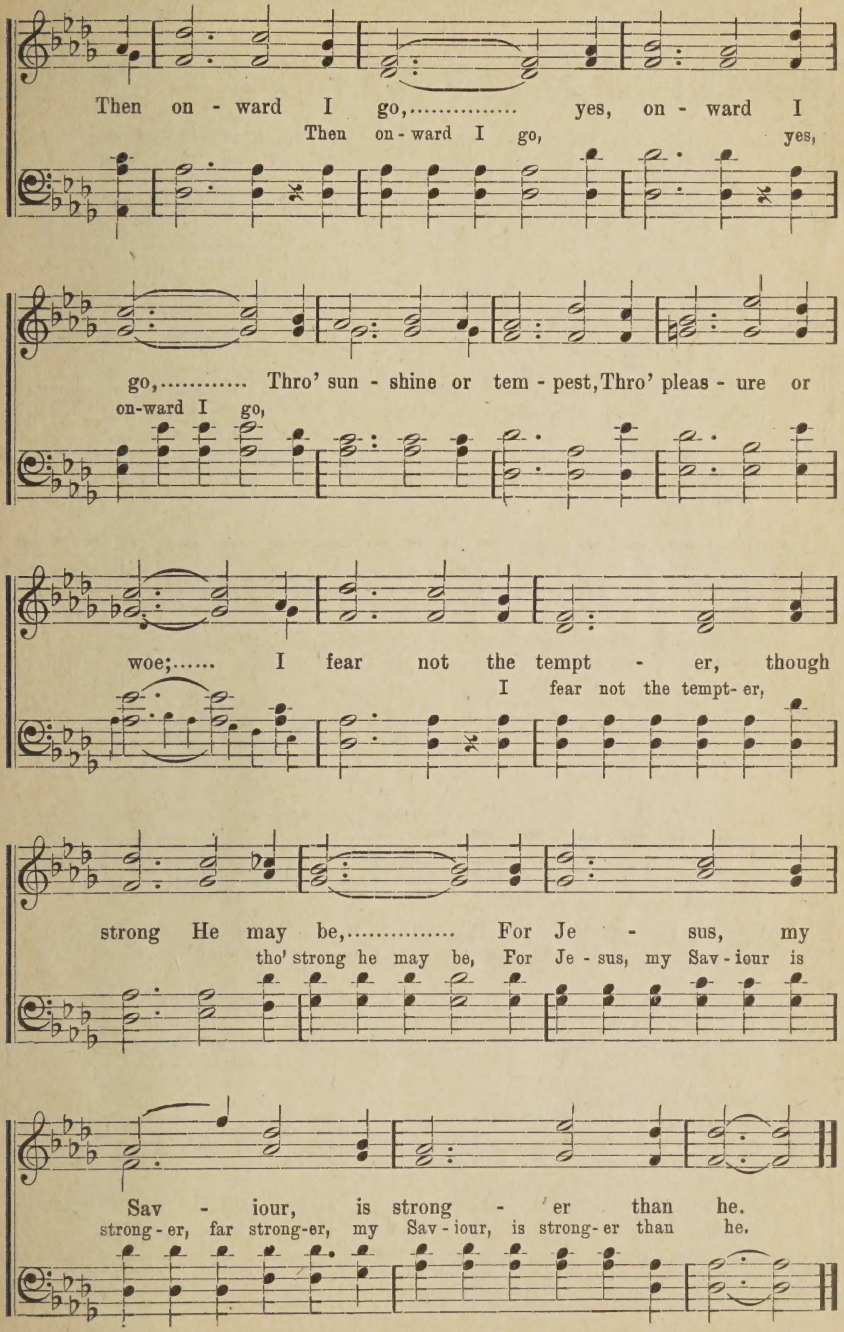
FANNY J. CROSBY. B. D. ACKLEY.


1. I know that my Sav - iour has par - doned my sin,.....
2. I know that my Sav - iour is lead - ing me still,.....
3. I know that for la - bor, re- ward I shall reap,.....
4. I know I shall en - ter the Cit - y of Gold,....
I know for His Spir - it bears wit - ness with - in,.....
And teach - ing me dai - ly His law to ful - fill, ...
I know that my spir - it in peace He will keep; .....
And dwell in its splen - dor that can - not be told;.....
And though I am walk - ing by faith at His side,.....
I know that He helps me, my bur - den to bear, ...
I know He pro - tects me in mer - cy and love, ...
And when in His beau - ty the King I shall see, ...
For all that's be - fore me, His grace will a - bide.....
I know that He hears me, and an - swers my pray'r.....
And gives me a fore - taste of glo - ry a - bove. .....
I'll praise Him that ev - er sal - va - tion was free.....

Onward I Go.

CHORUS.

Then on - ward I go,..... yes, on - ward I
Then on-ward I go, yes,
go,..... Thro' sun - shine or tem - pest, Thro' pleas - ure or
on-ward I go,
woe;..... I fear not the tempt - er, though
I fear not the tempt-er,
strong He may be,..... For Je - sus, my
tho' strong he may be, For Je - sus, my Sav - iour is
Sav - iour, is strong - er than he.
strong-er, far strong-er, my Sav - iour, is strong-er than he.

Exalt His Name.

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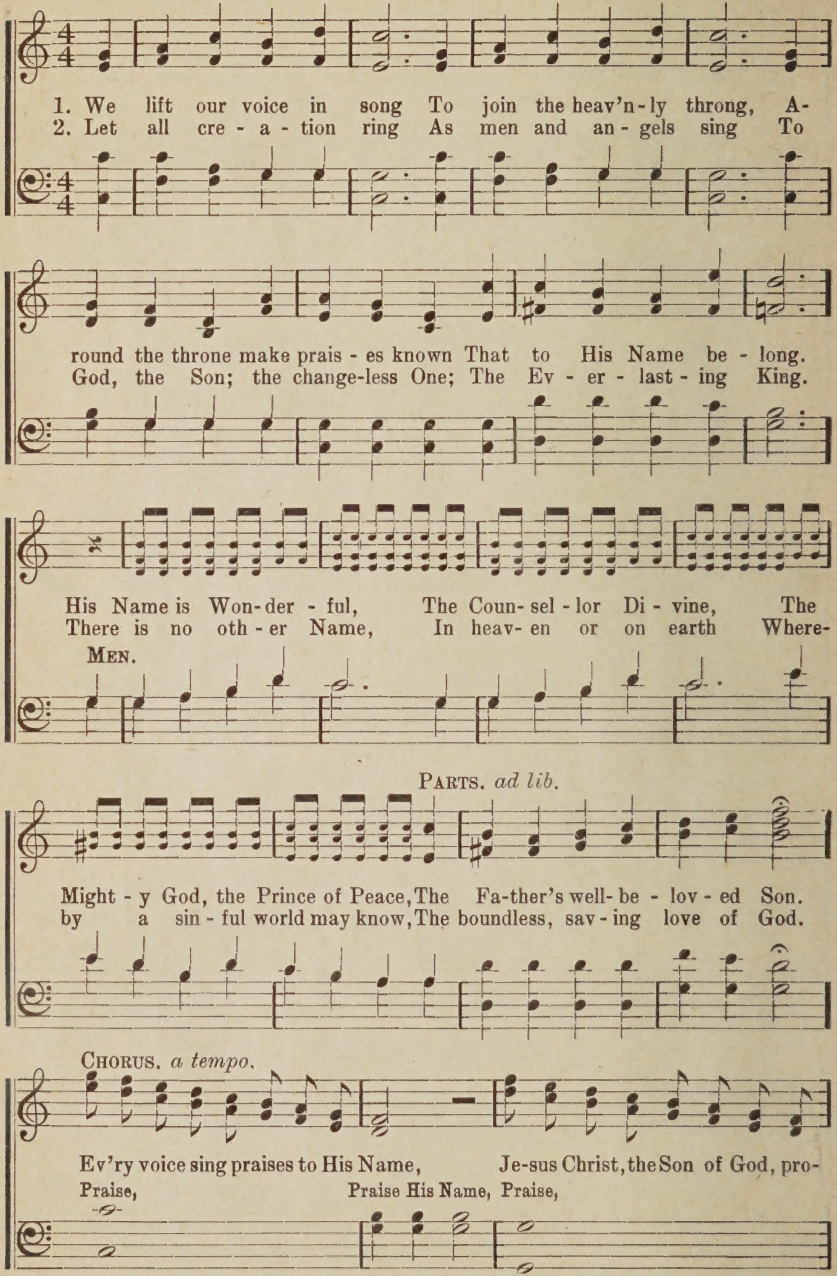
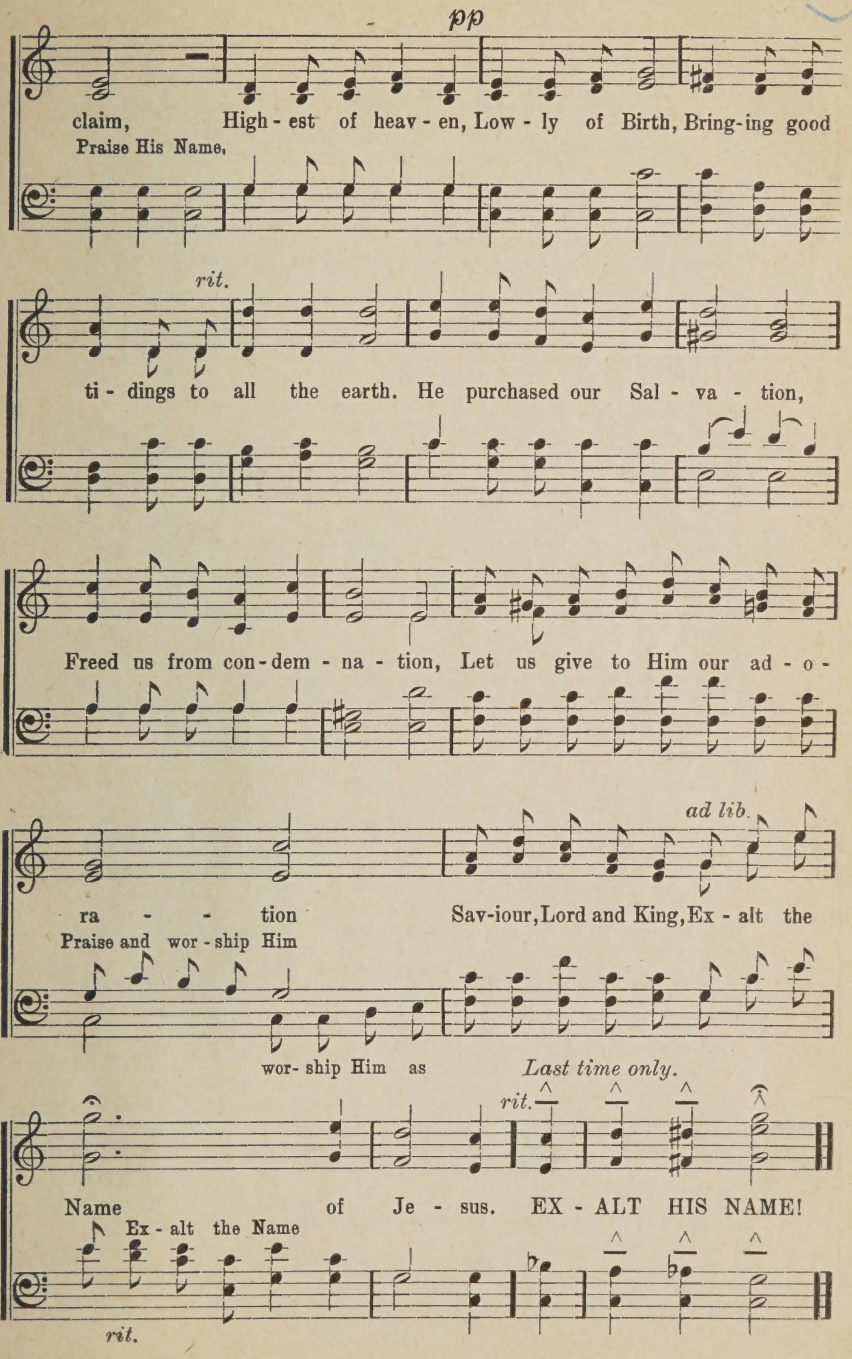
HOMER W. GRIMES. HOMER W. GRIMES.

1. We lift our voice in song To join the heav'n-ly throng, A-
2. Let all cre - a - tion ring As men and an - gels sing To
round the throne make prais - es known That to His Name be - long.
God, the Son; the change-less One; The Ev - er - last - ing King.
His Name is Won-der - ful, The Coun-sel - lor Di - vine, The
There is no oth - er Name, In heav-en or on earth Where-
MEN.
PARTS. ad lib.
Might - y God, the Prince of Peace, The Fa-ther's well-be - lov - ed Son.
by a sin - ful world may know, The boundless, sav - ing love of God.
CHORUS. a tempo.
Ev'ry voice sing praises to His Name, Je-sus Christ, the Son of God, pro-
Praise, Praise His Name, Praise,

Exalt His Name.

pp
claim, High - est of heav - en, Low - ly of Birth, Bring-ing good
Praise His Name,
rit.
ti - dings to all the earth. He purchased our Sal - va - tion,
Freed us from con - dem - na - tion, Let us give to Him our ad - o -
ad lib.
ra - - tion Sav-iour, Lord and King, Ex - alt the
Praise and wor - ship Him
wor- ship Him as
Last time only.
rit.
Name of Je - sus. EX - ALT HIS NAME!
Ex - alt the Name
rit.

86 Awake to Light and Gladness.

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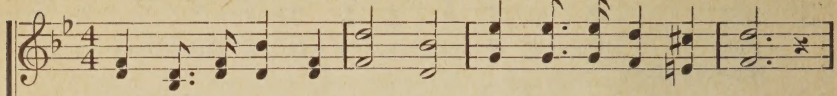
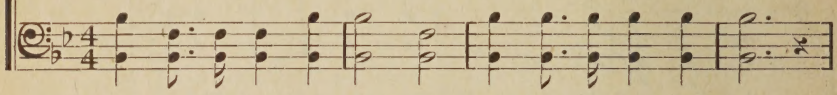
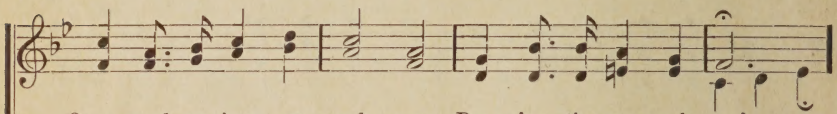
LIZZIE DEARMOND. B. D. ACKLEY.



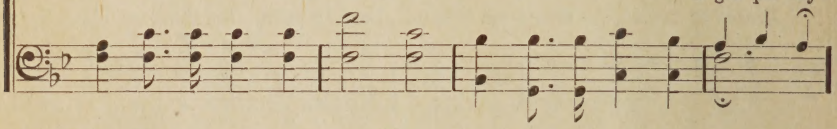
1. Wake, wake to light and glad - ness, Dawn - eth the gold - en day;
2. Set up the roy - al stan - dard, Sol - diers be brave and bold;
3. Wake, wake to light and glad - ness, Read - y His will to do;

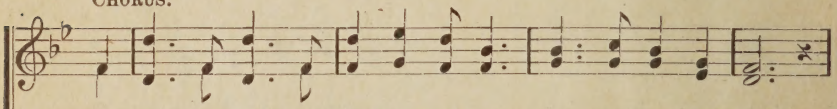


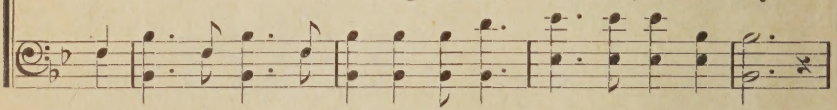
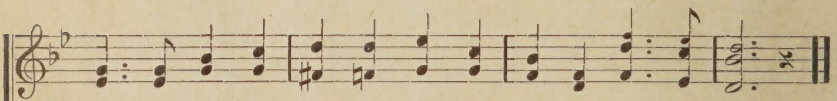


On - ward, ye hap - py work - ers, Bear - ing the gos - pel ray!
Watch for your Cap-tain's sig - nal, Fight as the saints of old.
Stead-fast in faith, march on - ward! Loy - al to God, and true.

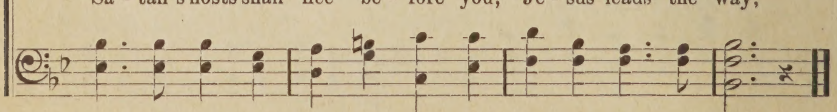
1. gos- pel ray!



CHORUS.

A - wake! a - wake! the morn - ing com-eth, Sol- diers, haste a - way!



Sa - tan's hosts shall flee be - fore you, Je - sus leads the way,



Don't Stay Outside.

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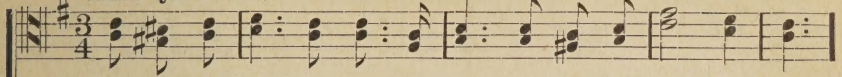
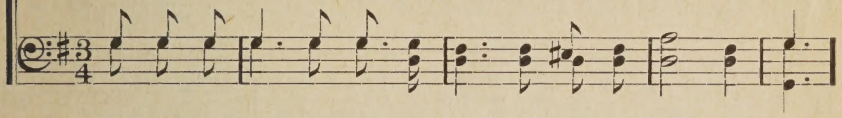
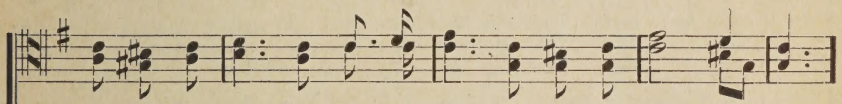
JAMES ROWE. B. D. ACKLEY.

MALE QUARTETTE.

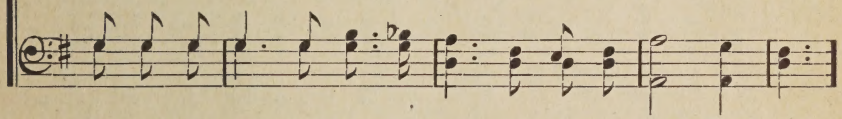


1. O wear - y soul, the Sav - iour pleads, Has plead- ed oft be - fore;
2. He knows your past, your stub- born will, Your wand'rings o'er and o'er;
3. The shad-ows fall, the night is near, Your chance may soon be o'er;
4. The door may close, if still you wait, And He may plead no more;

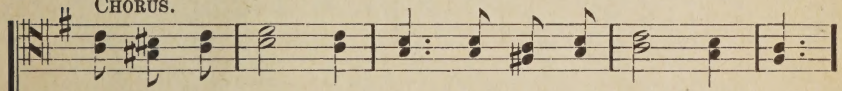




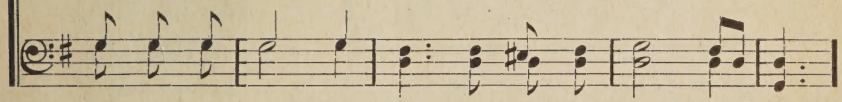
He knows your sin He knows your needs, Don't stay out - side the door.
And yet, O soul, He loves you still! Don't stay out - side the door.
O, heed the plea of one so dear, Don't stay out - side the door.
No more de - lay the risk is great, O, come in - side the door.

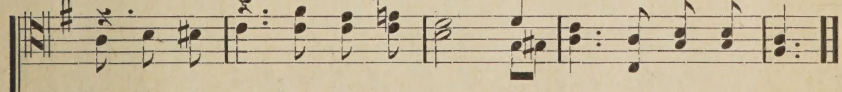


CHORUS.

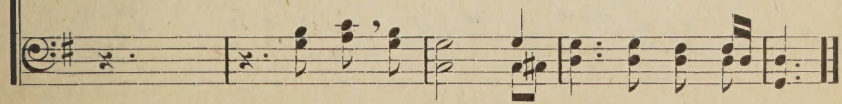


Don't stay out - side the door, Your soul He will re - store.





With all your sin, come in, come in! Don't stay out- side the door.



Is It Nothing to You?

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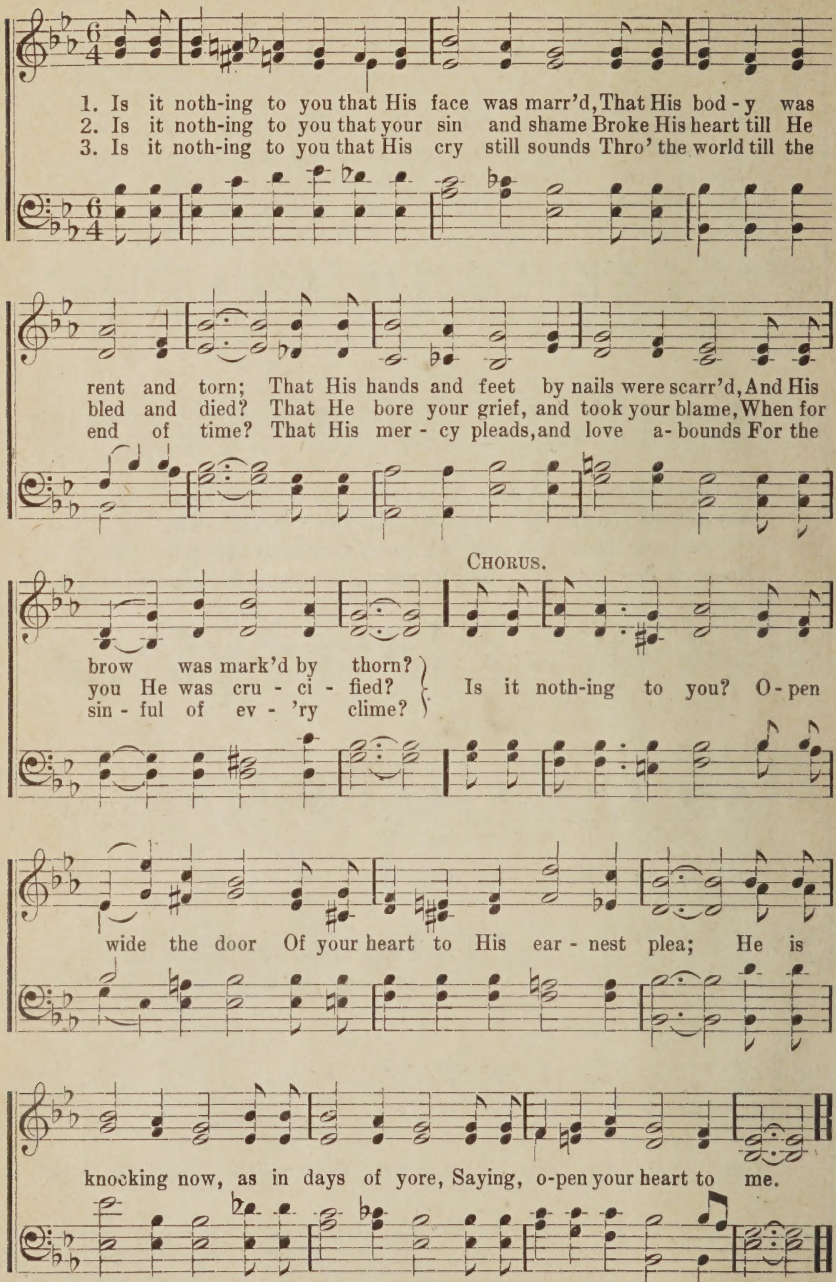
Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. Is it noth-ing to you that His face was marr'd, That His bod - y was
2. Is it noth-ing to you that your sin and shame Broke His heart till He
3. Is it noth-ing to you that His cry still sounds Thro' the world till the
rent and torn; That His hands and feet by nails were scarr'd, And His
bled and died? That He bore your grief, and took your blame, When for
end of time? That His mer - cy pleads, and love a - bounds For the
Chorus.
brow was mark'd by thorn?
you He was cru - ci - fied?
sin - ful of ev - 'ry clime?
Is it noth-ing to you? O - pen
wide the door Of your heart to His ear - nest plea; He is
knocking now, as in days of yore, Saying, o-pen your heart to me.

Sunrise.

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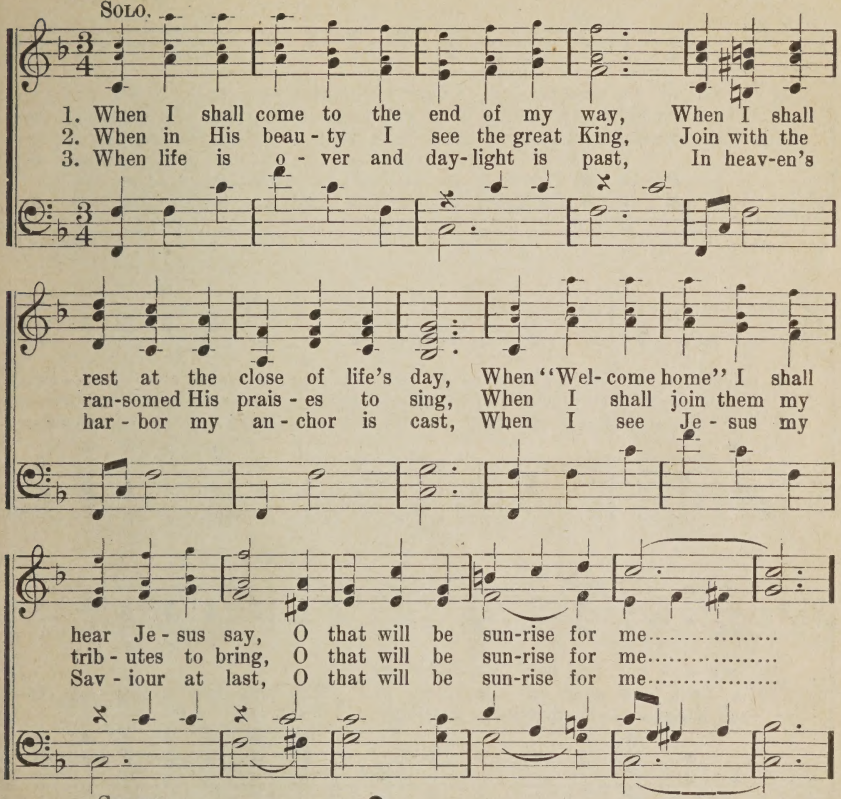
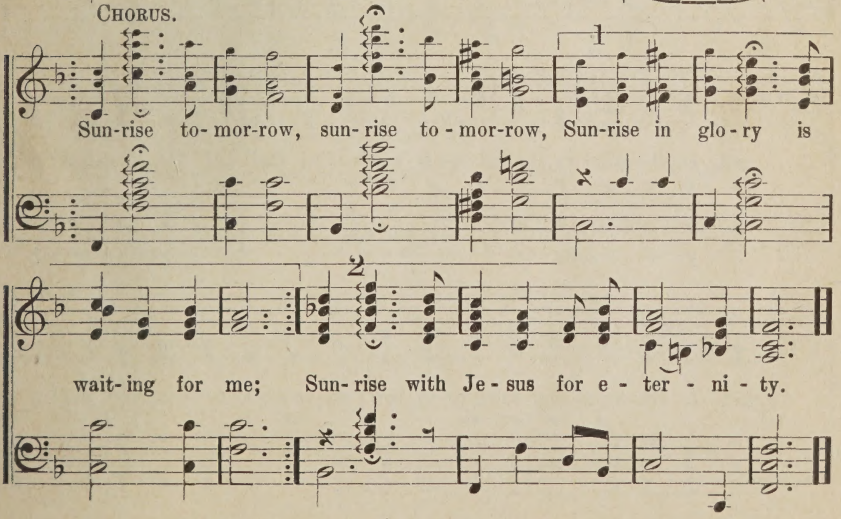
W. C. POOLE. B. D. ACKLEY.

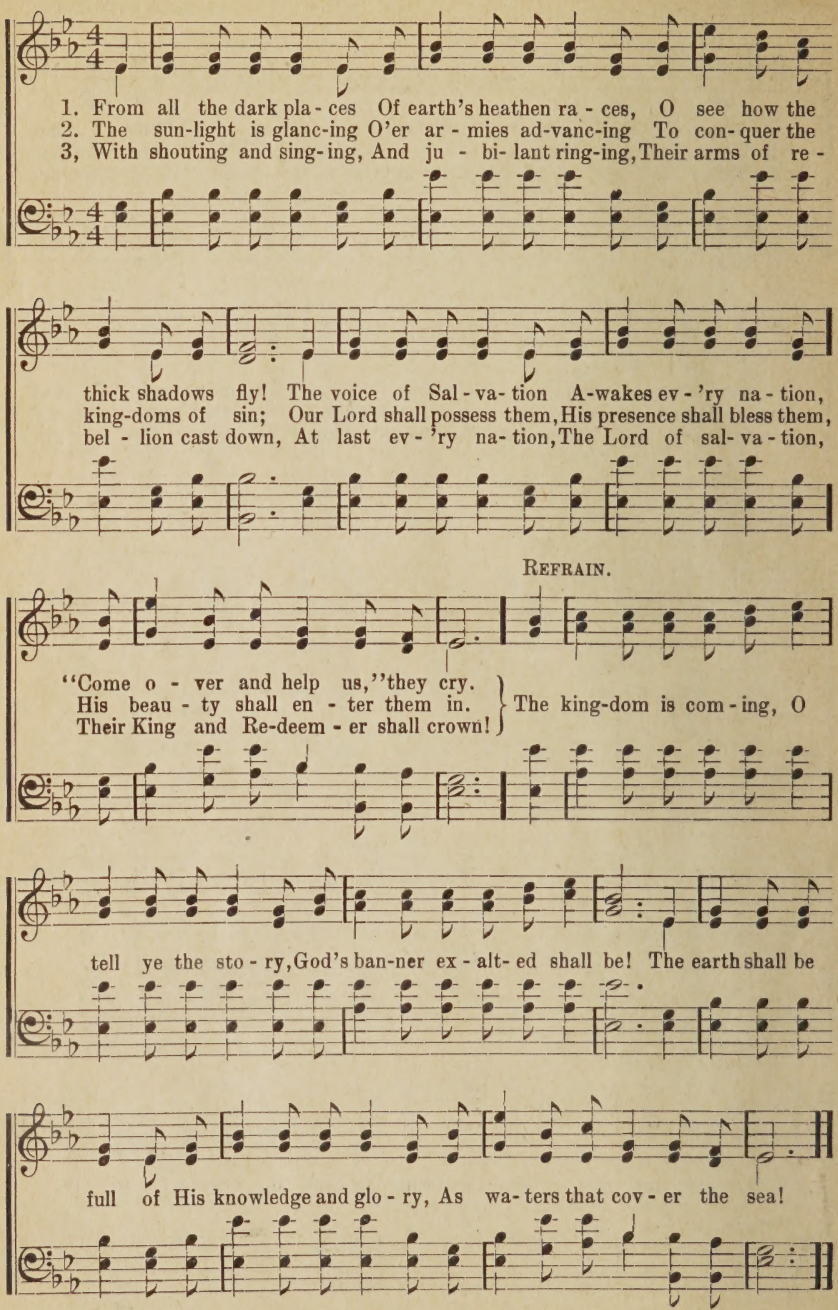
SOLO.

1. When I shall come to the end of my way, When I shall
2. When in His beau-ty I see the great King, Join with the
3. When life is o-ver and day-light is past, In heav-en's
rest at the close of life's day, When "Wel-come home" I shall
ran-somed His prais-es to sing, When I shall join them my
har-bor my an-chor is cast, When I see Je-sus my
hear Je-sus say, O that will be sun-rise for me.....
trib-utes to bring, O that will be sun-rise for me.....
Sav-iour at last, O that will be sun-rise for me.....

CHORUS.



The Kingdom is Coming.

MARY B. C. SLADE. ROBERT M. McINTOSH.


1. From all the dark pla - ces Of earth's heathen ra - ces, O see how the
2. The sun-light is glanc-ing O'er ar - mies ad-vanc-ing To con-quer the
3, With shouting and sing-ing, And ju - bi- lant ring-ing, Their arms of re -
thick shadows fly! The voice of Sal - va- tion A-wakes ev - 'ry na - tion,
king-doms of sin; Our Lord shall possess them, His presence shall bless them,
bel - lion cast down, At last ev - 'ry na - tion, The Lord of sal- va - tion,
REFRAIN.
"Come o - ver and help us," they cry.
His beau - ty shall en - ter them in.
Their King and Re-deem - er shall crown!
The king-dom is com - ing, O
tell ye the sto - ry, God's ban-ner ex - alt- ed shall be! The earth shall be
full of His knowledge and glo - ry, As wa- ters that cov - er the sea!

91 The Story of Jesus Can Never Grow Old.

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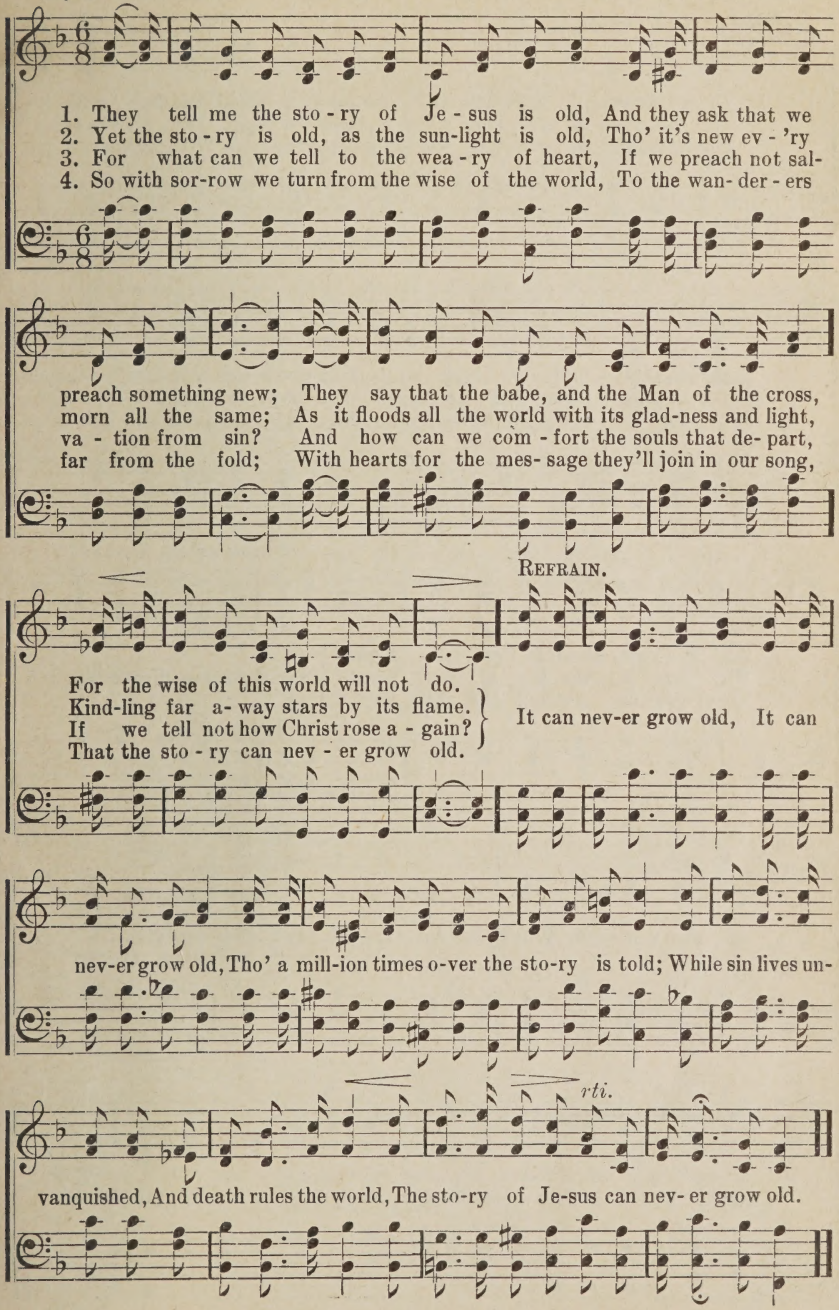
Maj. D. W. WHITTLE. MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. They tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus is old, And they ask that we
2. Yet the sto - ry is old, as the sun-light is old, Tho' it's new ev - 'ry
3. For what can we tell to the wea - ry of heart, If we preach not sal-
4. So with sor-row we turn from the wise of the world, To the wan- der - ers
preach something new; They say that the babe, and the Man of the cross,
morn all the same; As it floods all the world with its glad-ness and light,
va - tion from sin? And how can we com - fort the souls that de- part,
far from the fold; With hearts for the mes- sage they'll join in our song,
REFRAIN.
For the wise of this world will not do.
Kind-ling far a- way stars by its flame.
If we tell not how Christ rose a - gain?
That the sto - ry can nev - er grow old.
It can nev-er grow old, It can
nev-er grow old, Tho' a mill-ion times o-ver the sto-ry is told; While sin lives un-
rti.
vanquished, And death rules the world, The sto-ry of Je-sus can nev- er grow old.

Shadows of Evening.

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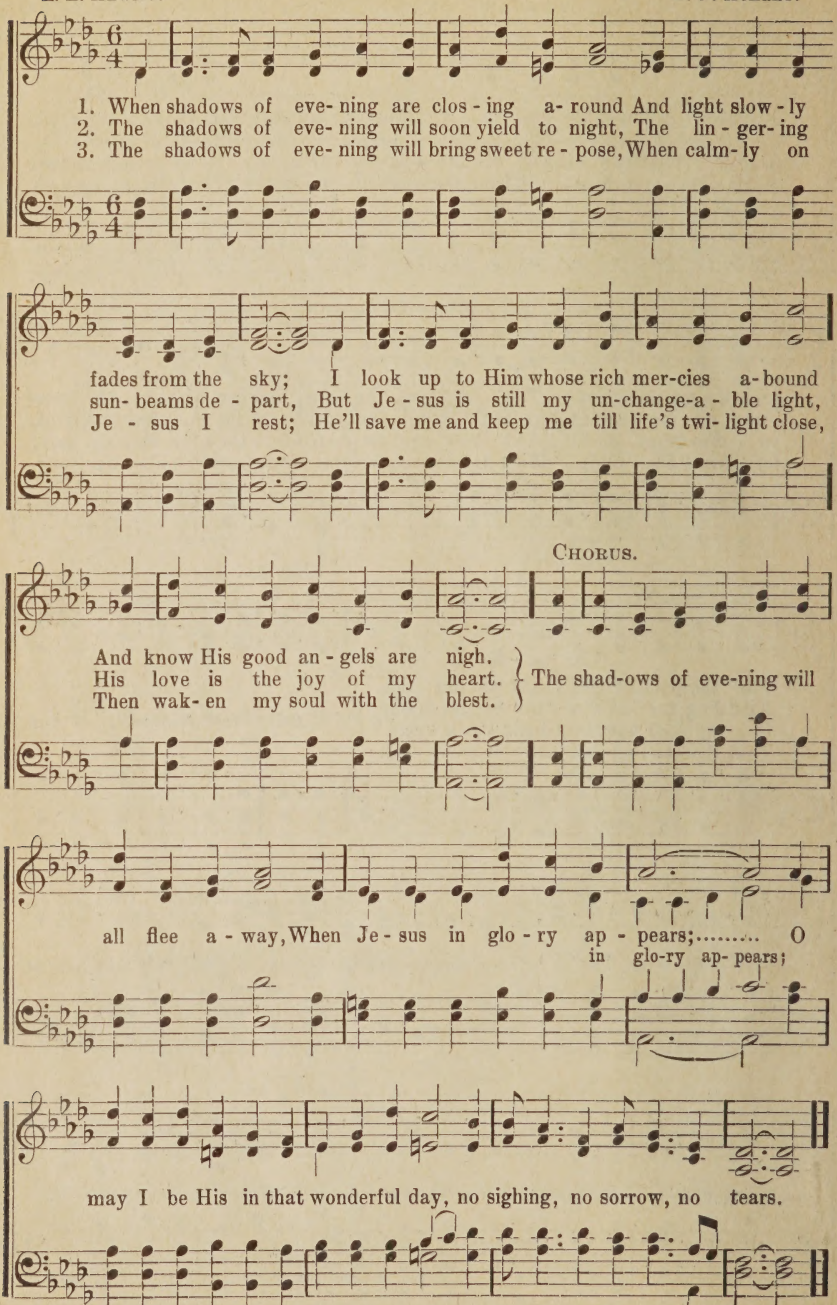
E. E. HEWITT. B. D. ACKLEY.


1. When shadows of eve- ning are clos - ing a- round And light slow - ly
2. The shadows of eve- ning will soon yield to night, The lin - ger- ing
3. The shadows of eve- ning will bring sweet re - pose, When calm- ly on
fades from the sky; I look up to Him whose rich mer-cies a- bound
sun- beams de - part, But Je - sus is still my un-change-a - ble light,
Je - sus I rest; He'll save me and keep me till life's twi- light close,
CHORUS.
And know His good an - gels are nigh.
His love is the joy of my heart.
Then wak- en my soul with the blest.
The shad-ows of eve-ning will
all flee a - way, When Je - sus in glo - ry ap - pears;..... O
in glo-ry ap- pears;
may I be His in that wonderful day, no sighing, no sorrow, no tears.

Where Jesus Is.

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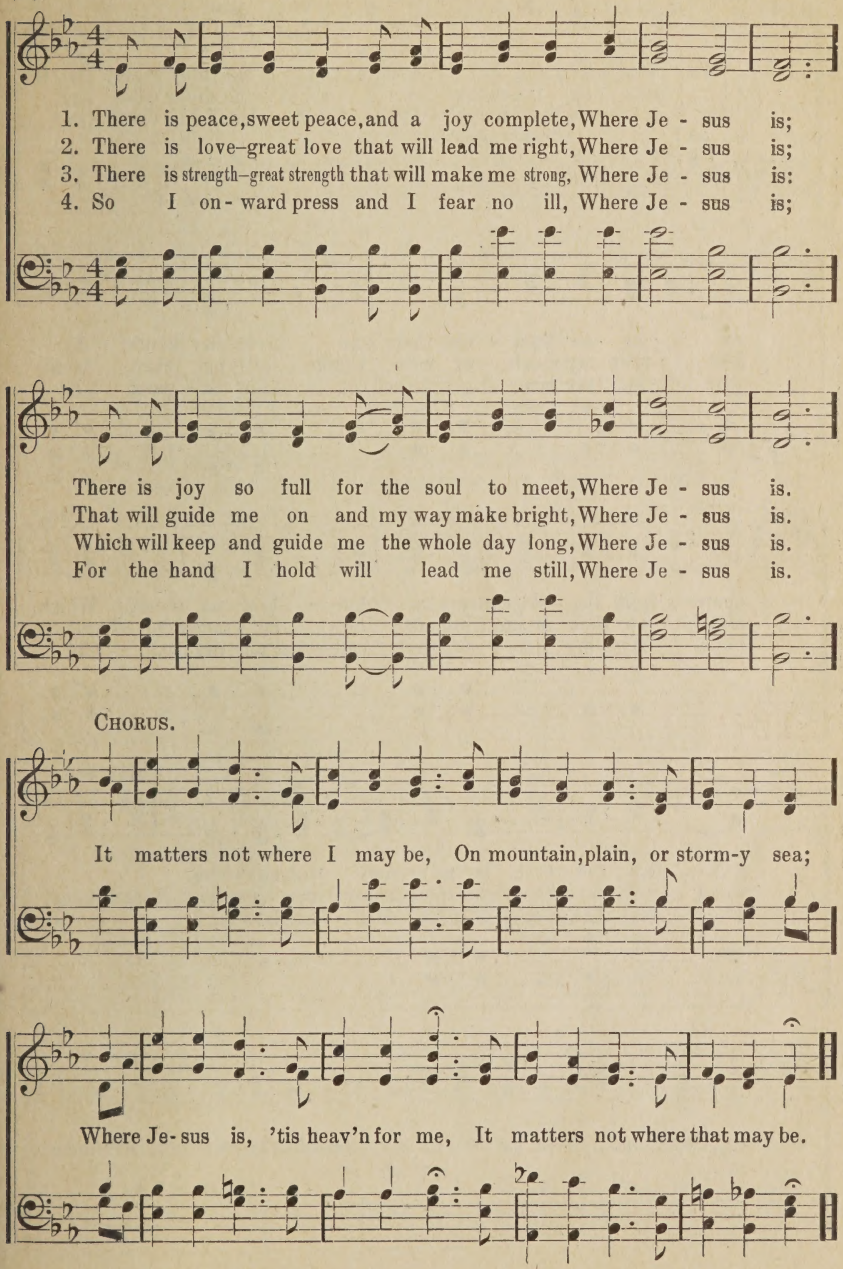
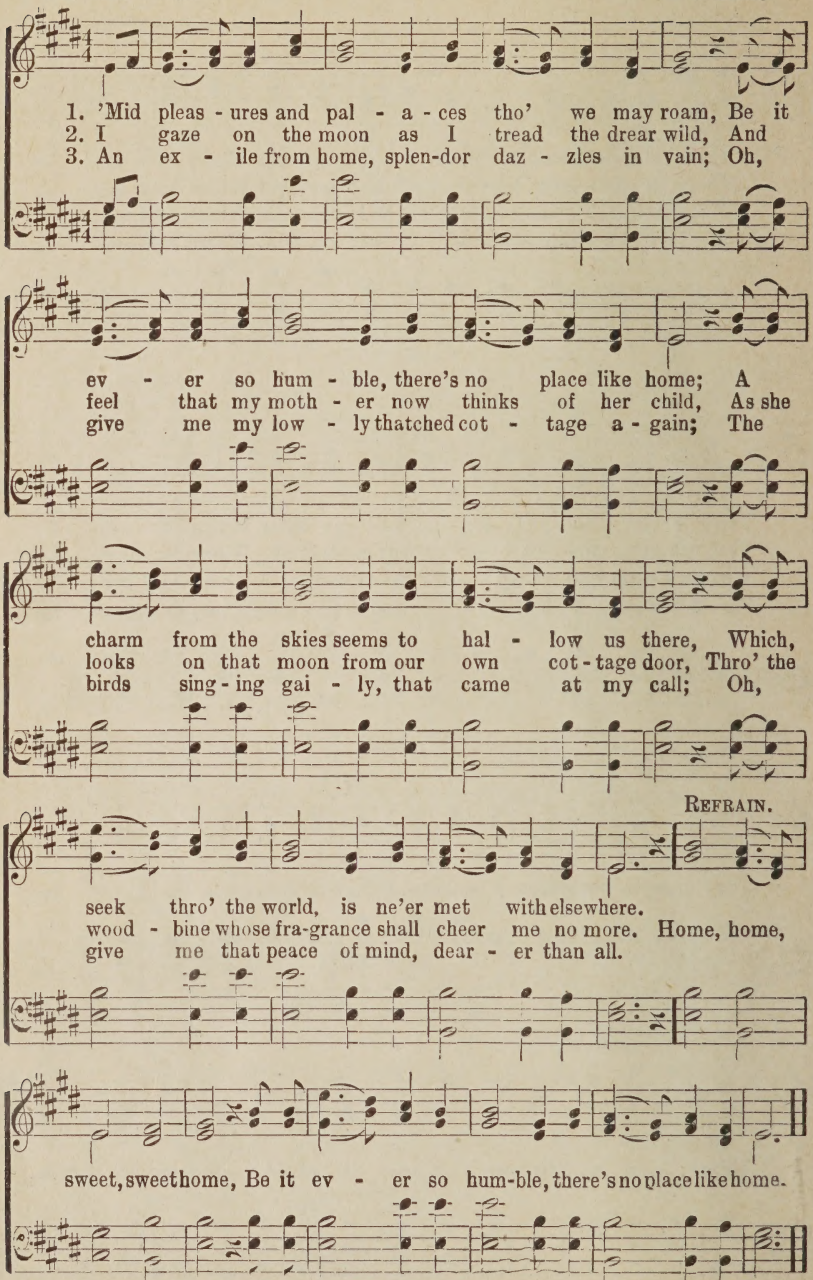
W. C. POOLE. MRS. G. W. ANDERSON.

1. There is peace, sweet peace, and a joy complete, Where Je - sus is;
2. There is love—great love that will lead me right, Where Je - sus is;
3. There is strength—great strength that will make me strong, Where Je - sus is:
4. So I on - ward press and I fear no ill, Where Je - sus is;
There is joy so full for the soul to meet, Where Je - sus is.
That will guide me on and my way make bright, Where Je - sus is.
Which will keep and guide me the whole day long, Where Je - sus is.
For the hand I hold will lead me still, Where Je - sus is.
CHORUS.
It matters not where I may be, On mountain, plain, or storm-y sea;
Where Je-sus is, 'tis heav'n for me, It matters not where that may be.

Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne. H. R. Bishop.

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces tho' we may roam, Be it
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And
3. An ex - ile from home, splen-dor daz - zles in vain; Oh,
ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home; A
feel that my moth - er now thinks of her child, As she
give me my low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The
charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which,
looks on that moon from our own cot - tage door, Thro' the
birds sing - ing gai - ly, that came at my call; Oh,
REFRAIN.
seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
wood - bine whose fra-grance shall cheer me no more. Home, home,
give me that peace of mind, dear - er than all.
sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so hum-ble, there's no place like home.

Sing a Song.

Copyright, 1921, Mrs. G. W. Anderson.

L. O. BEACH. MRS. G. W. ANDERSON.

1. When the way is rough and the heart grows tired, Sing a song;
2. When the task is hard and your strength far gone, Sing a song;
3. When the day is bright and the blossoms bloom, Sing a song;
4 When the storm has passed and your sky is blue, Sing a song;
5. When the daylight fades and the sun sinks low, Sing a song;

When at night you're far from the home de - sired, Sing a song.
For new strength will come as you press a - long, Sing a song.
It will help to scat - ter an - oth - er's gloom, Sing a song.
For the Lord has kept and His Word made true, Sing a song.
An e - ter - nal day is a - bout to glow, Sing a song.

CHORUS.

Let your hearts keep bright with a cheerful light, Sing a song of love;

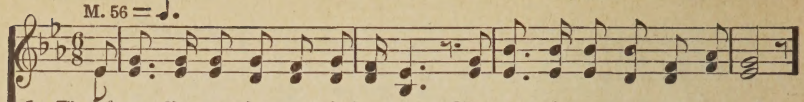
For you're kept from harm by a Might-y Arm; Sing, sing a song.

No Disappointment in Heaven.

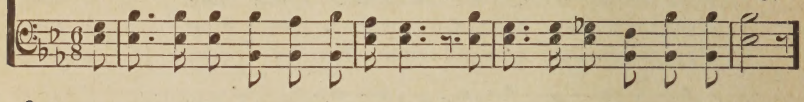
COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY F. M. LEHMAN.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

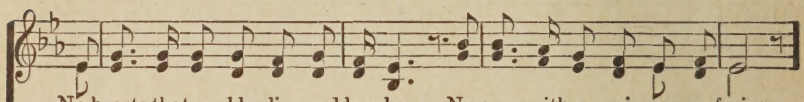
F. M. L. — F. M. Lehman. Har. by Miss Claudia Lehman.

M. 56 = ♩.

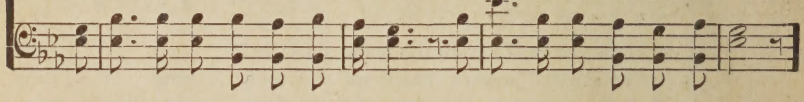


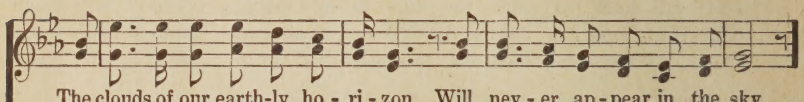
1. There's no dis-ap-point-ment in heaven, No wear - i - ness, sor - row or pain;
2. We'll nev - er pay rent for our mansion, The tax - es will nev - er come due;
3. There'll nev-er be crepe on the door-knob, No fu - ner - al train in the sky;



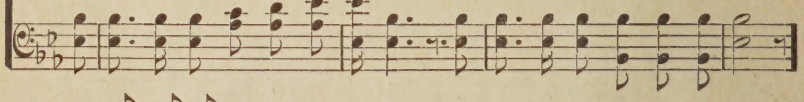


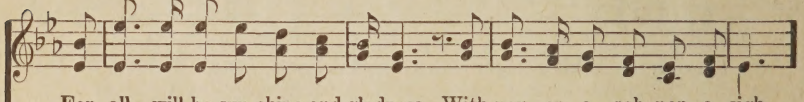
No hearts that are bleeding and bro-ken, No song with a mi - nor re-frain;
Our garments will nev-er grow threadbare, But al - ways be fade-less and new;
No graves on the hill-sides of glo - ry, For there we shall nev-er-more die;



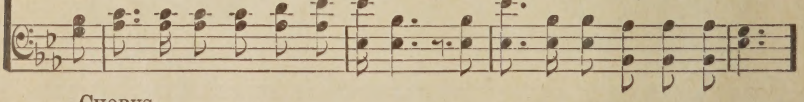


The clouds of our earth-ly ho - ri - zon Will nev - er ap - pear in the sky,
We'll nev-er be hun-gry nor thirst-y, Nor lan-guish in pov-er - ty there,
The old will be young there for-ev - er, Transformed in a mo-ment of time;

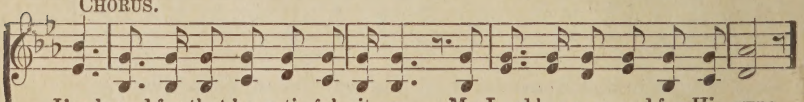




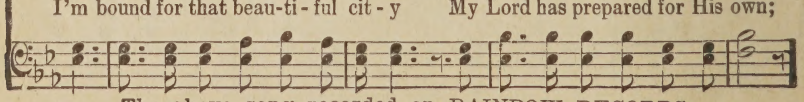
For all will be sun-shine and gladness, With nev - er a sob nor a sigh.
For all the rich bounties of heav-en His sanc - ti-fied chil-dren will share.
Im - mor - tal we'll stand in His like-ness, The stars and the sun to out-shine.



CHORUS.

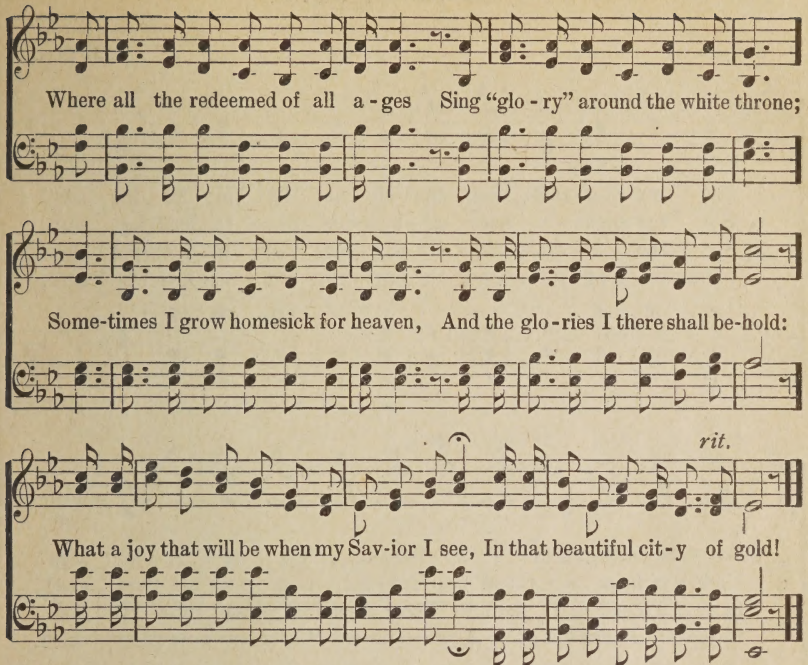


I'm bound for that beau-ti - ful cit - y My Lord has prepared for His own;



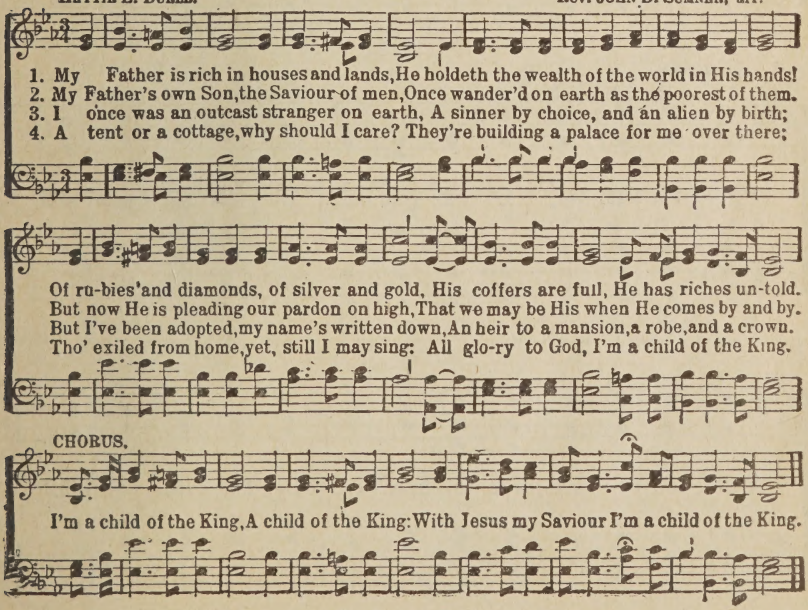
The above song recorded on RAINBOW RECORDS

No Disappointment in Heaven.


Where all the redeemed of all a-ges Sing "glo-ry" around the white throne;
Some-times I grow homesick for heaven, And the glo-ries I there shall be-hold:
rit.
What a joy that will be when my Sav-ior I see, In that beautiful cit-y of gold!

97 A Child of the King.

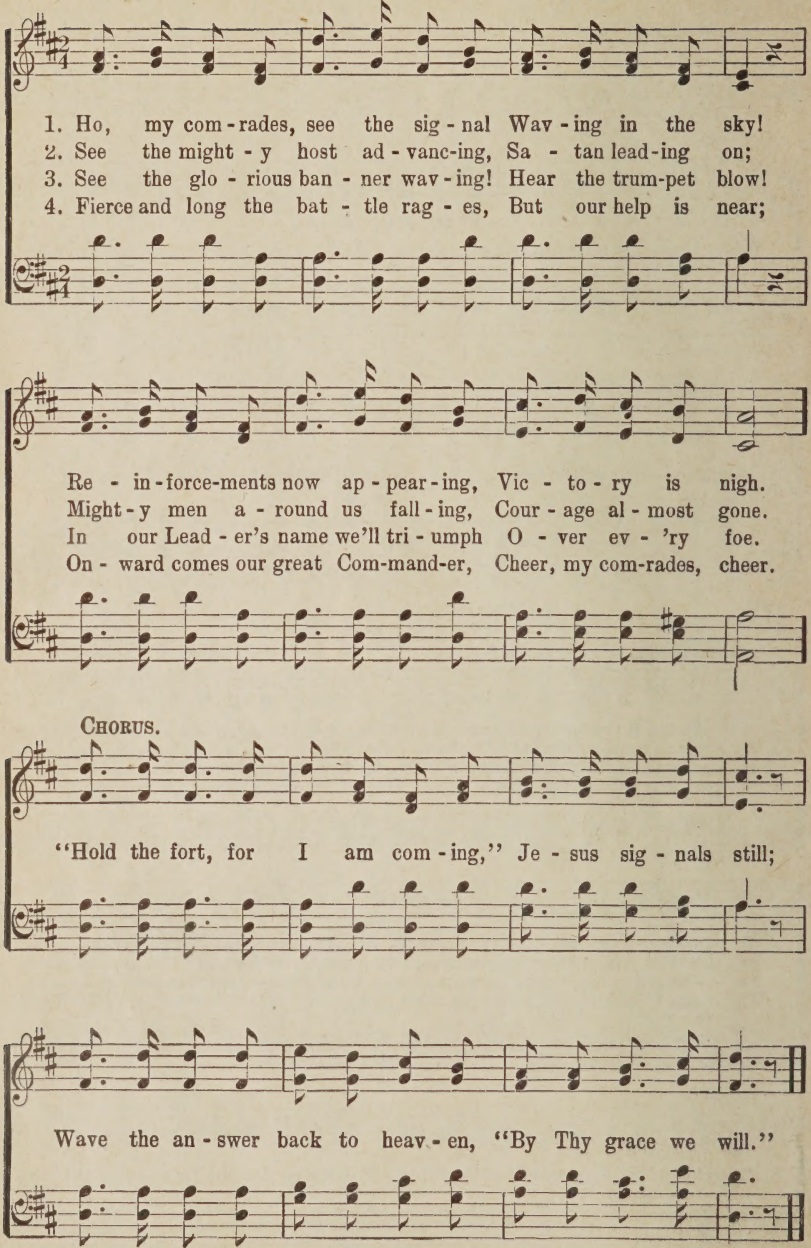
HATTIE E. BUELL. Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER, arr.


1. My Father is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands!
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wander'd on earth as the poorest of them.
3. I once was an outcast stranger on earth, A sinner by choice, and an alien by birth;
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for me over there;
Of ru-bies and diamonds, of silver and gold, His coffers are full, He has riches un-told.
But now He is pleading our pardon on high, That we may be His when He comes by and by.
But I've been adopted, my name's written down, An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.
Tho' exiled from home, yet, still I may sing: All glo-ry to God, I'm a child of the King.
CHORUS.
I'm a child of the King, A child of the King: With Jesus my Saviour I'm a child of the King.

98

Hold the Fort.

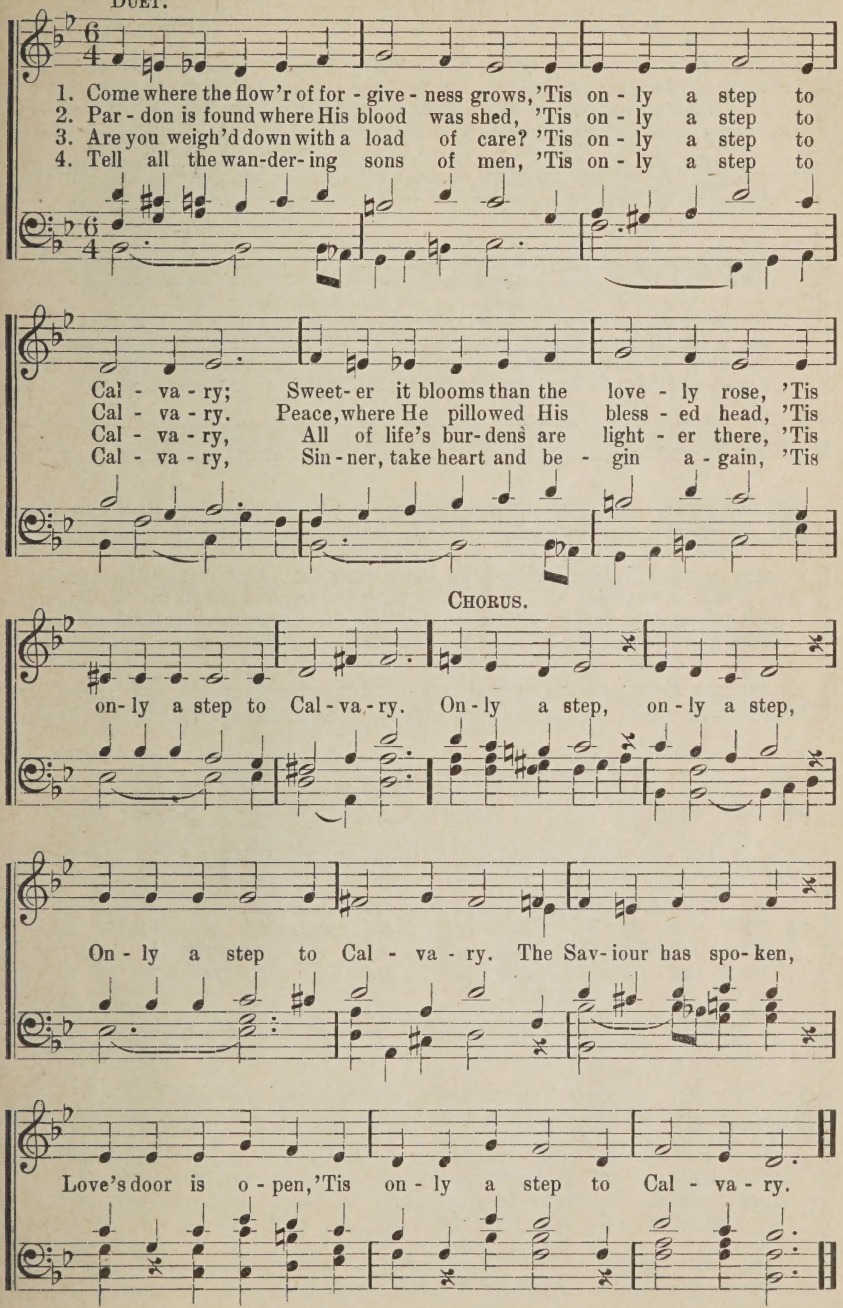
THE JOHN CHURCH CO., OWNERS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. Ho, my com-rades, see the sig-nal Wav-ing in the sky!
2. See the might-y host ad-vanc-ing, Sa-tan lead-ing on;
3. See the glo-rious ban-ner wav-ing! Hear the trum-pet blow!
4. Fierce and long the bat-tle rag-es, But our help is near;
Re-in-force-ments now ap-pear-ing, Vic-to-ry is nigh.
Might-y men a-round us fall-ing, Cour-age al-most gone.
In our Lead-er's name we'll tri-umph O-ver ev-'ry foe.
On-ward comes our great Com-mand-er, Cheer, my com-rades, cheer.
CHORUS.
"Hold the fort, for I am com-ing," Je-sus sig-nals still;
Wave the an-swer back to heav-en, "By Thy grace we will."

Only a Step to Calvary.

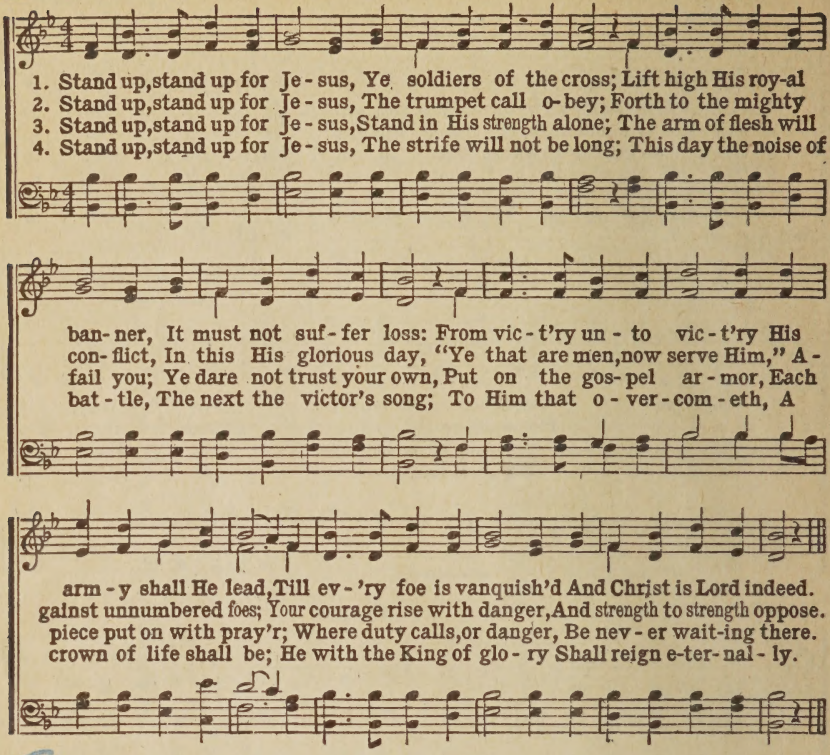
Copyright, 1927, by Mrs. G. W. Anderson, Chautauqua, N. Y.

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY. B. D. ACKLEY.

DUET.

1. Come where the flow'r of for - give - ness grows, 'Tis on - ly a step to
2. Par - don is found where His blood was shed, 'Tis on - ly a step to
3. Are you weigh'd down with a load of care? 'Tis on - ly a step to
4. Tell all the wan-der- ing sons of men, 'Tis on - ly a step to
Cal - va - ry; Sweet- er it blooms than the love - ly rose, 'Tis
Cal - va - ry. Peace, where He pillowed His bless - ed head, 'Tis
Cal - va - ry, All of life's bur-dens are light - er there, 'Tis
Cal - va - ry, Sin - ner, take heart and be - gin a - gain, 'Tis
CHORUS.
on - ly a step to Cal - va - ry. On - ly a step, on - ly a step,
On - ly a step to Cal - va - ry. The Sav - iour has spo - ken,
Love's door is o - pen, 'Tis on - ly a step to Cal - va - ry.

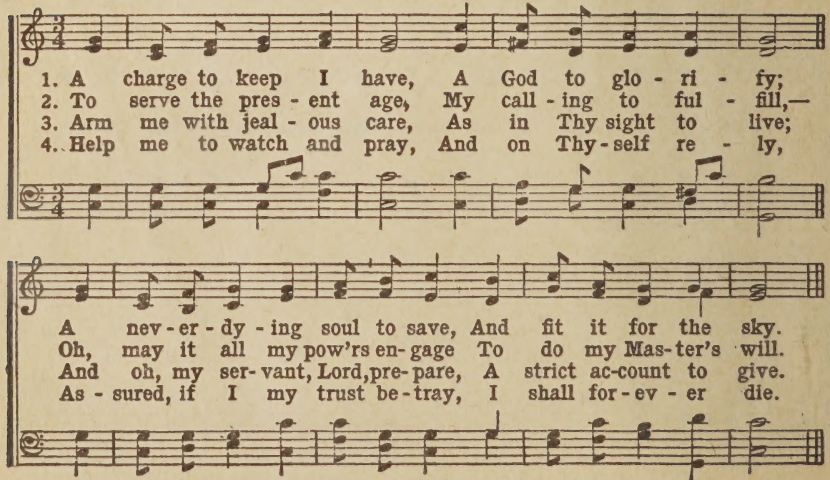
100 Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD. G. J. WEBB.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His roy-al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o-bey; Forth to the mighty
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of
ban-ner, It must not suf-fer loss: From vic-t'ry un - to vic-t'ry His
con-flict, In this His glorious day, "Ye that are men, now serve Him," A-
fail you; Ye dare not trust your own, Put on the gos-pel ar-mor, Each
bat-tle, The next the victor's song; To Him that o-ver-com-eth, A
arm-y shall He lead, Till ev-'ry foe is vanquish'd And Christ is Lord indeed.
gainst unnumbered foes; Your courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
piece put on with pray'r; Where duty calls, or danger, Be nev-er wait-ing there.
crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo-ry Shall reign e-ter-nal-ly.

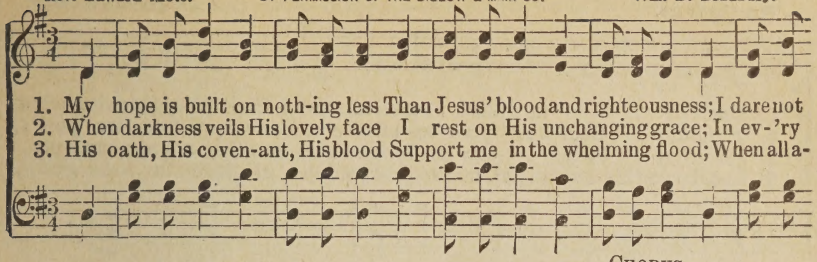
101 A Charge to Keep I Have.

CHARLES WESLEY. (BOYLSTON. C. M.) LOWELL MASON.


1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,—
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live;
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy-self re - ly,
A nev-er-dy-ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
Oh, may it all my pow'rs en-gage To do my Mas-ter's will.
And oh, my ser-vant, Lord, pre-pare, A strict ac-count to give.
As-sured, if I my trust be-tray, I shall for-ev-er die.

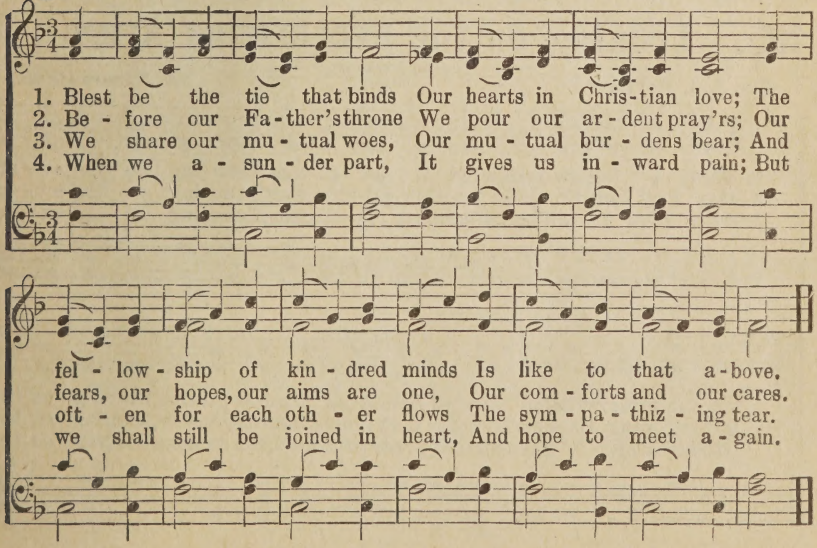
102 The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. BY PERMISSION OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not
2. When darkness veils His lovely face I rest on His unchanging grace; In ev-'ry
3. His oath, His coven-ant, His blood Support me in the whelming flood; When all a-
CHORUS.
trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name.
high and storm-y gale, My anchor holds with-in the vale. On Christ the Sol-id
round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Rock I stand; All oth-er ground is sinking sand. All oth-er ground is sinking sand.

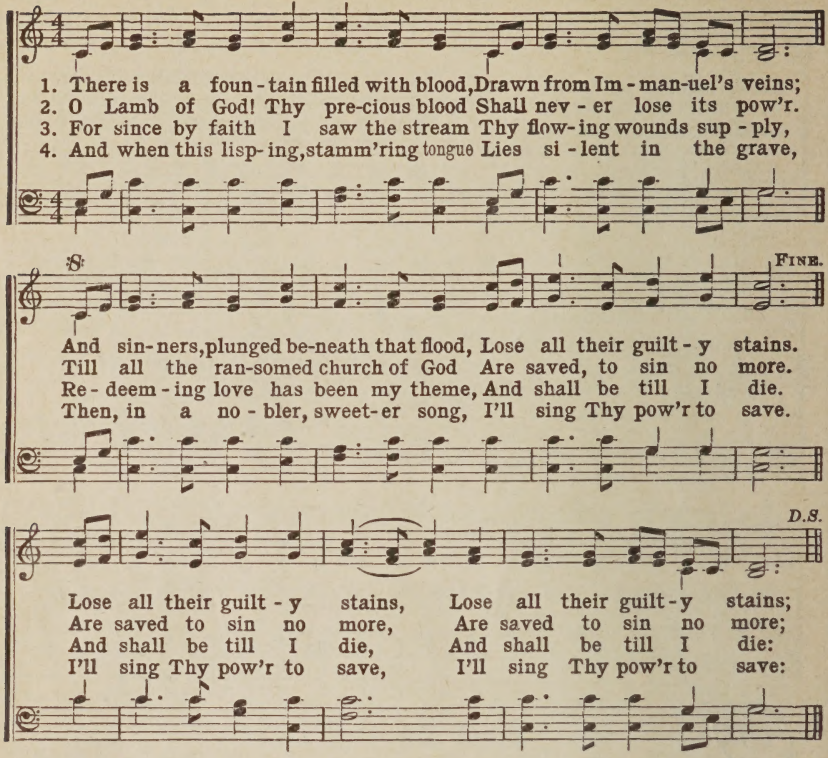
103 Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Nargeli.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The
2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar-dent pray'rs; Our
3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear; And
4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain; But
fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
oft-en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

No. 104. There is a Fountain.

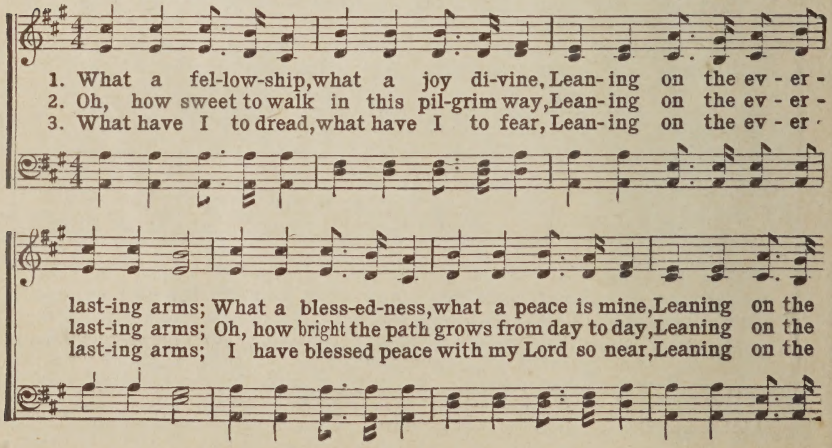
Wm. Cowper. American Melody.


1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
2. O Lamb of God! Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r.
3. For since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
4. And when this lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave,
S
FINE.
And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
Till all the ran-somed church of God Are saved, to sin no more.
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
Then, in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.
D.S.
Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
Are saved to sin no more, Are saved to sin no more;
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die:
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save:

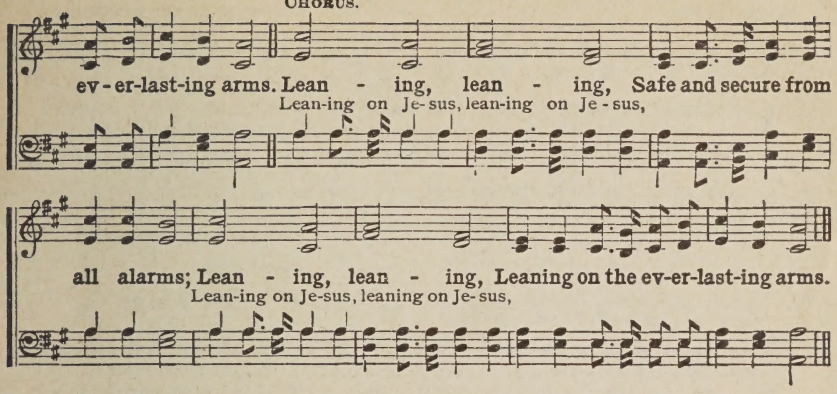
105. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Used by permission.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.

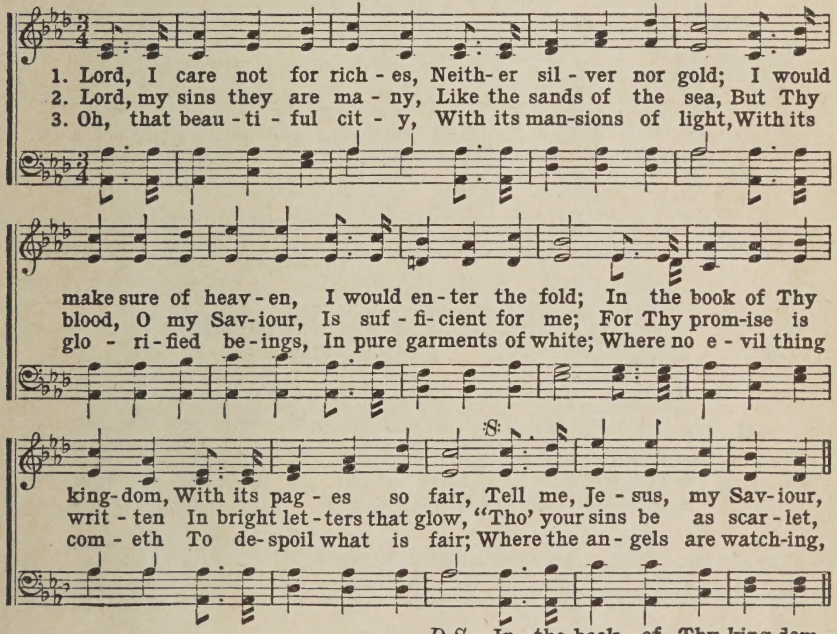

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
last-ing arms; What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the
last-ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the
last-ing arms; I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the

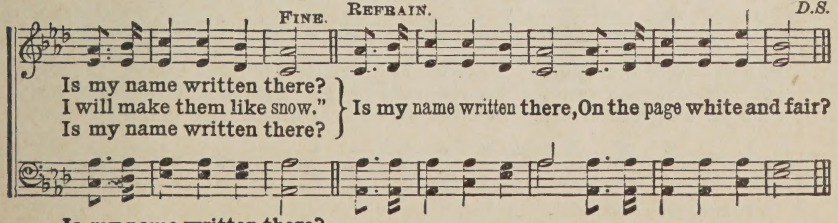
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.


Chorus.
ev-er-last-ing arms. Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and secure from
Lean-ing on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus,
all alarms; Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Lean-ing on Je-sus, leaning on Je-sus,

No. 106. Is My Name Written There?

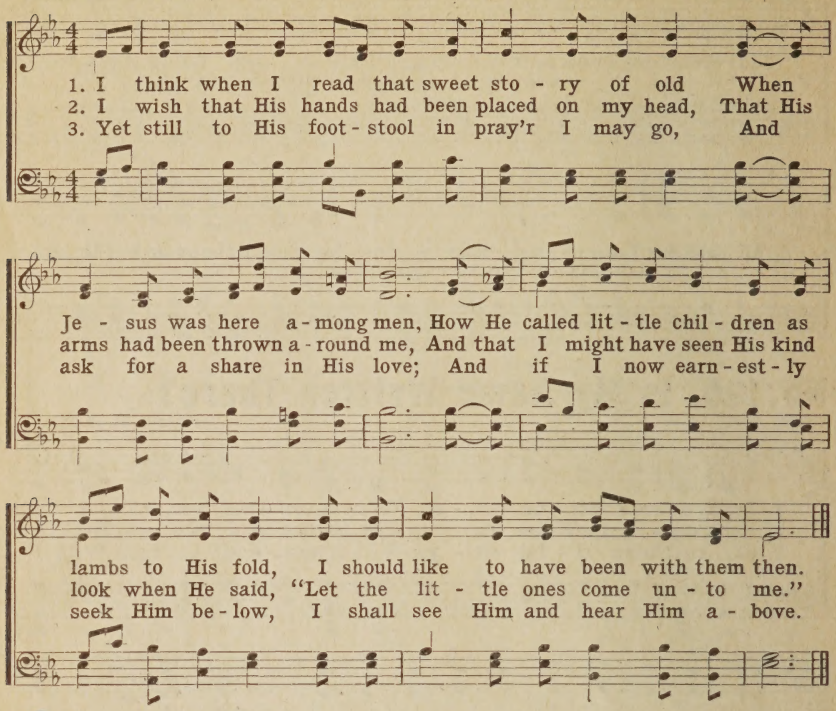
M. A. K. Frank M. Davis.


1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neith-er sil - ver nor gold; I would make sure of heav-en, I would en-ter the fold; In the book of Thy king-dom, With its pag - es so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav-iour,
2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy blood, O my Sav-iour, Is suf - fi-cient for me; For Thy prom-ise is writ - ten In bright let-ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
3. Oh, that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light, With its glo - ri-fied be-ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e - vil thing com - eth To de-spoil what is fair; Where the an - gels are watch-ing,
D.S.—In the book of Thy king-dom,


Fine.
Refrain.
D.S.
Is my name written there?
I will make them like snow."
Is my name written there?
Is my name written there, On the page white and fair?
Is my name written there?

107 I Think When I Read That Sweet Story.

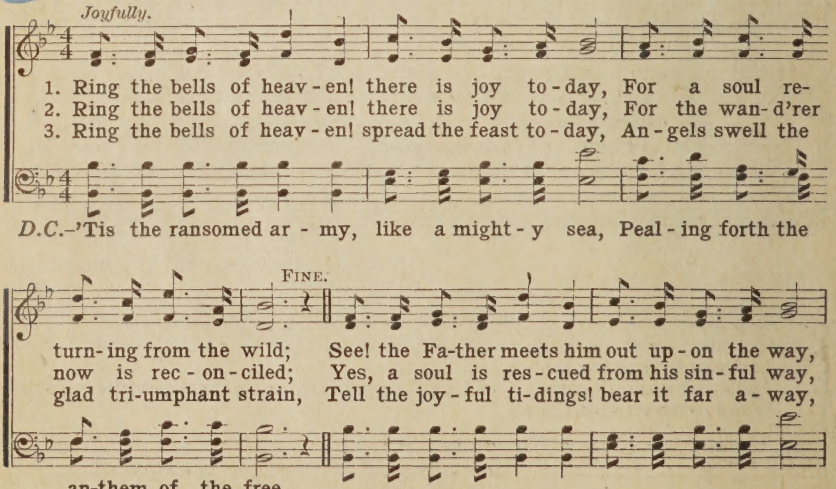
JEMIMA LUKE. Traditional English Melody.


1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old When
Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
arms had been thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen His kind
look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
3. Yet still to His foot - stool in pray'r I may go, And
ask for a share in His love; And if I now earn - est - ly
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.

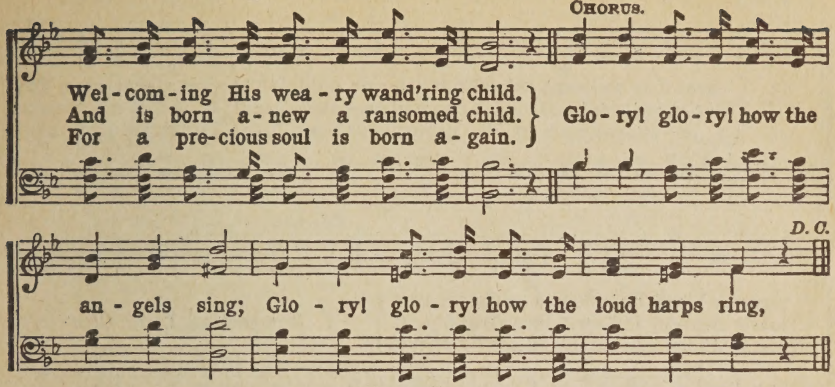
108 Ring the Bells of Heaven.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. GEO. F. ROOT.

Joyfully.

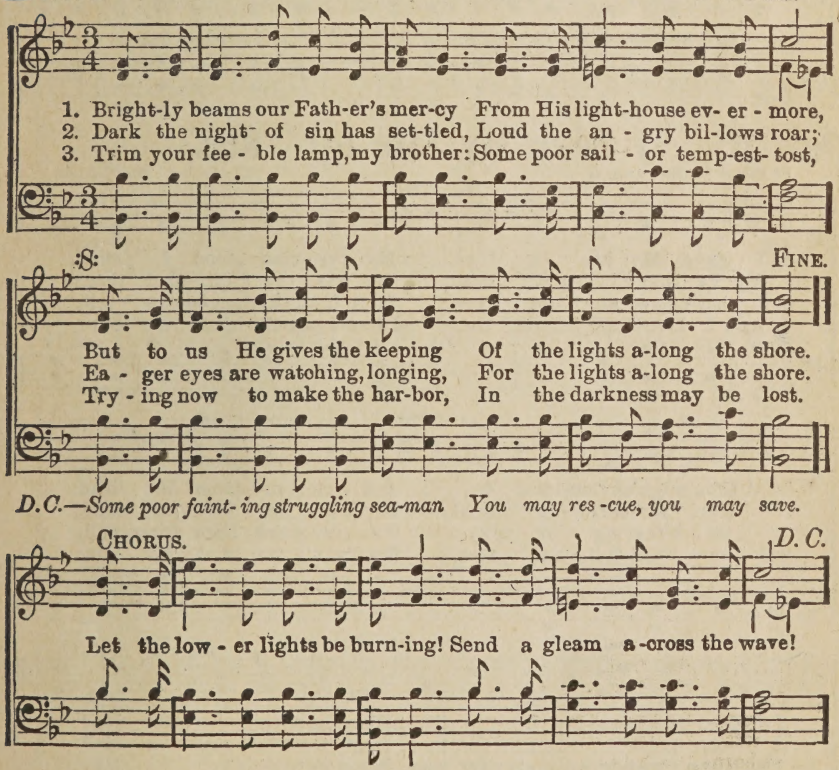

1. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a soul re-
2. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For the wan- d'rer
3. Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to - day, An - gels swell the
D.C.–'Tis the ransomed ar - my, like a might - y sea, Peal - ing forth the
FINE.
turn - ing from the wild; See! the Fa-ther meets him out up - on the way,
now is rec - on - ciled; Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin - ful way,
glad tri-umphant strain, Tell the joy - ful ti-dings! bear it far a - way,
an-them of the free.

Ring the Bells of Heaven.


CHORUS.
Wel - com - ing His wea - ry wand'ring child.
And is born a - new a ransomed child.
For a pre-cious soul is born a - gain.
Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the
D. C.
an - gels sing; Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the loud harps ring,

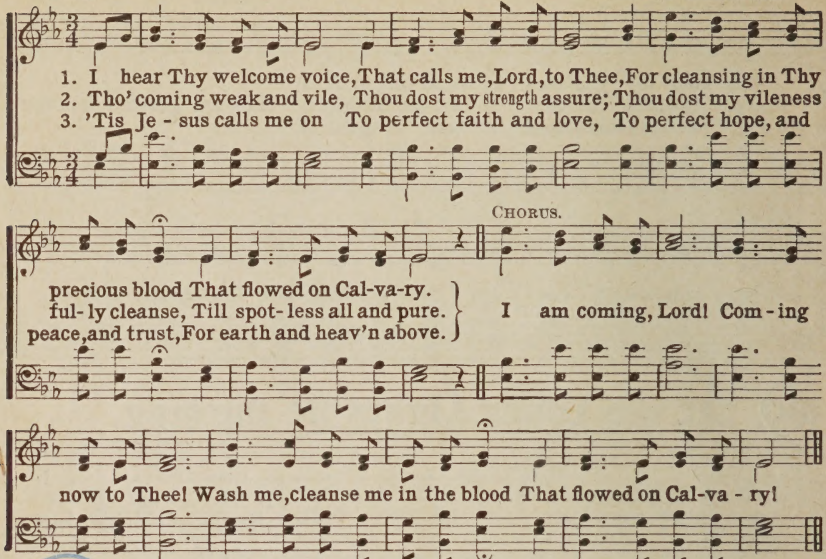
109. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.


1. Bright-ly beams our Fath-er's mer-cy From His light-house ev- er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail - or temp-est- tost,
:S:
FINE.
But to us He gives the keeping Of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, longing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har-bor, In the darkness may be lost.
D.C.—Some poor faint-ing struggling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.
CHORUS.
D. C.
Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

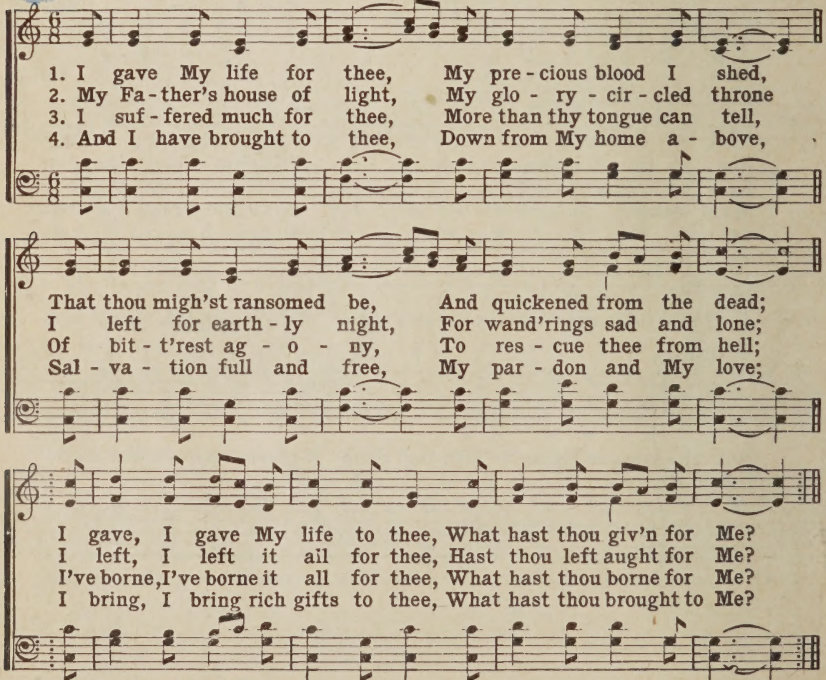
No. 110. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H. Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.


1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To perfect faith and love, To perfect hope, and
CHORUS.
precious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.
ful-ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure.
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n above.
I am coming, Lord! Com-ing
now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry!

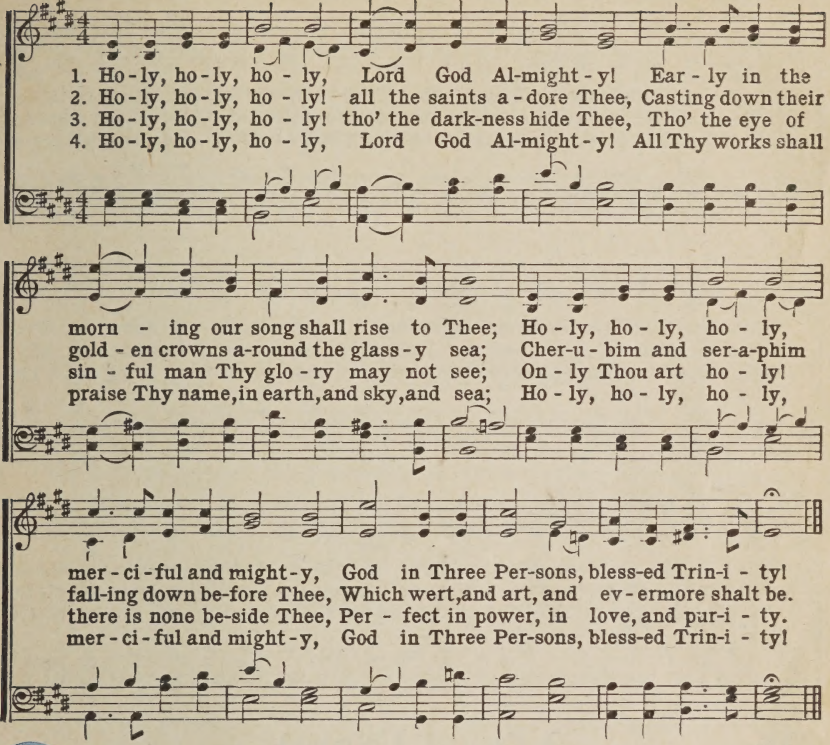
No. 111. I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. P. P. BLISS.


1. I gave My life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa-ther's house of light, My glo-ry-cir-cled throne
3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a-bove,
That thou migh'st ransomed be, And quickened from the dead;
I left for earth-ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;
Of bit-t'rest ag-o-ny, To res-cue thee from hell;
Sal-va-tion full and free, My par-don and My love;
I gave, I gave My life to thee, What hast thou giv'n for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

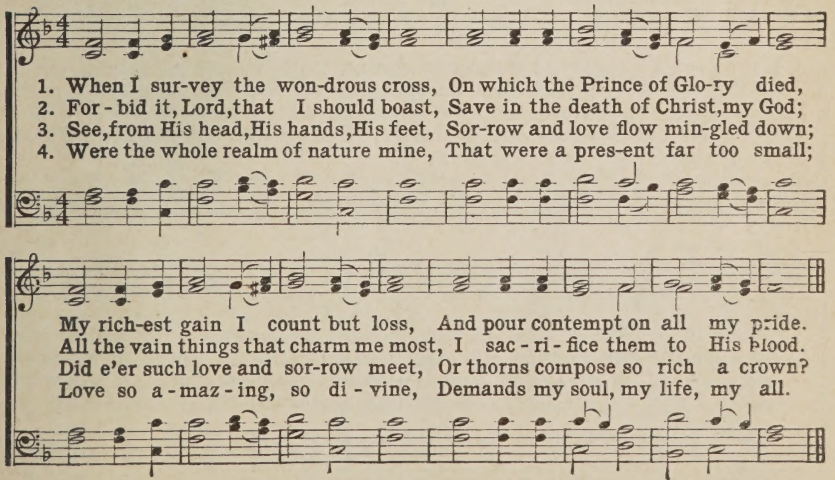
No. 112. Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER. JOHN B. DYKES.


1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Casting down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall
morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,
gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see; On-ly Thou art ho-ly!
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly,
mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i-ty!
fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev-ermore shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee, Per-fect in power, in love, and pur-i-ty.
mer-ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i-ty!

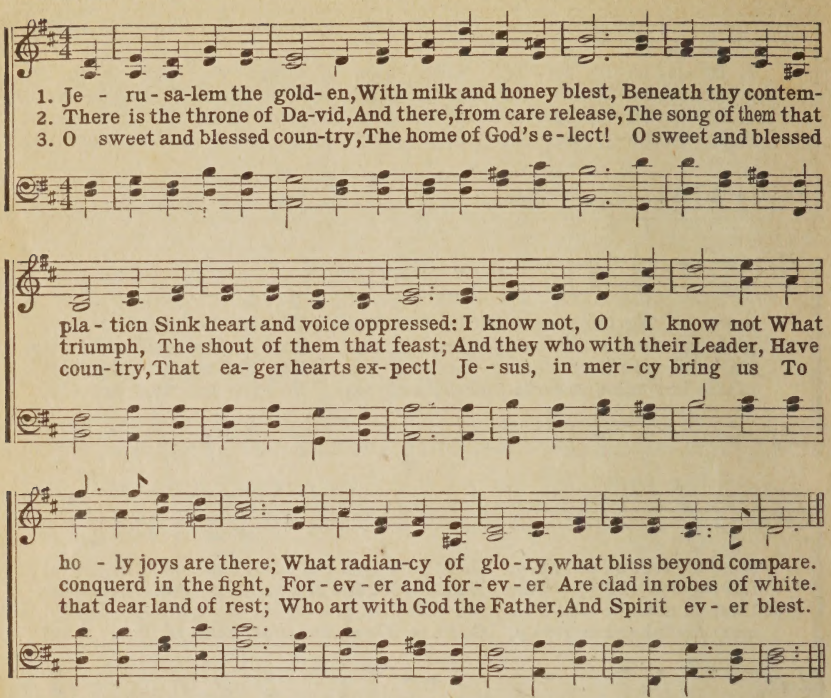
113. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

(HAMBURG. L. M.)


1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross, On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down;
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

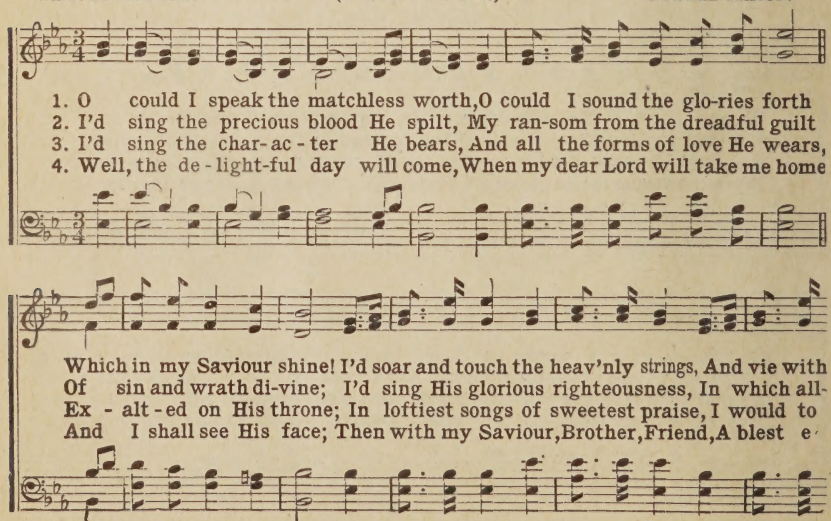
114 Jerusalem the Golden.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. (EWING. 7s. & 6s. D.) ALEXANDER EWING.

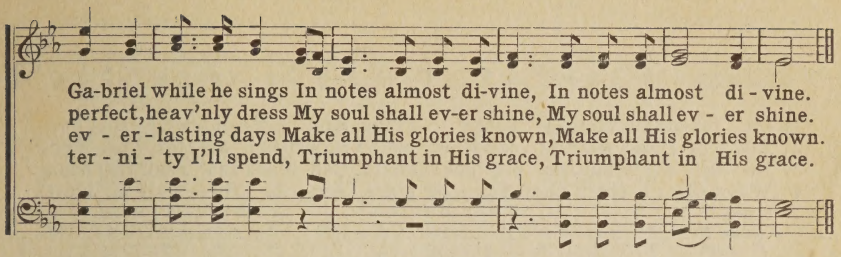

1. Je - ru - sa-lem the gold- en, With milk and honey blest, Beneath thy contem-
2. There is the throne of Da-vid, And there, from care release, The song of them that
3. O sweet and blessed coun-try, The home of God's e - lect! O sweet and blessed
pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppressed: I know not, O I know not What
triumph, The shout of them that feast; And they who with their Leader, Have
coun-try, That ea- ger hearts ex- pect! Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To
ho - ly joys are there; What radian-cy of glo - ry, what bliss beyond compare.
conquerd in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
that dear land of rest; Who art with God the Father, And Spirit ev - er blest.

115 O Could I Speak.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. (ARIEL. C. P. M.) LOWELL MASON.

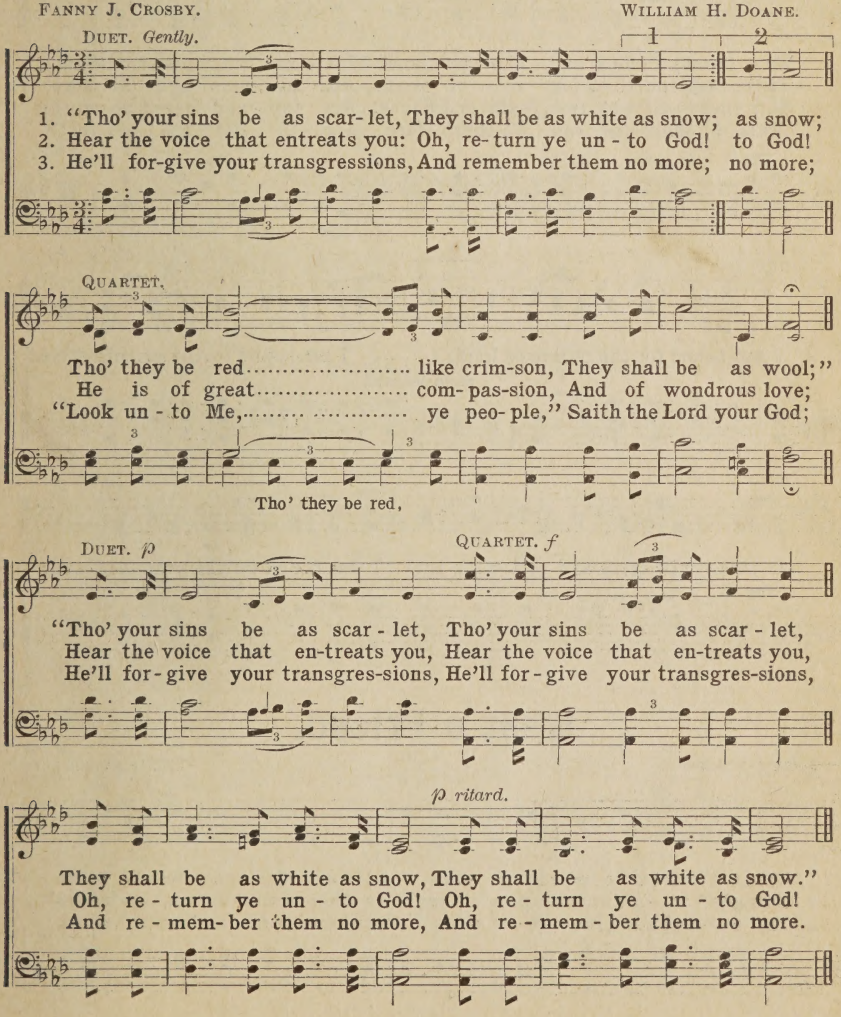

1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glo-ries forth
2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt, My ran-som from the dreadful guilt
3. I'd sing the char- ac - ter He bears, And all the forms of love He wears,
4. Well, the de - light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord will take me home
Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with
Of sin and wrath di-vine; I'd sing His glorious righteousness, In which all-
Ex - alt - ed on His throne; In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to
And I shall see His face; Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest e-

O Could I Speak.


Ga-briel while he sings In notes almost di-vine, In notes almost di - vine.
perfect, heav'nly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
ev - er - lasting days Make all His glories known, Make all His glories known.
ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.

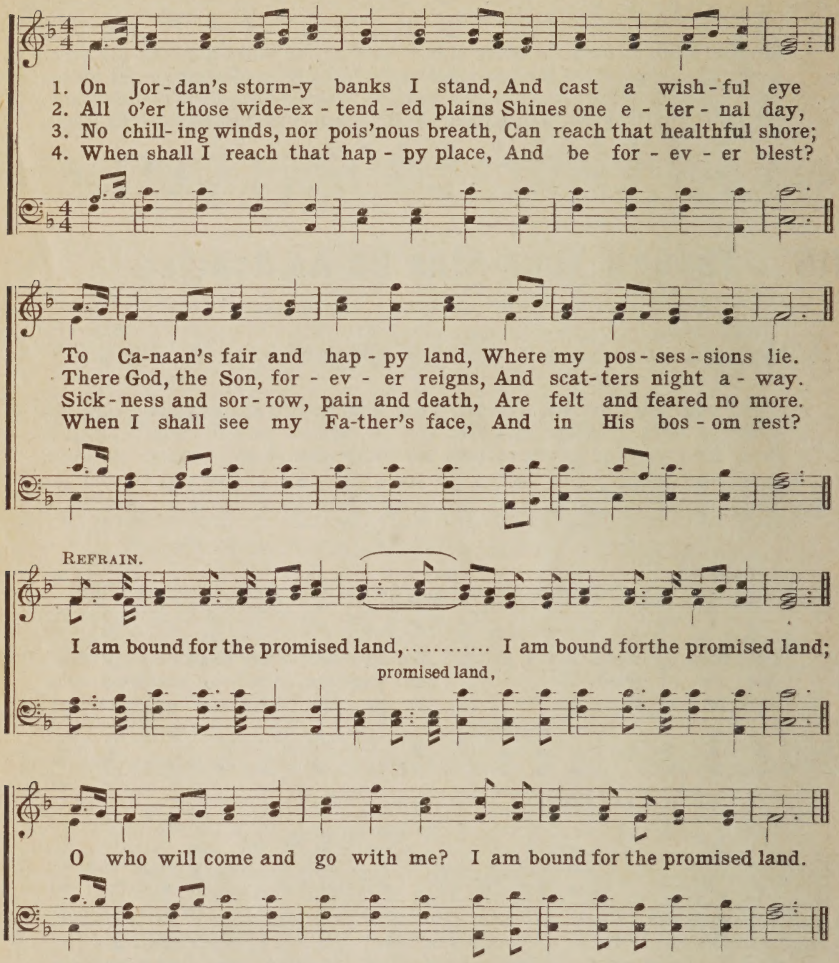
116 Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WILLIAM H. DOANE.


DUET. Gently.
1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you: Oh, re-turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;
QUARTET.
Tho' they be red..... like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great..... com-pas-sion, And of wondrous love;
"Look un - to Me,..... ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;
Tho' they be red,
DUET. p
QUARTET. f
"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for - give your transgres-sions, He'll for - give your transgres-sions,
p ritard.
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem-ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

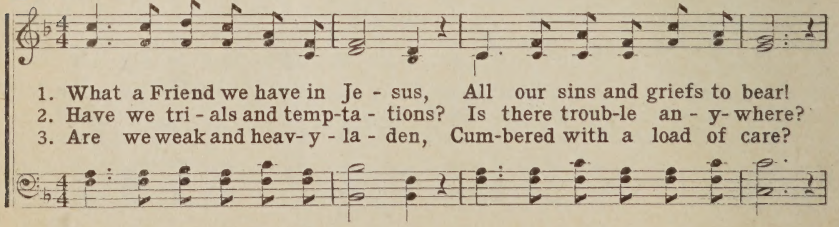
117 On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

SAMUEL STENNETT. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

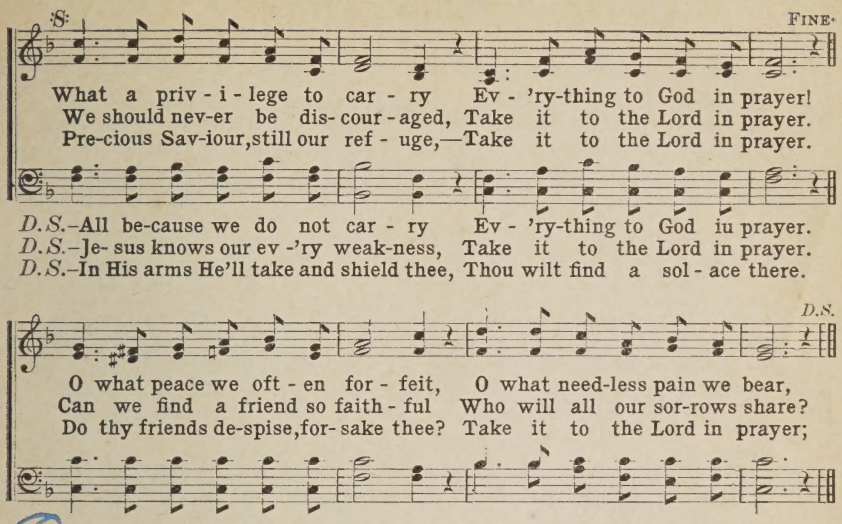

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. All o'er those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day,
3. No chill-ing winds, nor pois'nous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?
To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There God, the Son, for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When I shall see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?
REFRAIN.
I am bound for the promised land,..... I am bound forthe promised land;
promised land,
O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.

118 What a Friend.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. C. C. CONVERSE.


1. What a Friend we have in Je-sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri-als and temp-ta-tions? Is there troub-le an-y-where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y-la-den, Cum-bered with a load of care?

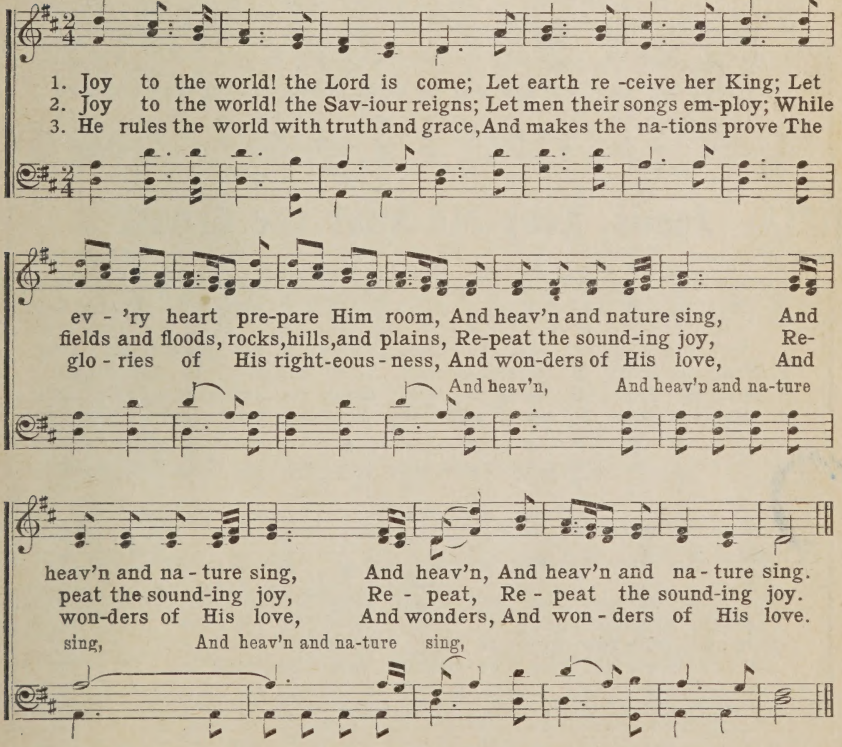
What a Friend.


S:
FINE.
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev-er be dis- cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre-cious Sav-iour, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.–All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
D.S.–Je- sus knows our ev -'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.–In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.
D.S.
O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for- sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

119

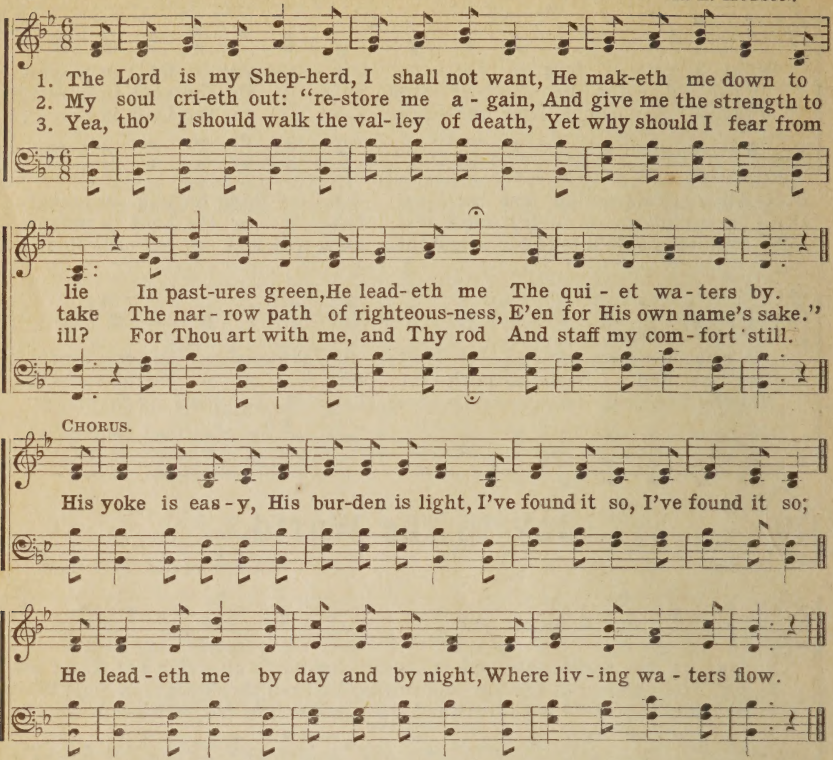
Joy to the World.

1. WATTS. Arr. from GEO. F. HANDEL.


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re -ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-iour reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The
ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-
glo - ries of His right-eous - ness, And won-ders of His love, And
And heav'n, And heav'n and na-ture
heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.
peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat, Re - peat the sound-ing joy.
won-ders of His love, And wonders, And won - ders of His love.
sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,

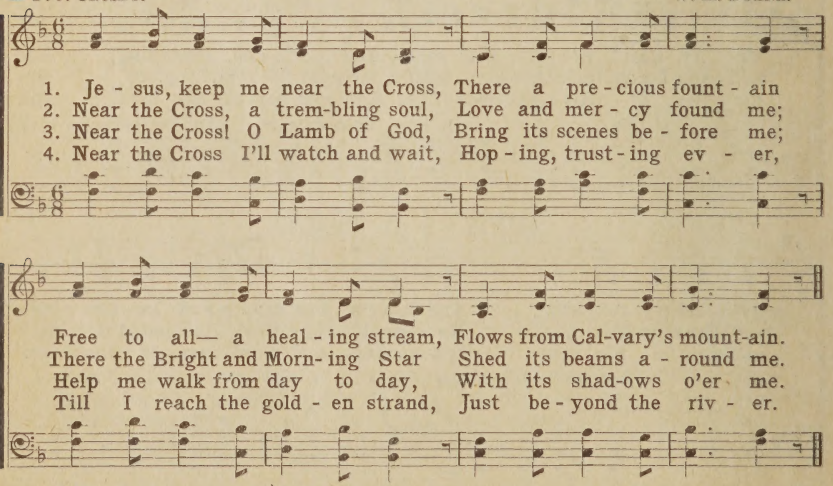
120 His Yoke Is Easy.

R. E. HUDSON.


1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, I shall not want, He mak-eth me down to
2. My soul cri-eth out: "re-store me a - gain, And give me the strength to
3. Yea, tho' I should walk the val-ley of death, Yet why should I fear from
lie In past-ures green, He lead-eth me The qui - et wa-ters by.
take The nar - row path of righteous-ness, E'en for His own name's sake."
ill? For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff my com-fort still.
CHORUS.
His yoke is eas-y, His bur-den is light, I've found it so, I've found it so;
He lead-eth me by day and by night, Where liv-ing wa-ters flow.

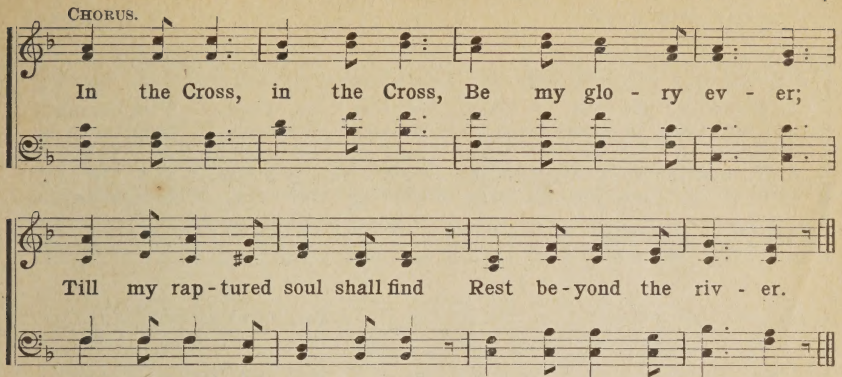
121 Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

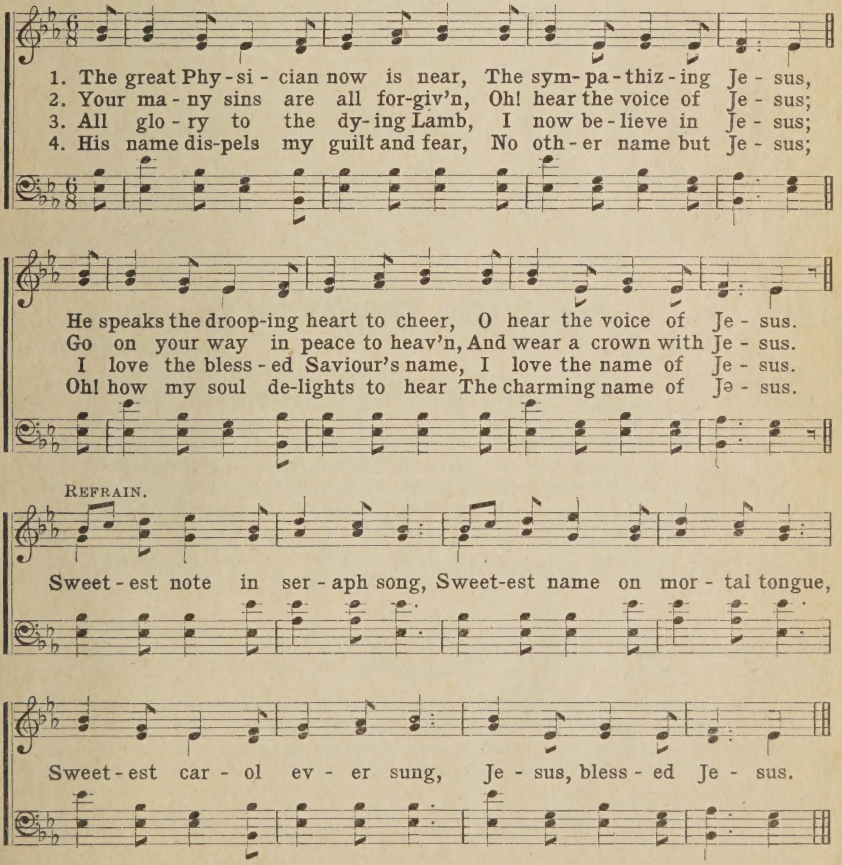

1. Je - sus, keep me near the Cross, There a pre-cious fount - ain
2. Near the Cross, a trem-bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the Cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait, Hop-ing, trust-ing ev - er,
Free to all— a heal-ing stream, Flows from Cal-vary's mount-ain.
There the Bright and Morn-ing Star Shed its beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad-ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be-yond the riv - er.

Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross.

CHORUS.

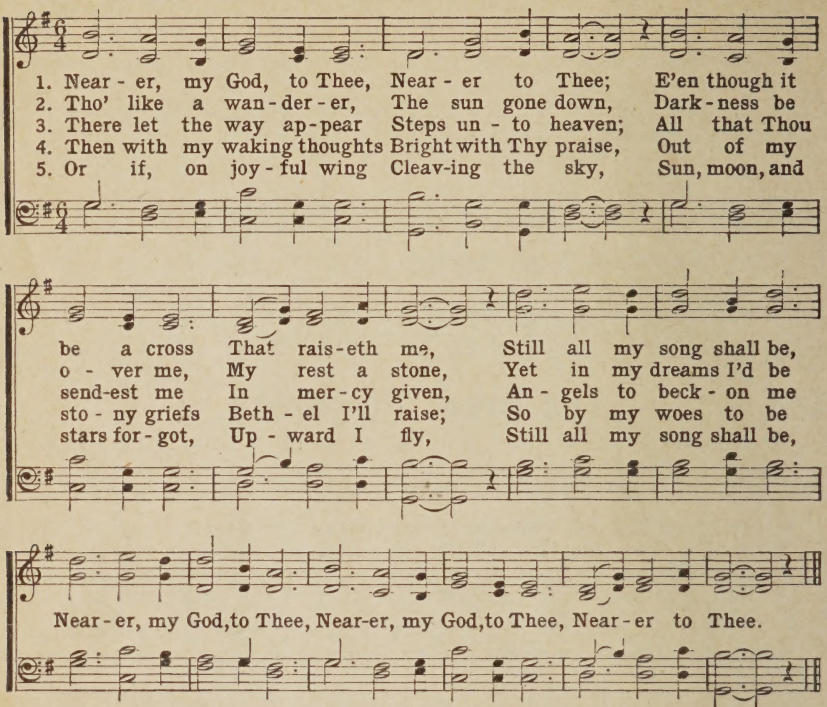


122 The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus,
2. Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus;
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb, I now be - lieve in Je - sus;
4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;
He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus.
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
I love the bless - ed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
Oh! how my soul de-lights to hear The charming name of Je - sus.
REFRAIN.
Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet-est name on mor - tal tongue,
Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

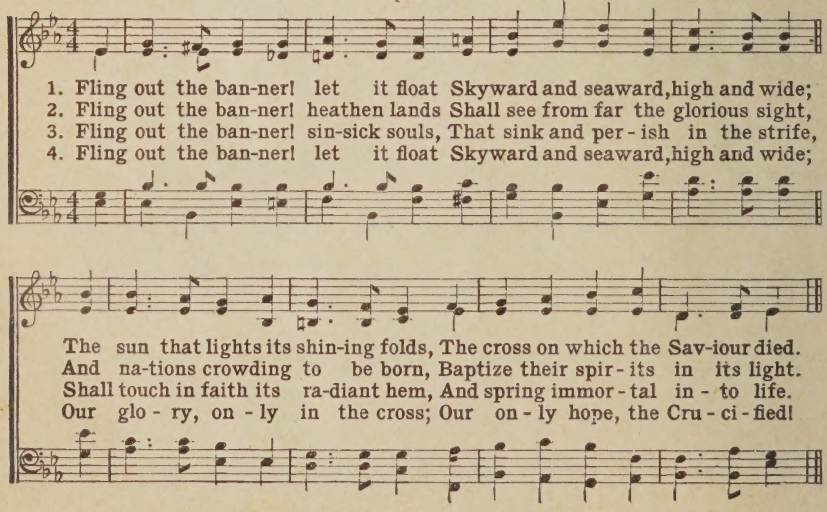
No. 123. Nearer, my God, to Thee.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS. L. MASON.


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en though it
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou
4. Then with my waking thoughts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and
be a cross That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be
send-est me In mer - cy given, An - gels to beck - on me
sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

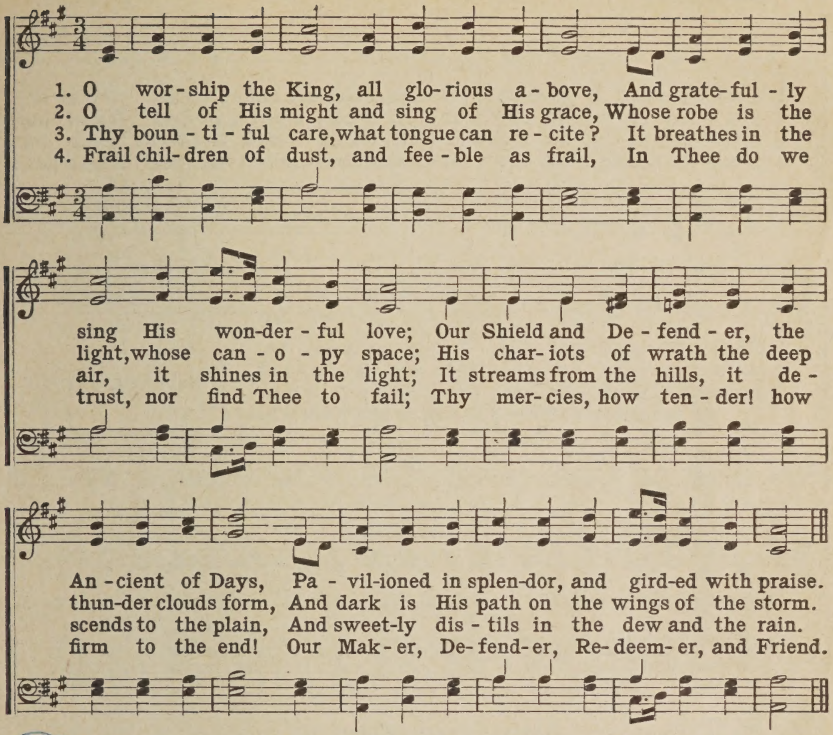
No. 124. Fling Out the Banner.

GEORGE W. DOANE. J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.


1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the ban-ner! heathen lands Shall see from far the glorious sight,
3. Fling out the ban-ner! sin-sick souls, That sink and per - ish in the strife,
4. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-iour died.
And na-tions crowding to be born, Baptize their spir - its in its light.
Shall touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring immor - tal in - to life.
Our glo - ry, on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope, the Cru - ci - fied!

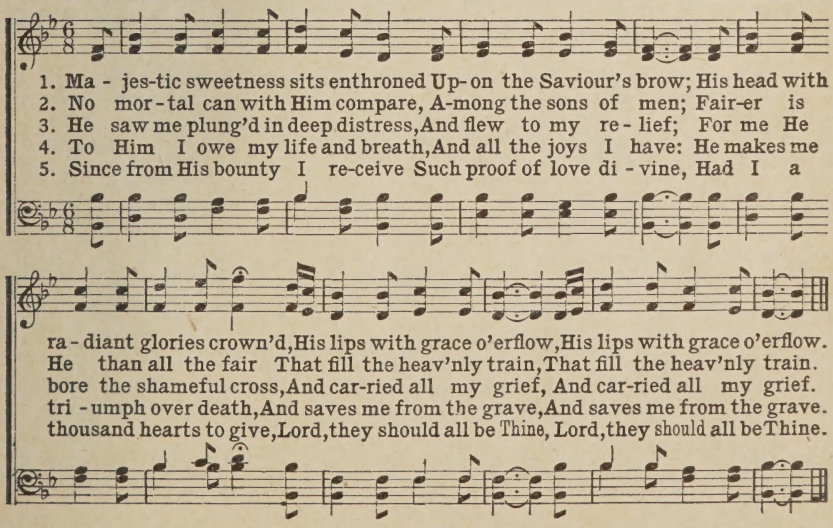
No. 125. O Worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT. (LYONS. 10s. 11s.) F. J. HAYDN.


1. O wor-ship the King, all glo-rious a-bove, And grate-ful-ly
2. O tell of His might and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun-ti-ful care, what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we
sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the
light, whose can-o-py space; His char-iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de-
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies, how ten-der! how
An-cient of Days, Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.
thun-der clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis-tils in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Mak-er, De-fend-er, Re-deem-er, and Friend.

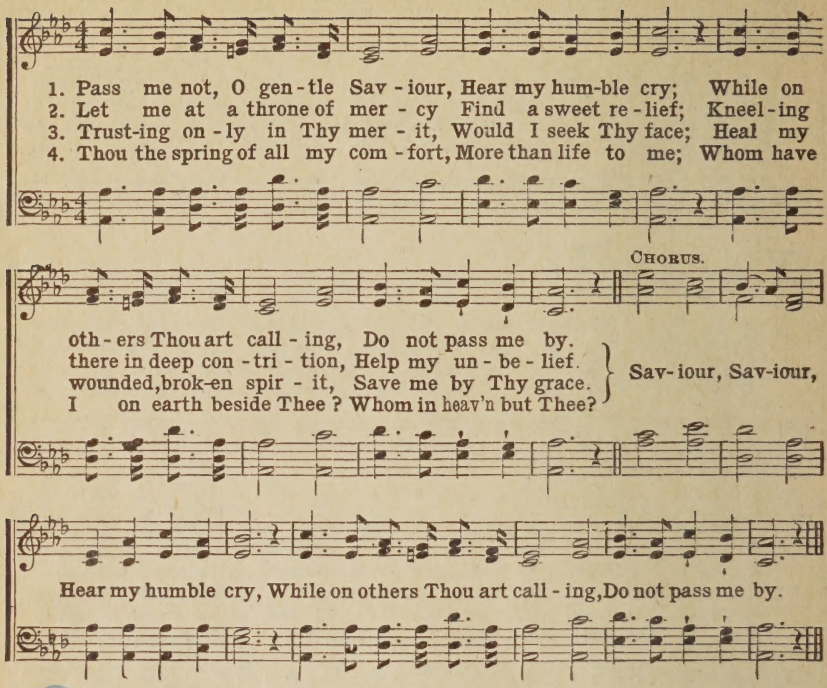
126. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

SAMUEL STENNETT. THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow; His head with
2. No mor-tal can with Him compare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair-er is
3. He saw me plung'd in deep distress, And flew to my re-lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have: He makes me
5. Since from His bounty I re-ceive Such proof of love di-vine, Had I a
ra-diant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
He than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
bore the shameful cross, And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
tri-umph over death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.
thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine, Lord, they should all be Thine.

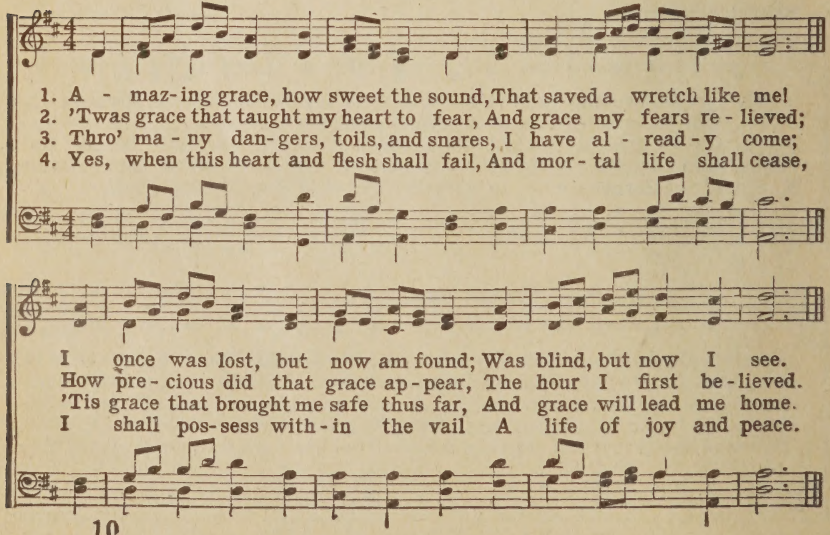
No. 127. Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me; Whom have
CHORUS.
oth-ers Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief.
wounded, brok-en spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?
Sav-iour, Sav-iour,
Hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

No. 128. Amazing Grace.

(WARWICK. C. M.)


1. A-maz-ing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved;
3. Thro' ma-ny dan-gers, toils, and snares, I have al-ready come;
4. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail, And mor-tal life shall cease,
I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
How pre-cious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first be-lieved.
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
I shall pos-sess with-in the vail A life of joy and peace.

129 Why Do You Wait?

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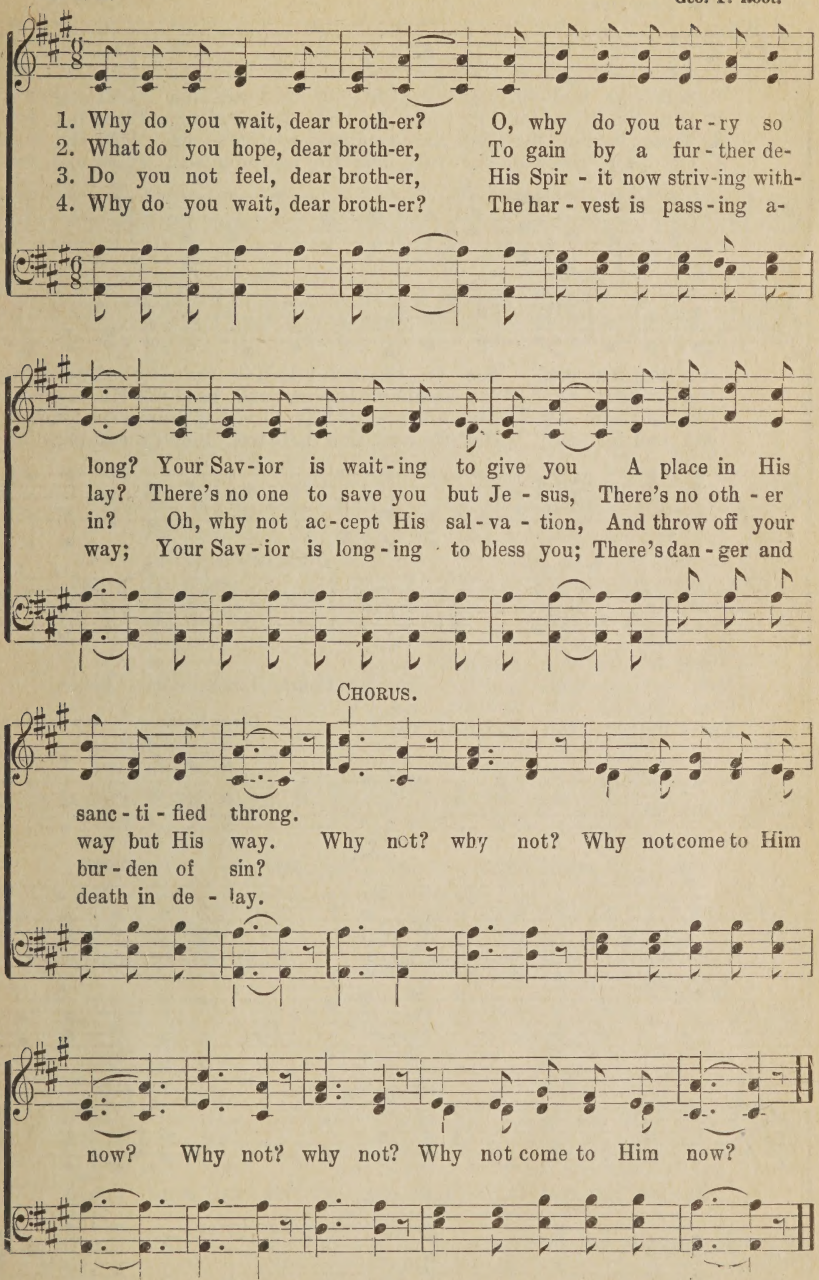
G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? O, why do you tar-ry so
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de-
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with-
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har-vest is pass-ing a-
long? Your Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His
lay? There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er
in? Oh, why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off your
way; Your Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you; There's dan-ger and
CHORUS.
sanc-ti-fied throng.
way but His way. Why not? why not? Why not come to Him
bur-den of sin?
death in de-lay.
now? Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

Softly and Tenderly.

By per. Hope Publishing Co., Owners of copyright.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

pp Very slow.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me,
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is pleading, Plead - ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has promised, Prom - ised for you and for me;

See on the por - tals He's wait - ing and watching,
Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mercies,
Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are coming,
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer - cy and par - don,

CHORUS.

Watch - ing for you and for me.
Mer - cies for you and for me.
Com - ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me.

Come home, come home,
Come home, come home,

cres.

Ye who are wea - ry, come home,

pp *ppp*

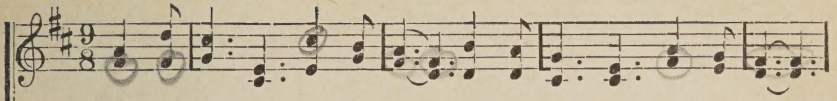
Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly

rit. *pp*

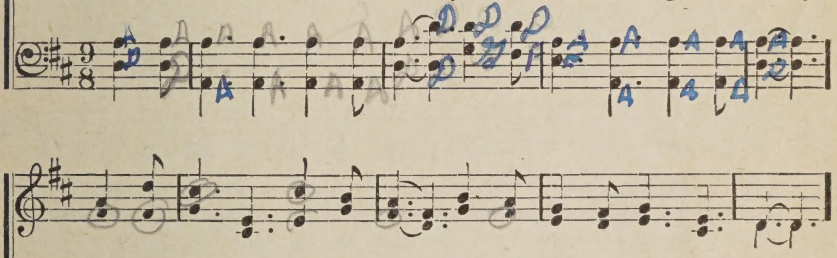
Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

Why Not Now.

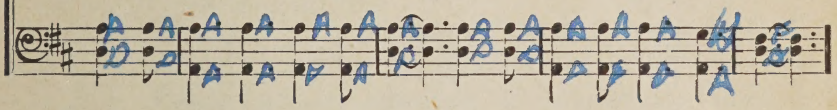
EL NATHAN. C. C. CASE.



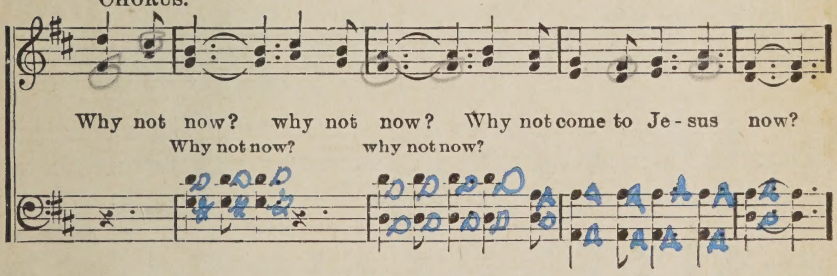
1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've fail'd to find Aught of peace for troub - led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;



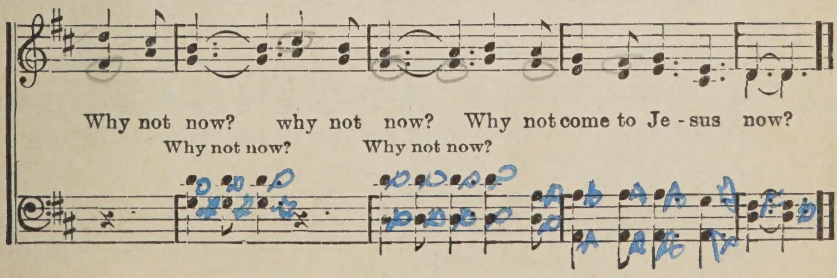
While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth - er come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.



CHORUS.



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? Why not now?

132 There is Power in the Blood.

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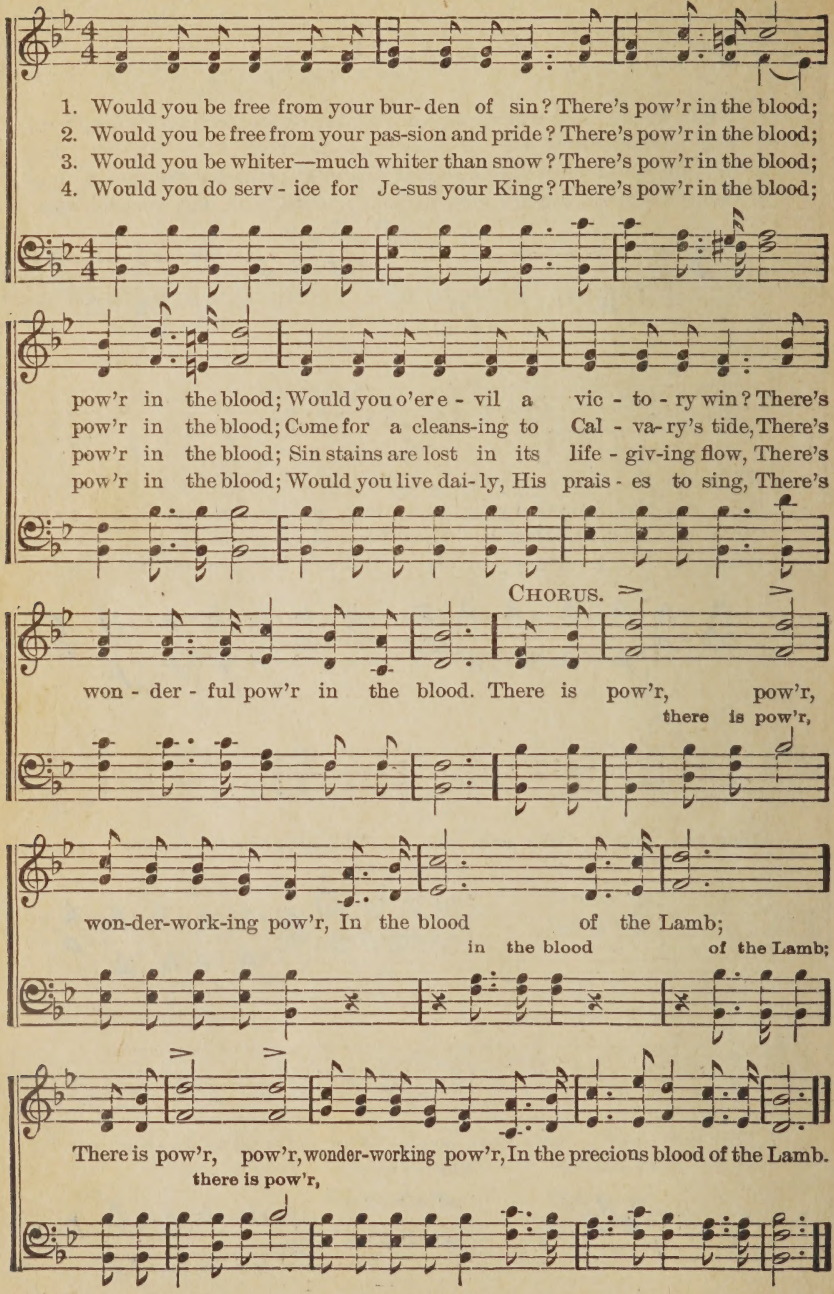
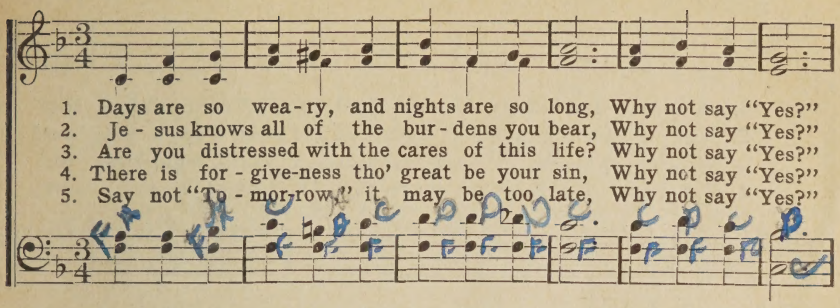
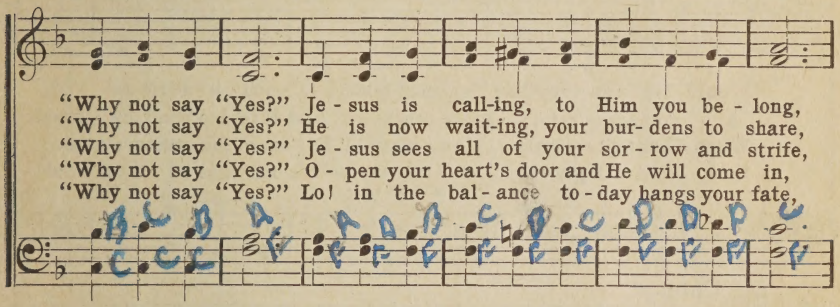
L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood;
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood;
3. Would you be whiter—much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood;
4. Would you do serv-ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood;
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e-vil a vic-to-ry win? There's
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal-va-ry's tide, There's
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life-giv-ing flow, There's
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai-ly, His prais-es to sing, There's
CHORUS.
won-der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
there is pow'r,
won-der-work-ing pow'r, In the blood of the Lamb;
in the blood of the Lamb;
There is pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r, In the precious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

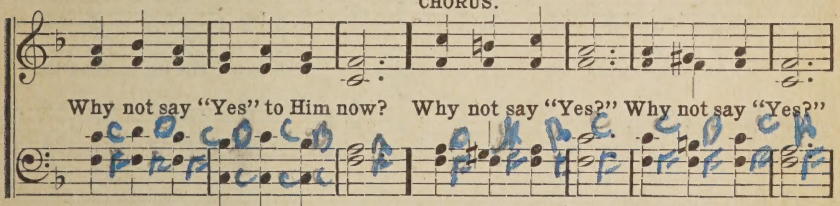
133 Why Not Say "Yes."

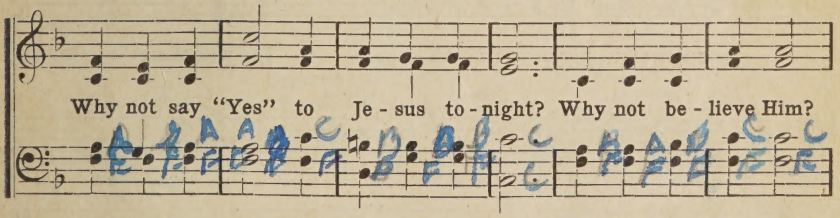
Rev. A. H. ACKLEY. Copyright, 1922, by Mrs. G. W. Anderson. B. D. ACKLEY.

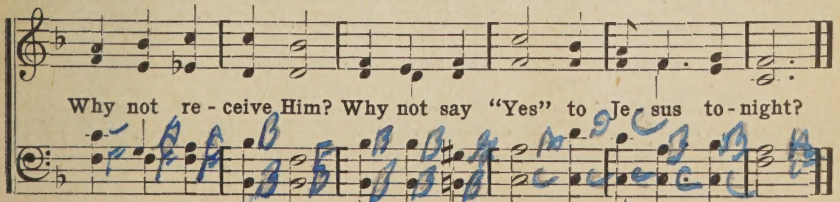

1. Days are so wea-ry, and nights are so long, Why not say "Yes?"
2. Je - sus knows all of the bur - dens you bear, Why not say "Yes?"
3. Are you distressed with the cares of this life? Why not say "Yes?"
4. There is for - give-ness tho' great be your sin, Why not say "Yes?"
5. Say not "To - mor-row," it may be too late, Why not say "Yes?"


"Why not say "Yes?" Je - sus is call-ing, to Him you be - long,
"Why not say "Yes?" He is now wait-ing, your bur - dens to share,
"Why not say "Yes?" Je - sus sees all of your sor - row and strife,
"Why not say "Yes?" O - pen your heart's door and He will come in,
"Why not say "Yes?" Lo! in the bal - ance to - day hangs your fate,

CHORUS.

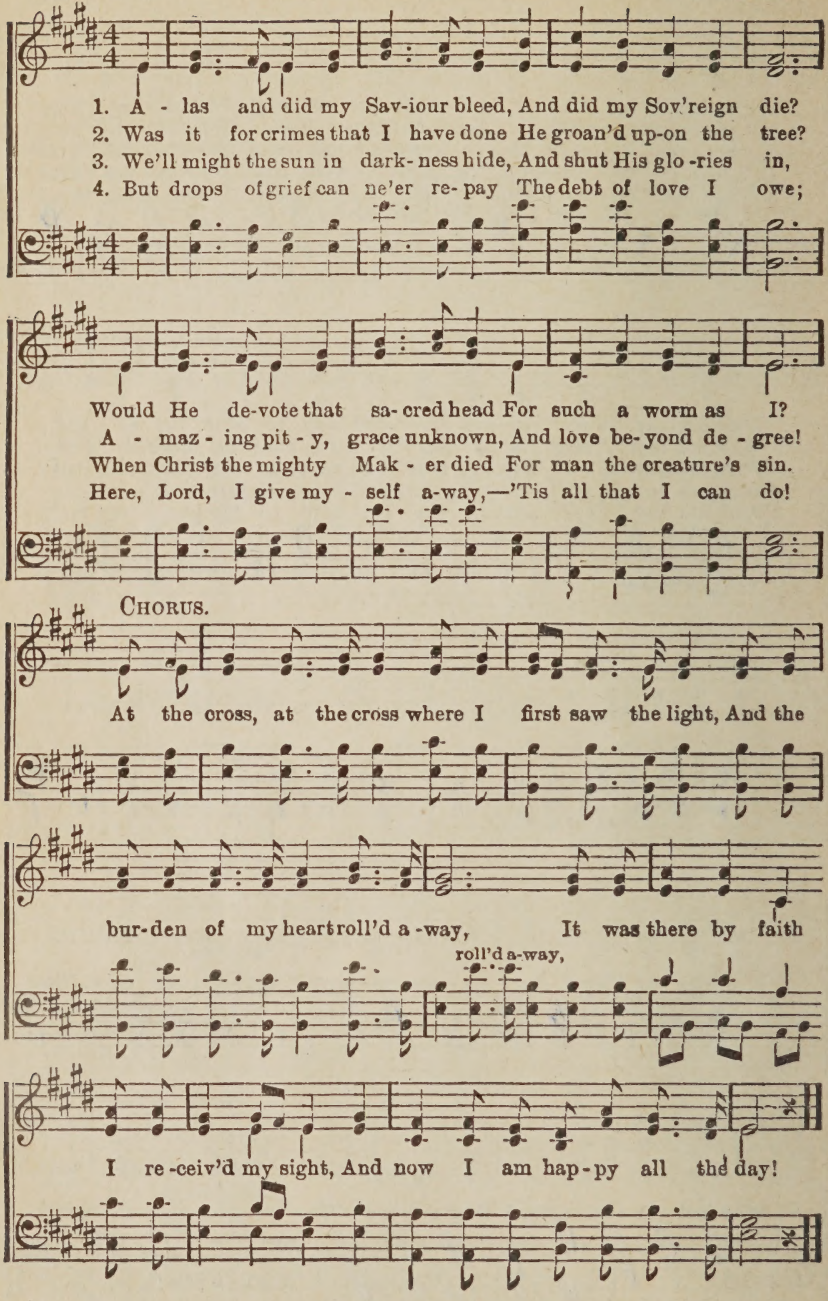






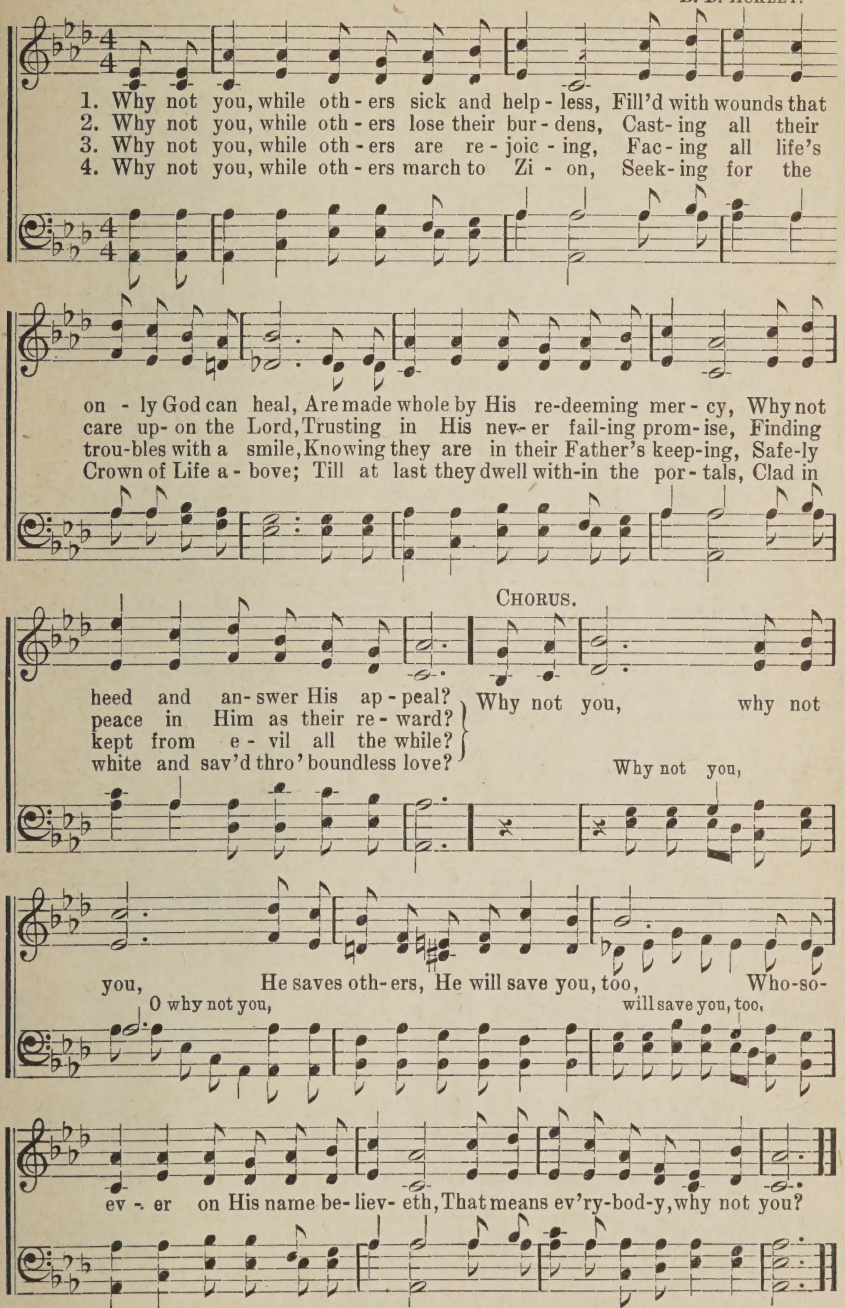
At the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. B. E. HUDSON.


1. A - las and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groan'd up-on the tree?
3. We'll might the sun in dark- ness hide, And shut His glo -ries in,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re- pay The debt of love I owe;
Would He de-vote that sa- cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be-yond de - gree!
When Christ the mighty Mak - er died For man the creature's sin.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a-way,—'Tis all that I can do!
CHORUS.
At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the
bur-den of my heart roll'd a -way, It was there by faith
roll'd a-way,
I re -ceiv'd my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day!

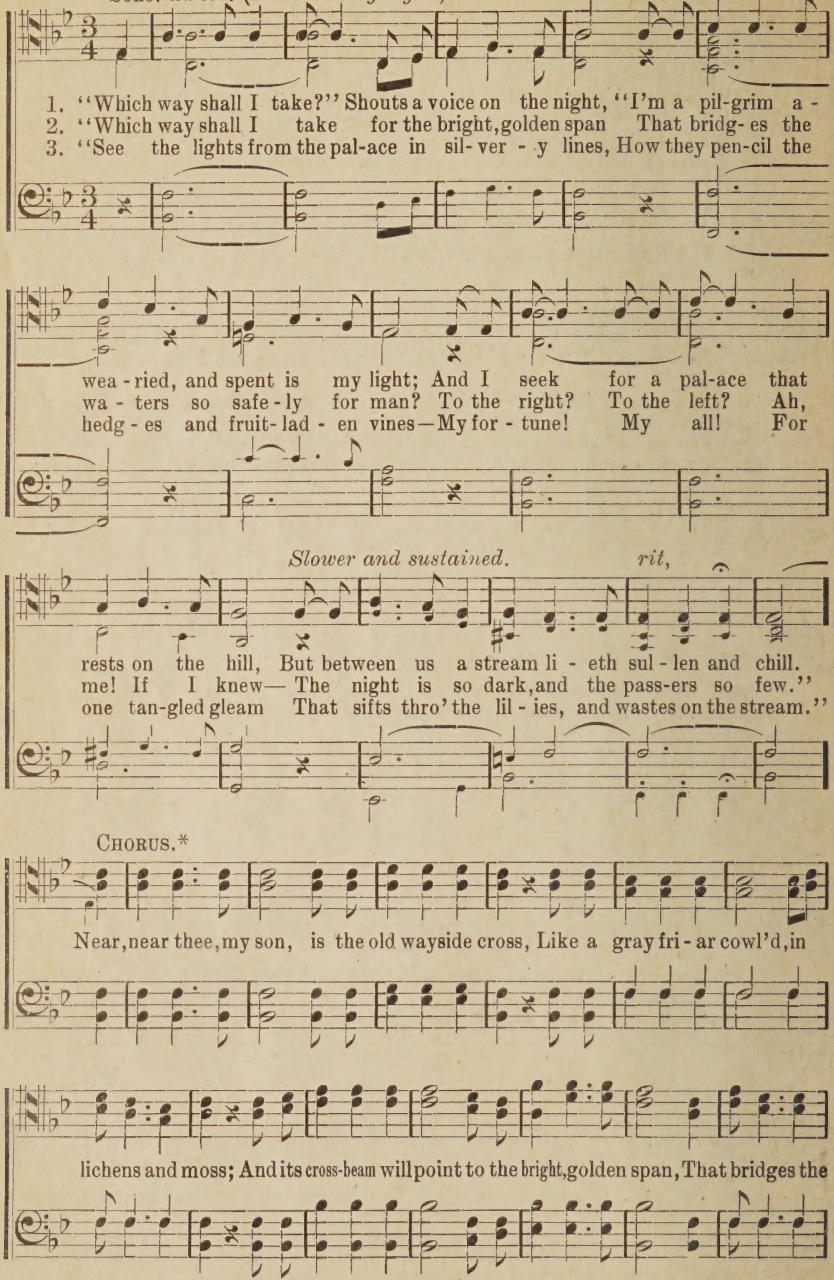
135 Why Not You?

Copyright, 1927, by Mrs. G. W. Anderson, Chautauqua, N. Y.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. Why not you, while oth - ers sick and help - less, Fill'd with wounds that
2. Why not you, while oth - ers lose their bur - dens, Cast - ing all their
3. Why not you, while oth - ers are re - joic - ing, Fac - ing all life's
4. Why not you, while oth - ers march to Zi - on, Seek - ing for the
on - ly God can heal, Are made whole by His re-deeming mer - cy, Why not
care up- on the Lord, Trusting in His nev- er fail-ing prom - ise, Finding
trou-bles with a smile, Knowing they are in their Father's keep-ing, Safe-ly
Crown of Life a - bove; Till at last they dwell with-in the por - tals, Clad in
Chorus.
heed and an- swer His ap - peal?
peace in Him as their re - ward?
kept from e - vil all the while?
white and sav'd thro' boundless love?
Why not you, why not
Why not you,
you, He saves oth- ers, He will save you, too, Who-so-
O why not you,
will save you, too,
ev - er on His name be- liev- eth, That means ev'ry-bod-y, why not you?

The Wayside Cross.

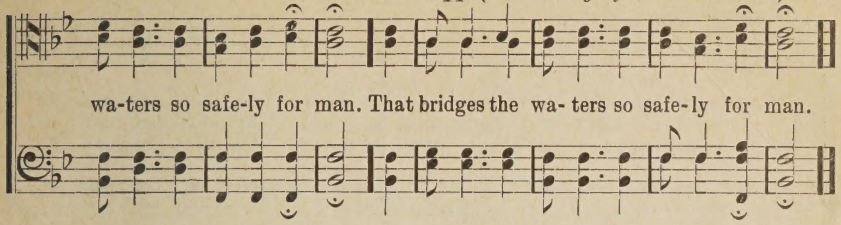
C. L. ST. JOHN. H. R. PALMER.

SOLO. *ad lib.* (*Declamatory style.*)

1. "Which way shall I take?" Shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pil-grim a-
2. "Which way shall I take for the bright, golden span That bridg-es the
3. "See the lights from the pal-ace in sil-ver-y lines, How they pen-cil the
wea-ried, and spent is my light; And I seek for a pal-ace that
wa-ters so safe-ly for man? To the right? To the left? Ah,
hedg-es and fruit-lad-en vines—My for-tune! My all! For
Slower and sustained.
rit,
rests on the hill, But between us a stream li-eth sul-len and chill.
me! If I knew—The night is so dark, and the pass-ers so few."
one tan-gled gleam That sifts thro' the lil-ies, and wastes on the stream."
CHORUS.*
Near, near thee, my son, is the old wayside cross, Like a gray fri-ar cowl'd, in
lichens and moss; And its cross-beam will point to the bright, golden span, That bridges the

* The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding the last note.

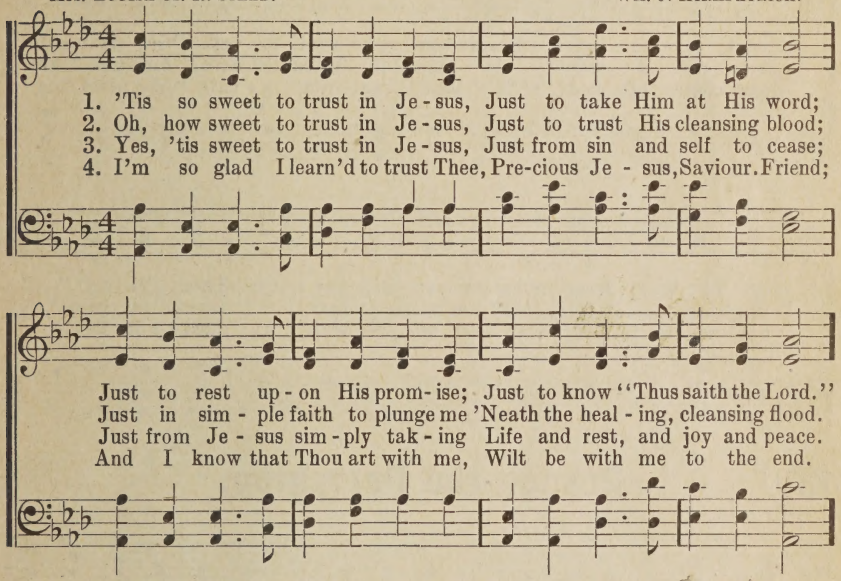
The Wayside Cross.

CODA. *pp* (*To be sung after last stanza.*)

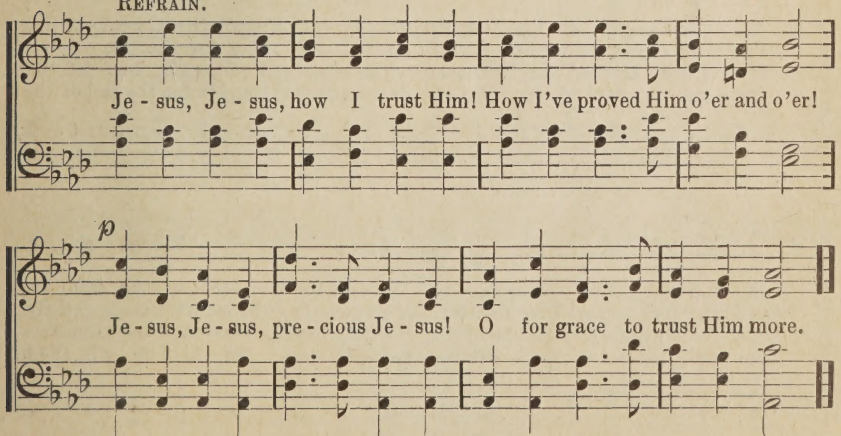


137 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

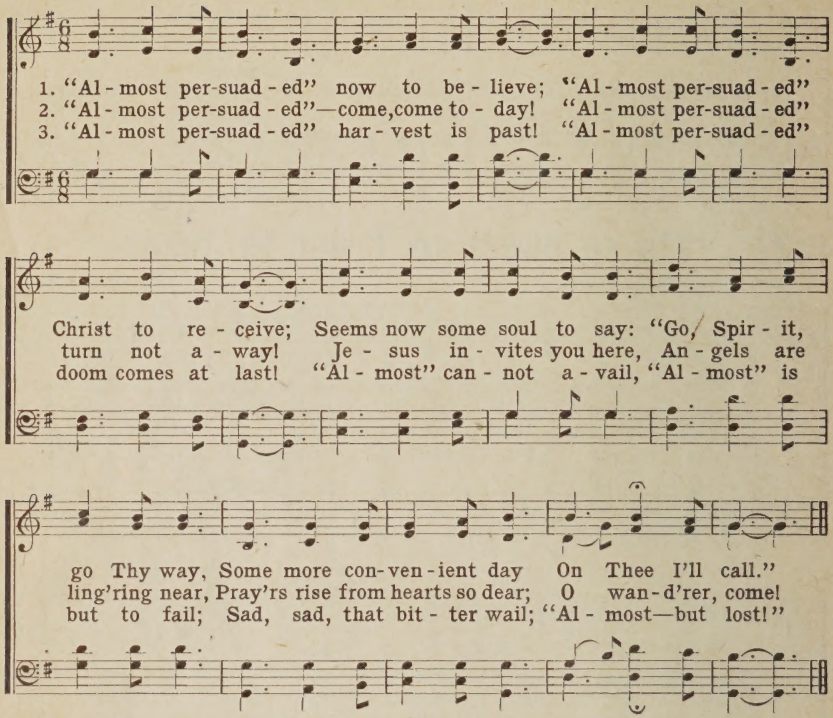

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. Oh, how sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je-sus, Saviour, Friend;
Just to rest up-on His prom-ise; Just to know "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim-ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je-sus sim-ply tak-ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

REFRAIN.



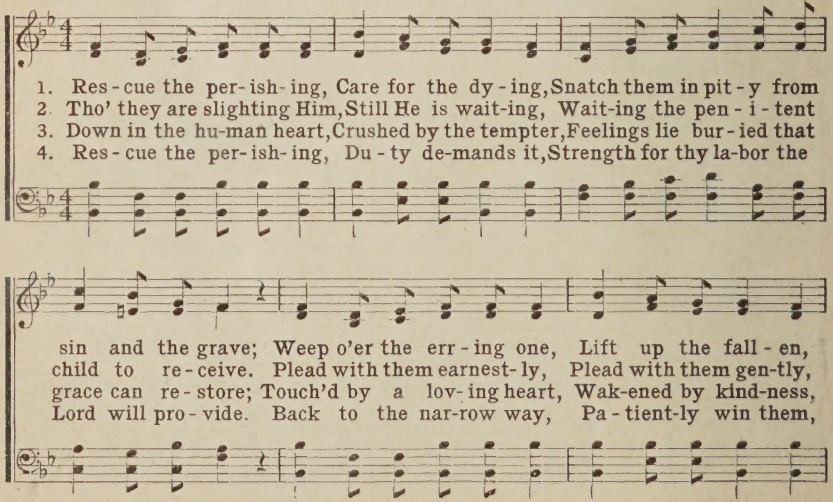
138 Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

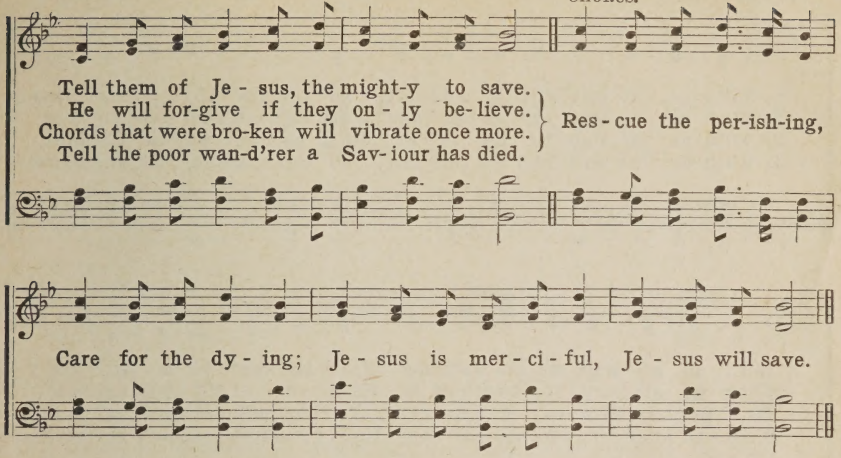

1. "Al - most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed"—come, come to - day! "Al - most per-suad - ed"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed" har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad - ed"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say: "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way! Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail, "Al - most" is
go Thy way, Some more con-ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'rer, come!
but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail; "Al - most—but lost!"

139 Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

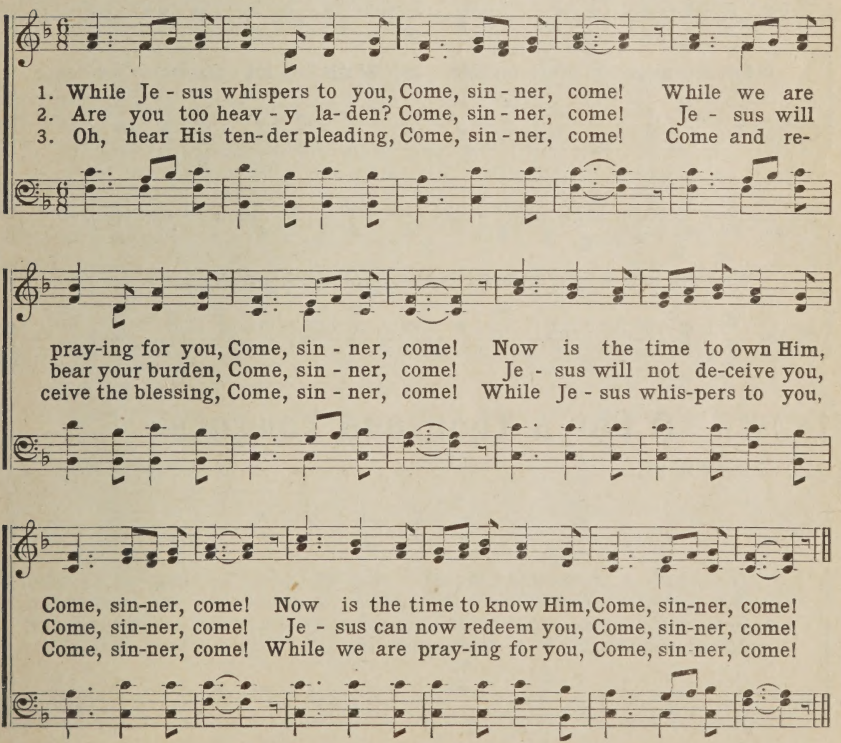

1. Res - cue the per-ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per-ish - ing, Du - ty de-mands it, Strength for thy la-bor the
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive. Plead with them earnest - ly, Plead with them gen-tly,
grace can re - store; Touch'd by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro - vide. Back to the nar-row way, Pa - tient-ly win them,

Rescue the Perishing.

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus, the might-y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve.
Chords that were bro-ken will vibrate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav-iour has died.
Res - cue the per-ish-ing,
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

140 While Jesus Whispers to You.

WILL E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.


1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav - y la-den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten-der pleading, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re-
pray-ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your burden, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
ceive the blessing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whis-pers to you,
Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

141 With Us Alway.

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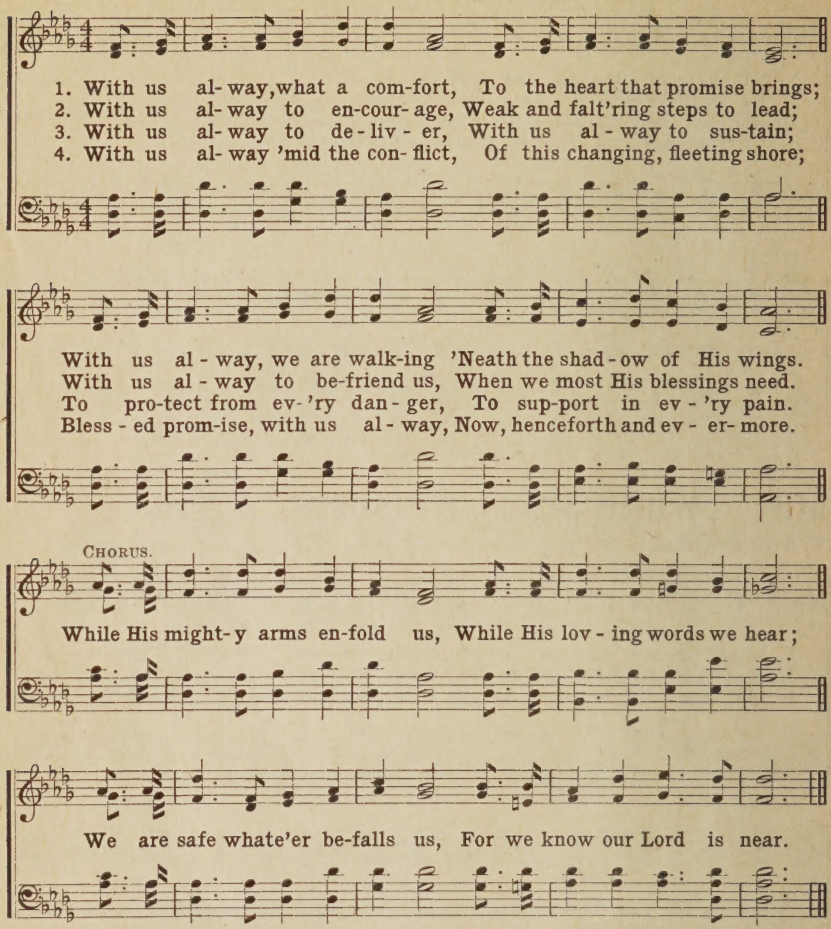
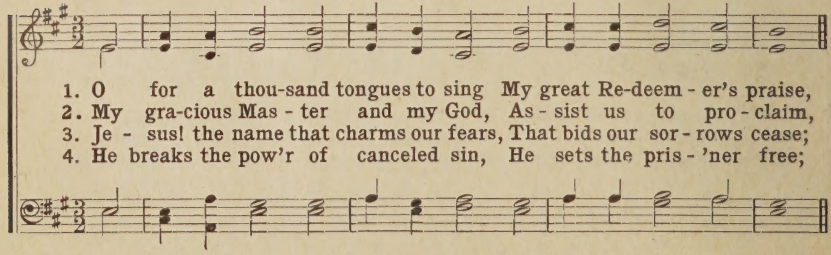
FANNY J. CROSBY. B. D. ACKLEY.

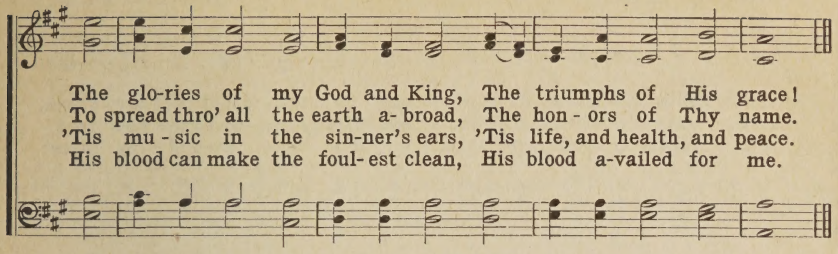

1. With us al-way, what a com-fort, To the heart that promise brings;
2. With us al-way to en-cour-age, Weak and falt'ring steps to lead;
3. With us al-way to de-liv-er, With us al-way to sus-tain;
4. With us al-way 'mid the con-flict, Of this changing, fleeting shore;
With us al-way, we are walk-ing 'Neath the shad-ow of His wings.
With us al-way to be-friend us, When we most His blessings need.
To pro-tect from ev-'ry dan-ger, To sup-port in ev-'ry pain.
Bless-ed prom-ise, with us al-way, Now, henceforth and ev-er-more.
CHORUS.
While His might-y arms en-fold us, While His lov-ing words we hear;
We are safe whate'er be-falls us, For we know our Lord is near.

142 O For a Thousand Tongues.

CHARLES WESLEY. LOWELL MASON.

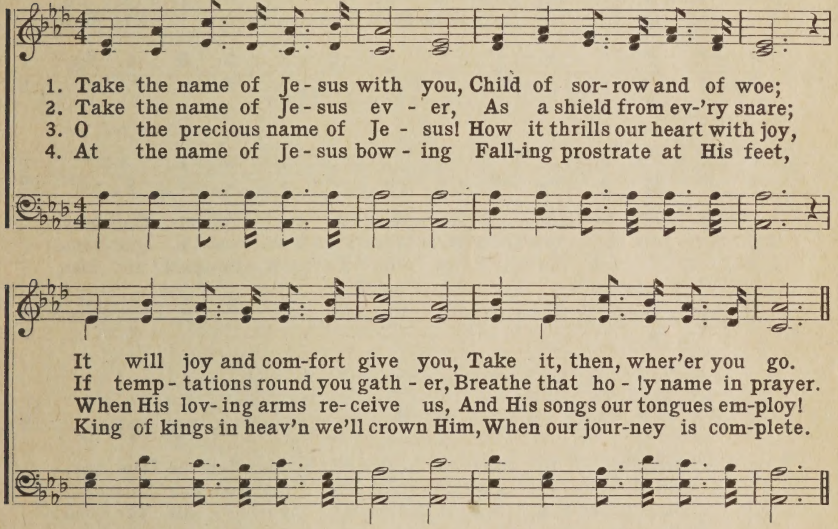

1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise,
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist us to pro-claim,
3. Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, He sets the pris-'ner free;

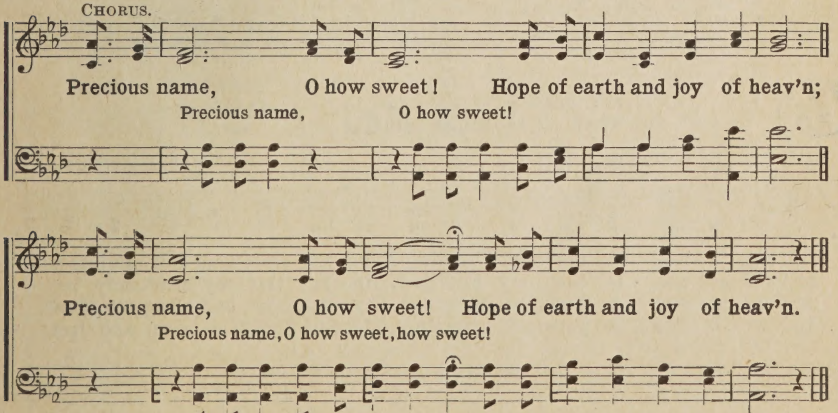
O For a Thousand Tongues.


The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace!
To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name.
'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul-est clean, His blood a-vailed for me.

143 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

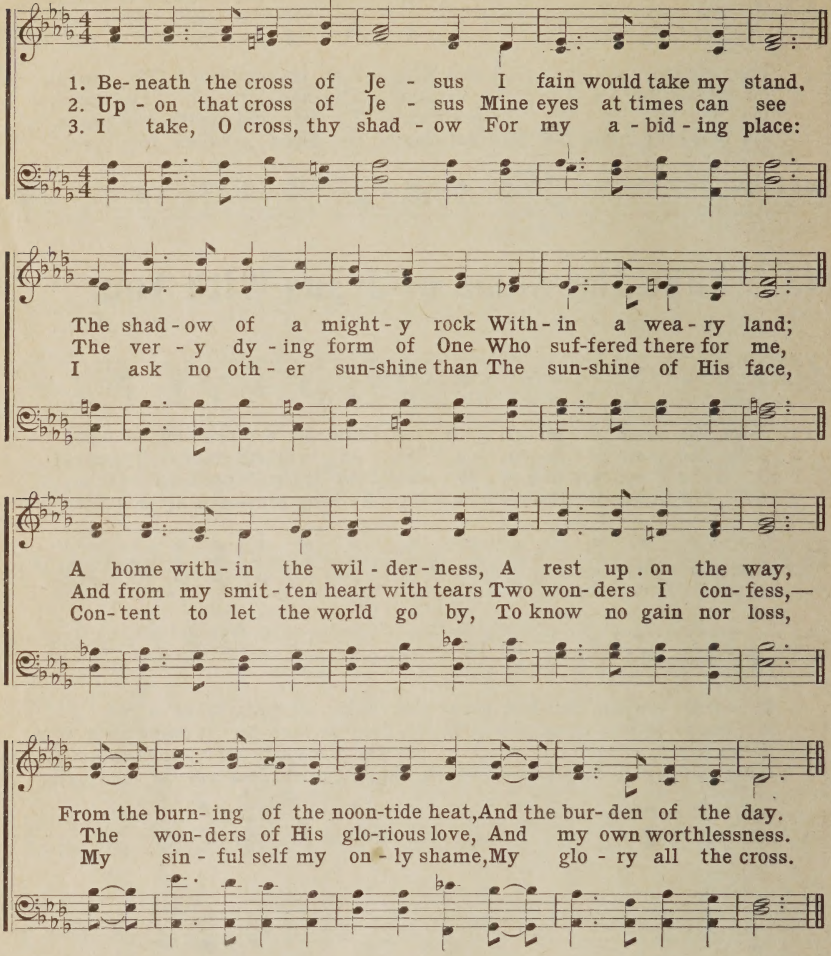
MRS. LILLIAN BAXTER. W. H. DOANE.


1. Take the name of Je-sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je-sus ev-er, As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je-sus! How it thrills our heart with joy,
4. At the name of Je-sus bow-ing Fall-ing prostrate at His feet,
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it, then, wher'er you go.
If temp-tations round you gath-er, Breathe that ho-ly name in prayer.
When His lov-ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy!
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.


CHORUS.
Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

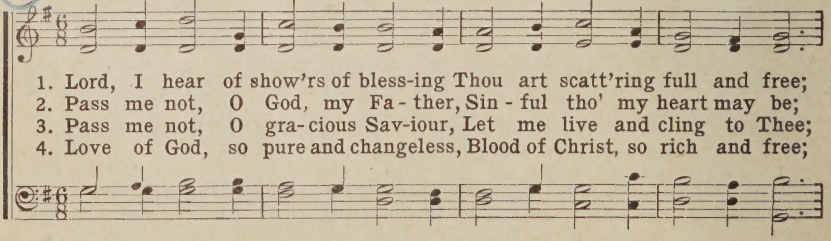
144 Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE — FREDERICK C. MAKER.

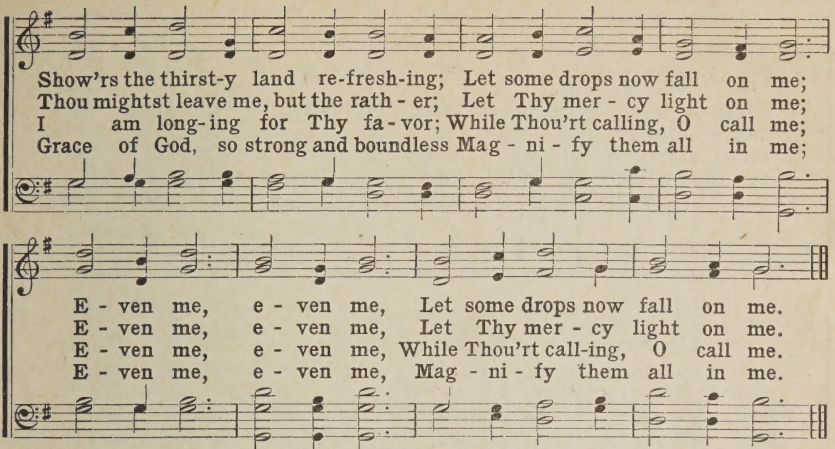

1. Be- neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eyes at times can see
3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing place:
The shad - ow of a might - y rock With - in a wea - ry land;
The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf-fered there for me,
I ask no oth - er sun-shine than The sun-shine of His face,
A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up . on the way,
And from my smit - ten heart with tears Two won-ders I con- fess,—
Con-tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,
From the burn- ing of the noon-tide heat, And the bur- den of the day.
The won-ders of His glo-rious love, And my own worthlessness.
My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.

145 Even Me.

MRS. ELIZABETH CODNER. — WM. B. BRADBURY.

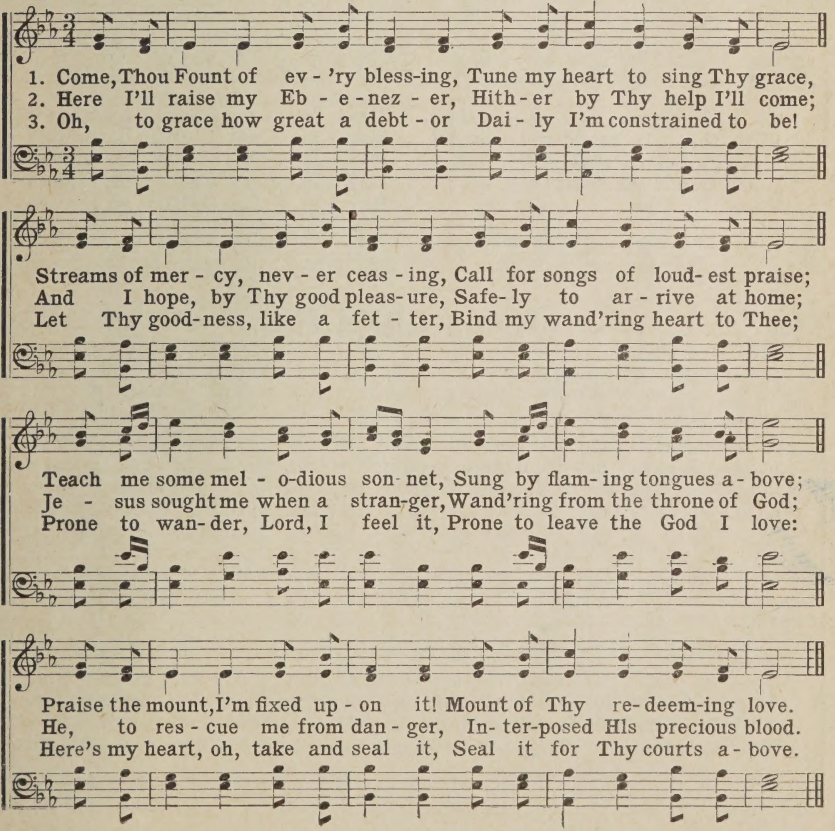

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O gra-cious Sav-iour, Let me live and cling to Thee;
4. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich and free;

Even Me.

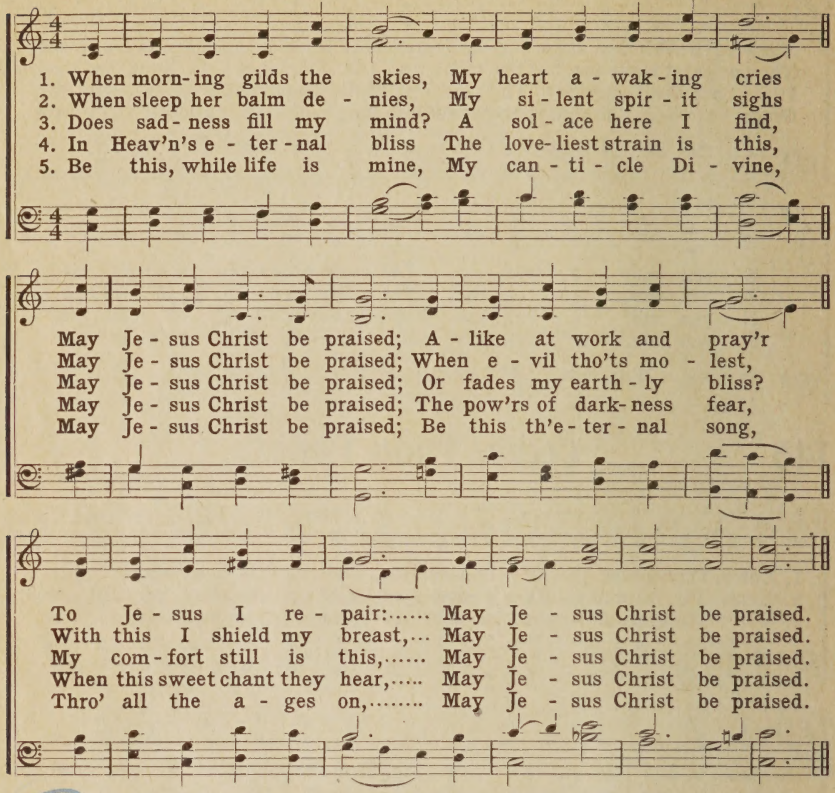

Show'rs the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me;
Thou mightst leave me, but the rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me;
I am long-ing for Thy fa-vor; While Thou'rt calling, O call me;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me;
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, While Thou'rt call-ing, O call me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

146 Come, Thou Fount.

GEO. ROBINSON. JOHN WYETH.

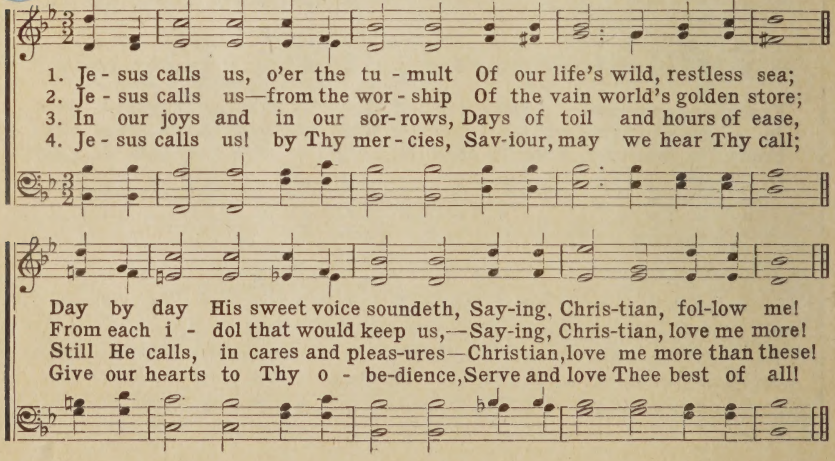

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
2. Here I'll raise my Eb - e - nez - er, Hith - er by Thy help I'll come;
3. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise;
And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar - rive at home;
Let Thy good-ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee;
Teach me some mel - o-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the throne of God;
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love:
Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter-posed His precious blood.
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

147 May Jesus Christ Be Praised.

Rev. EDWARD CASWALL. Sir JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries
2. When sleep her balm de - nies, My si - lent spir - it sighs
3. Does sad - ness fill my mind? A sol - ace here I find,
4. In Heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss The love-liest strain is this,
5. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle Di - vine,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; A - like at work and pray'r
May Je - sus Christ be praised; When e - vil tho'ts mo - lest,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; Or fades my earth - ly bliss?
May Je - sus Christ be praised; The pow'rs of dark - ness fear,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; Be this th'e - ter - nal song,
To Je - sus I re - pair:..... May Je - sus Christ be praised.
With this I shield my breast,... May Je - sus Christ be praised.
My com - fort still is this,..... May Je - sus Christ be praised.
When this sweet chant they hear,..... May Je - sus Christ be praised.
Thro' all the a - ges on,..... May Je - sus Christ be praised.

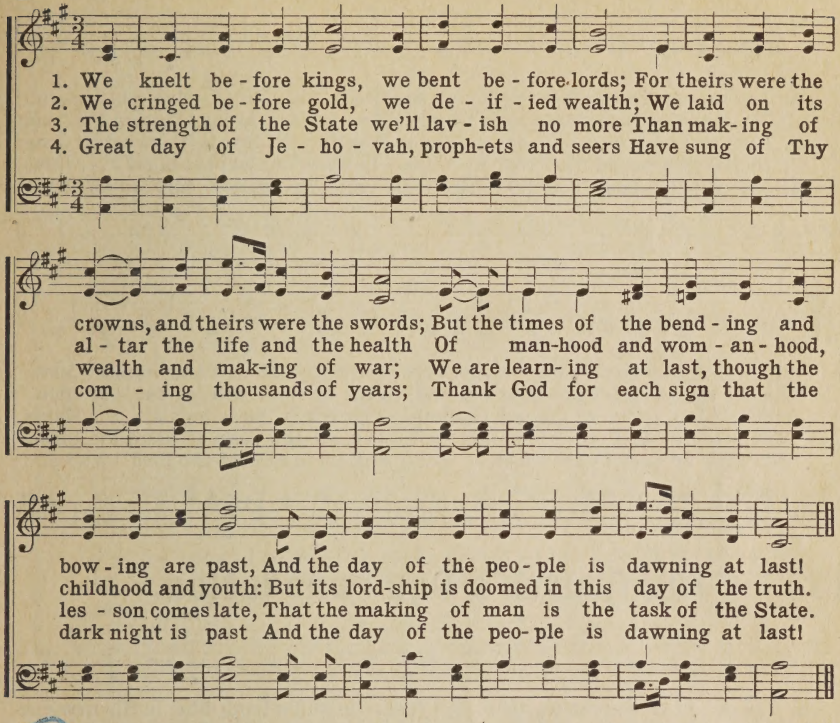
148 Jesus Calls Us.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER. W. H. JUDE.

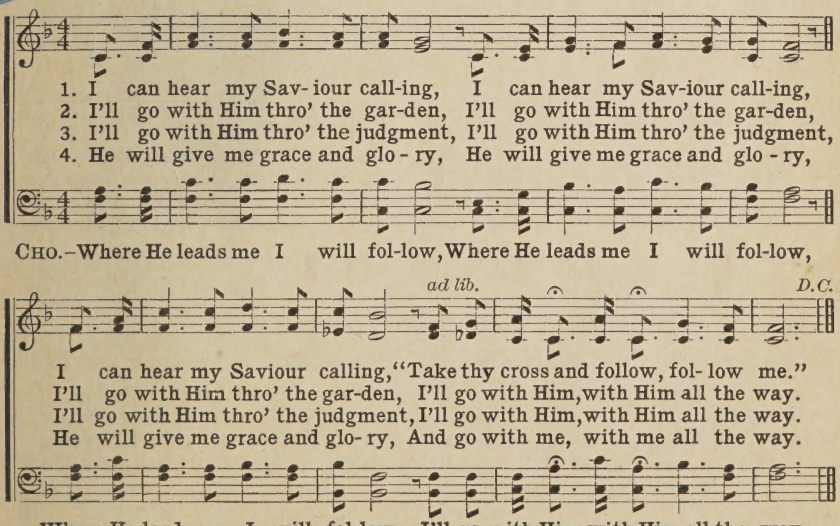

1. Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, restless sea;
2. Je - sus calls us—from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store;
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us! by Thy mer - cies, Sav-iour, may we hear Thy call;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say-ing, Chris-tian, fol-low me!
From each i - dol that would keep us,—Say-ing, Chris-tian, love me more!
Still He calls, in cares and pleas-ures—Christian, love me more than these!
Give our hearts to Thy o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all!

149 We Knelt Before Kings.

WILLIAM PEARSON MERRILL. MICHAEL HAYDN.

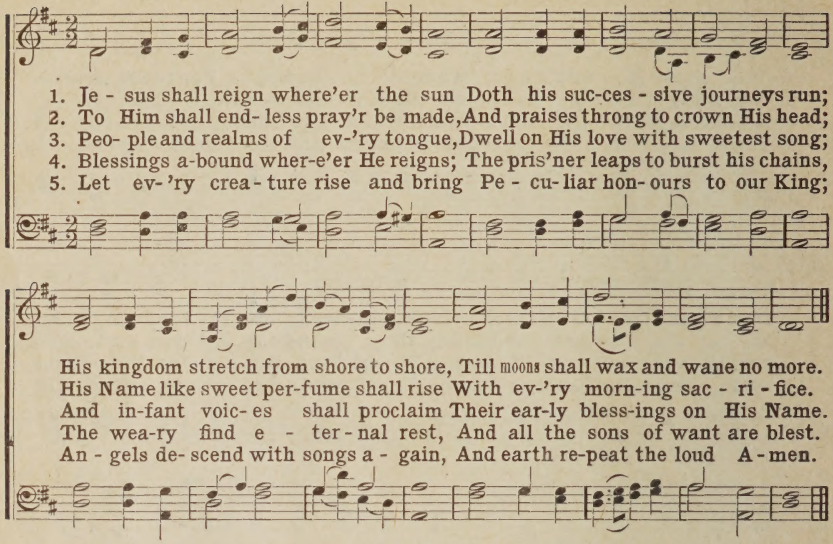

1. We knelt be - fore kings, we bent be - fore lords; For theirs were the
2. We cringed be - fore gold, we de - if - ied wealth; We laid on its
3. The strength of the State we'll lav - ish no more Than mak - ing of
4. Great day of Je - ho - vah, proph-ets and seers Have sung of Thy
crowns, and theirs were the swords; But the times of the bend - ing and
al - tar the life and the health Of man-hood and wom - an - hood,
wealth and mak-ing of war; We are learn - ing at last, though the
com - ing thousands of years; Thank God for each sign that the
bow - ing are past, And the day of the peo - ple is dawning at last!
childhood and youth: But its lord-ship is doomed in this day of the truth.
les - son comes late, That the making of man is the task of the State.
dark night is past And the day of the peo - ple is dawning at last!

150 Where He Leads Me.

E. W. BLANDLY. Arranged.

1. I can hear my Sav - iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
CHO.–Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,
ad lib.
D.C.
I can hear my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and follow, fol- low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

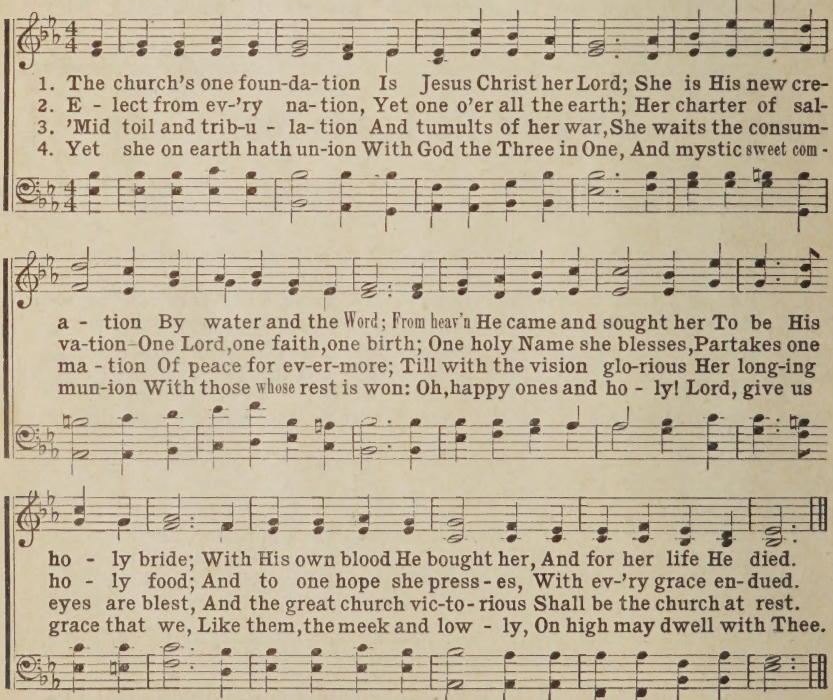
151 Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. J. HATTON.


1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Doth his suc-ces - sive journeys run;
2. To Him shall end- less pray'r be made, And praises throng to crown His head;
3. Peo- ple and realms of ev-'ry tongue, Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
4. Blessings a-bound wher-e'er He reigns; The pris'ner leaps to burst his chains,
5. Let ev-'ry crea - ture rise and bring Pe - cu-liar hon- ours to our King;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His Name like sweet per-fume shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac - ri - fice.
And in-fant voic- es shall proclaim Their ear-ly bless-ings on His Name.
The wea-ry find e - ter-nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
An - gels de- scend with songs a - gain, And earth re-peat the loud A - men.

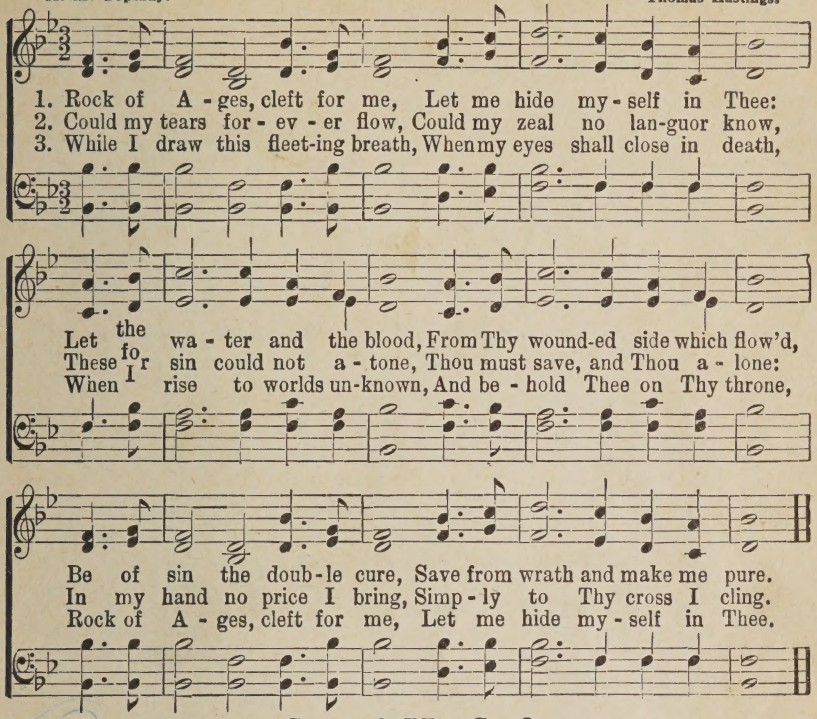
152 The Church's One Foundation.

S. J. STONE. Dr. S. S. WESLEY.


1. The church's one foun-da-tion Is Jesus Christ her Lord; She is His new cre-
2. E - lect from ev-'ry na-tion, Yet one o'er all the earth; Her charter of sal-
3. 'Mid toil and trib-u - la-tion And tumults of her war, She waits the consum-
4. Yet she on earth hath un-ion With God the Three in One, And mystic sweet com-
a - tion By water and the Word; From heav'n He came and sought her To be His
va-tion-One Lord, one faith, one birth; One holy Name she blesses, Partakes one
ma - tion Of peace for ev-er-more; Till with the vision glo-rious Her long-ing
mun-ion With those whose rest is won: Oh, happy ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us
ho - ly bride; With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
ho - ly food; And to one hope she press-es, With ev-'ry grace en-dued.
eyes are blest, And the great church vic-to-rious Shall be the church at rest.
grace that we, Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee.

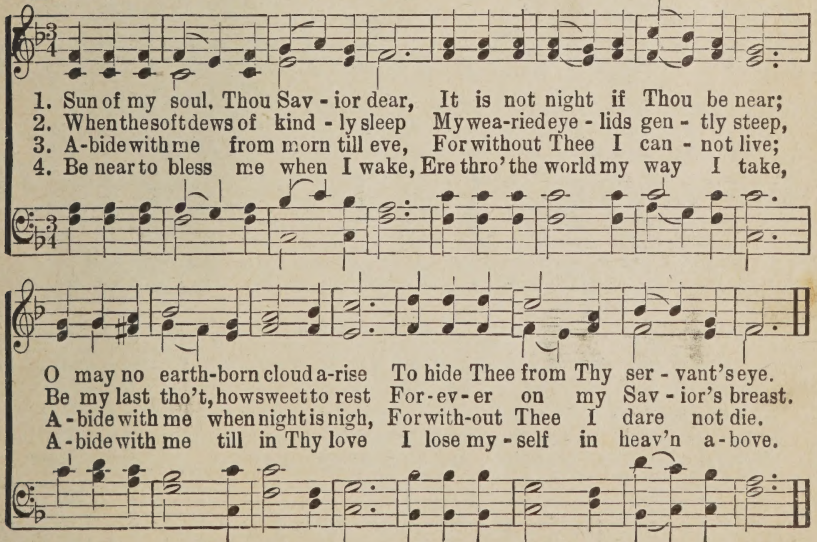
153 Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thomas Hastings.

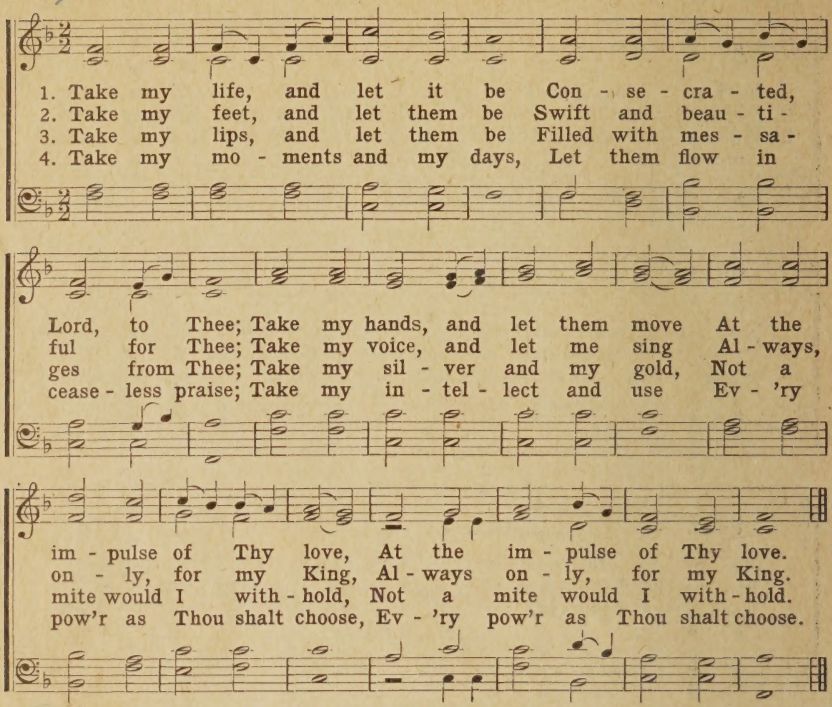

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee:
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flow'd,
These for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,
Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Simp - ly to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

154 Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

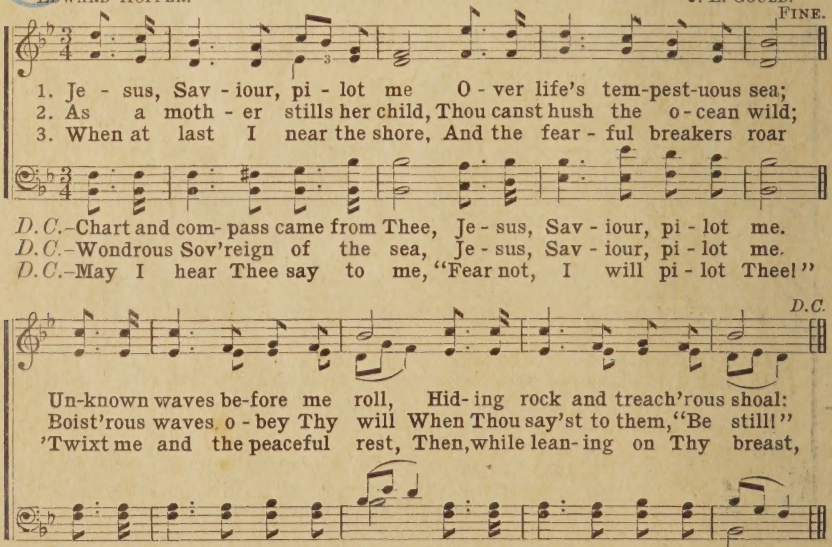

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take,
O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eye.
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - ior's breast.
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose my - self in heav'n a-bove.

155 Take My Life.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. A. H. C. MALAN

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted,
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti -
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa -
4. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in
Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and let them move At the
ful for Thee; Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways,
ges from Thee; Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a
cease - less praise; Take my in - tel - lect and use Ev - 'ry
im - pulse of Thy love, At the im - pulse of Thy love.
on - ly, for my King, Al - ways on - ly, for my King.
mite would I with - hold, Not a mite would I with - hold.
pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

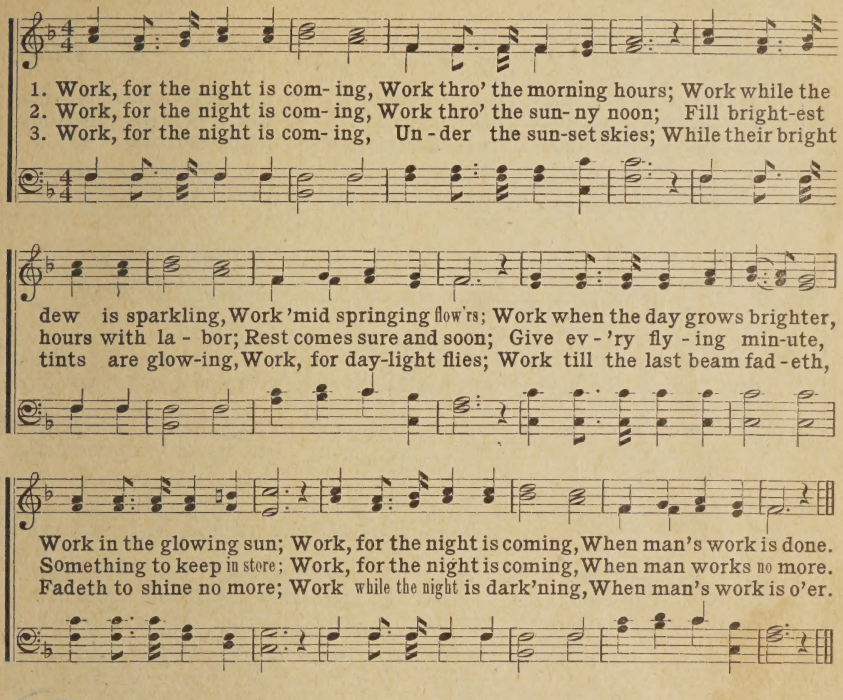
156 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.


FINE.
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar
D.C.—Chart and com- pass came from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D.C.—Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D.C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot Thee!"
D.C.
Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal:
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

157 Work, for the Night is Coming.

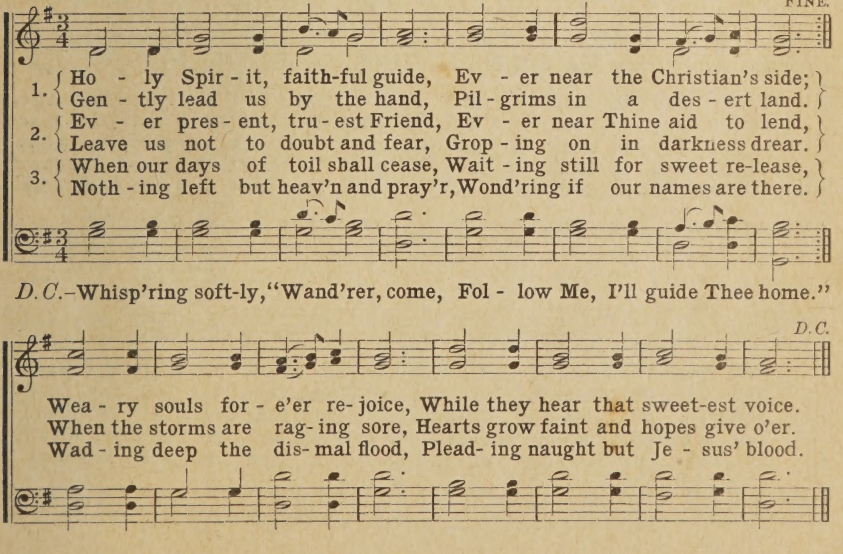
SIDNEY DYER. LOWELL MASON.


1. Work, for the night is com- ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the
2. Work, for the night is com- ing, Work thro' the sun- ny noon; Fill bright-est
3. Work, for the night is com- ing, Un - der the sun-set skies; While their bright
dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter,
hours with la - bor; Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min-ute,
tints are glow-ing, Work, for day-light flies; Work till the last beam fad - eth,
Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
Fadeth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

158 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

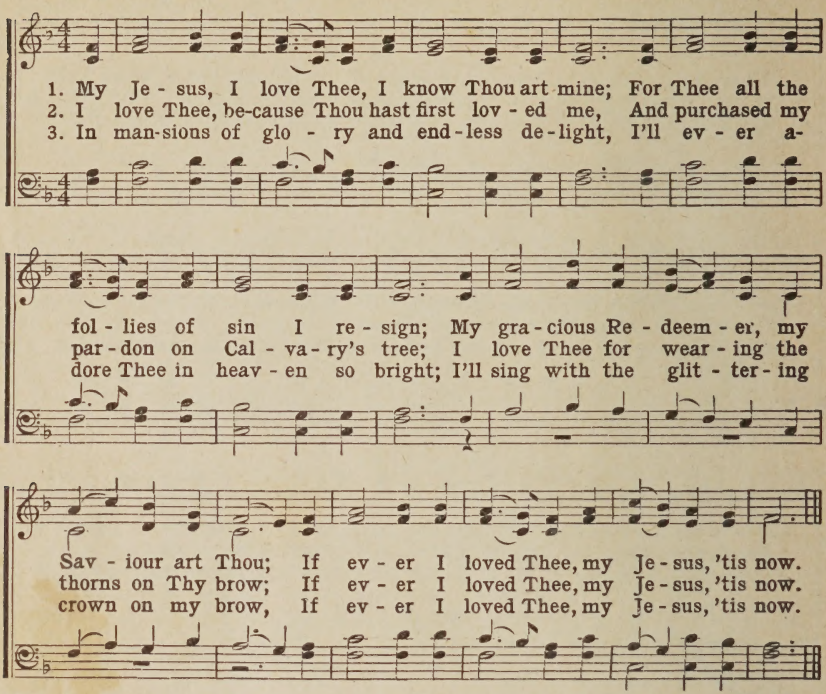
M. M. W. M. M. WELLS.

FINE.


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side;
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land.
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in darkness drear.
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re-lease,
Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names are there.
D.C.—Whisp'ring soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Fol - low Me, I'll guide Thee home."
D.C.
Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice.
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er.
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood.

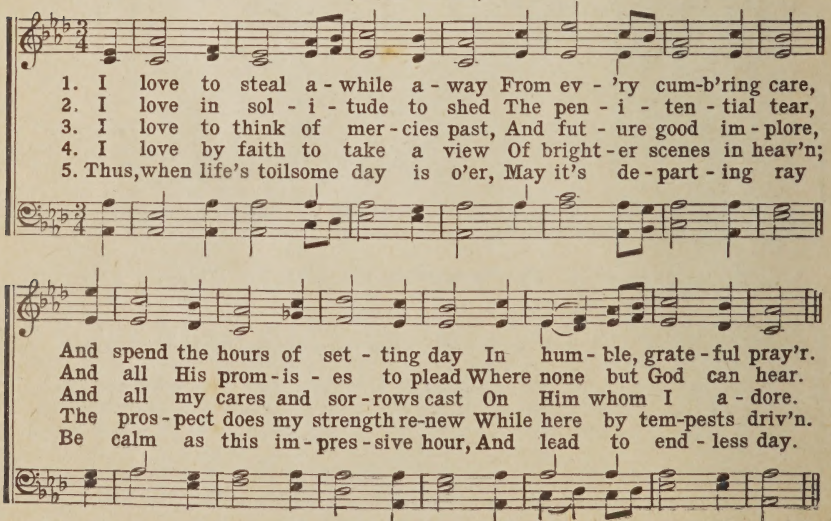
159 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.


1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be-cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a-
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

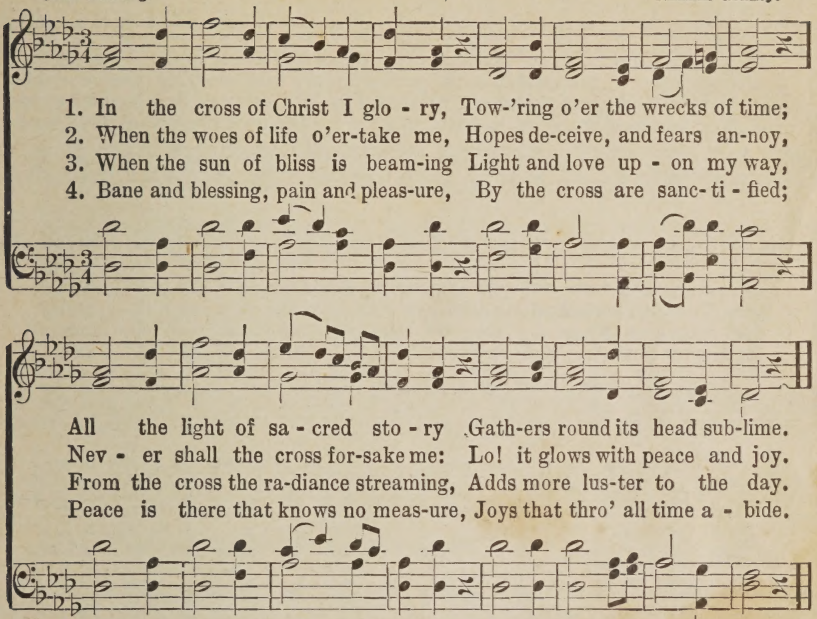
160 I Love to Steal Awhile Away.

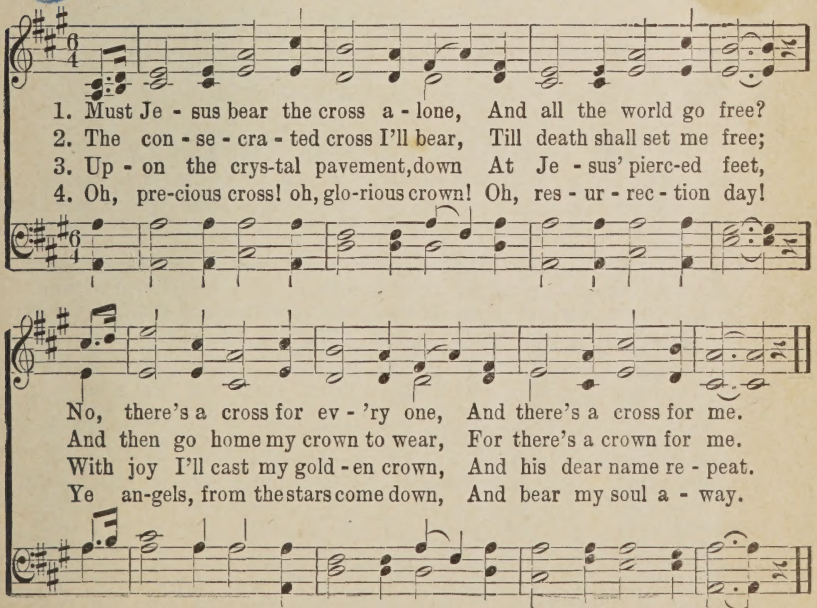
(Ayon. C. M.)


1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - 'ry cum-b'ring care,
2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear,
3. I love to think of mer - cies past, And fut - ure good im - plore,
4. I love by faith to take a view Of bright - er scenes in heav'n;
5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May it's de - part - ing ray
And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful pray'r.
And all His prom - is - es to plead Where none but God can hear.
And all my cares and sor - rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.
The pros - pect does my strength re-new While here by tem-pests driv'n.
Be calm as this im - pres - sive hour, And lead to end - less day.

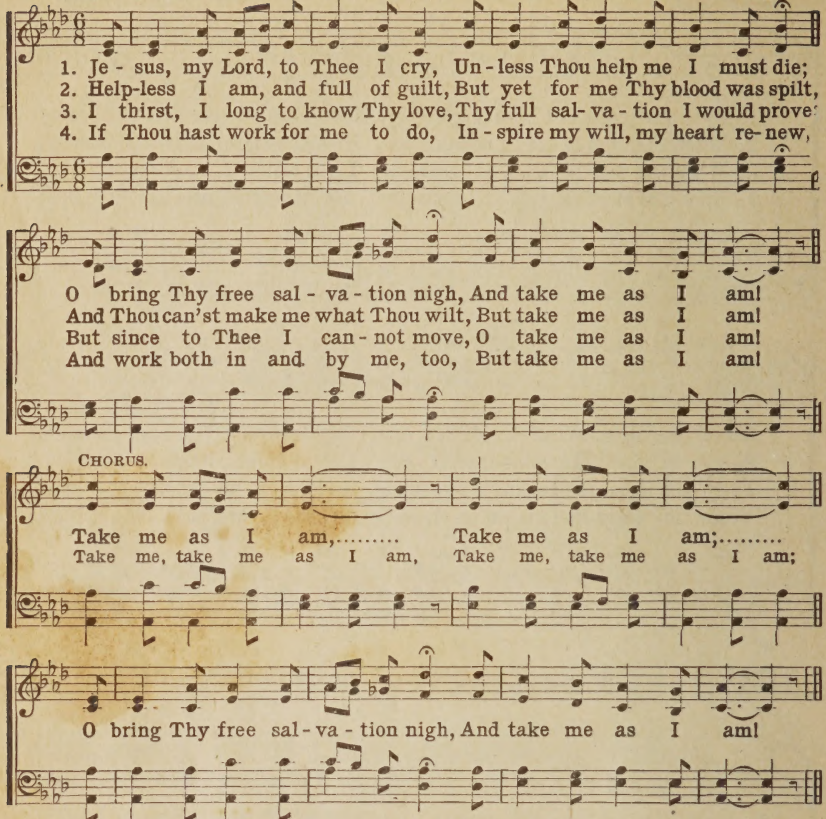
161 In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an-noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc- ti - fied;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra-diance streaming, Adds more lus-ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

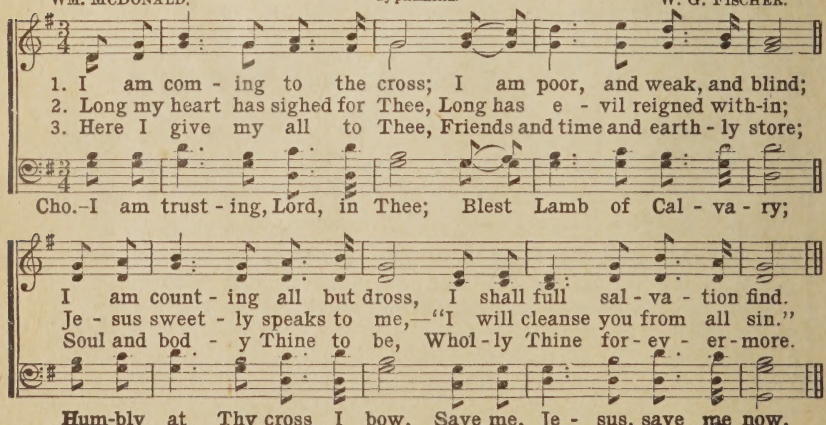
162 Must Jesus Bear the Cross?

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
3. Up - on the crys-tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. Oh, pre-cious cross! oh, glo-rious crown! Oh, res - ur - rec - tion day!
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And his dear name re - peat.
Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

163 Take Me As I Am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un - less Thou help me I must die;
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
3. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal- va - tion I would prove
4. If Thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart re- new,
O bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
And Thou can'st make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!
But since to Thee I can - not move, O take me as I am!
And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!
CHORUS.
Take me as I am,..... Take me as I am;.....
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;
O bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

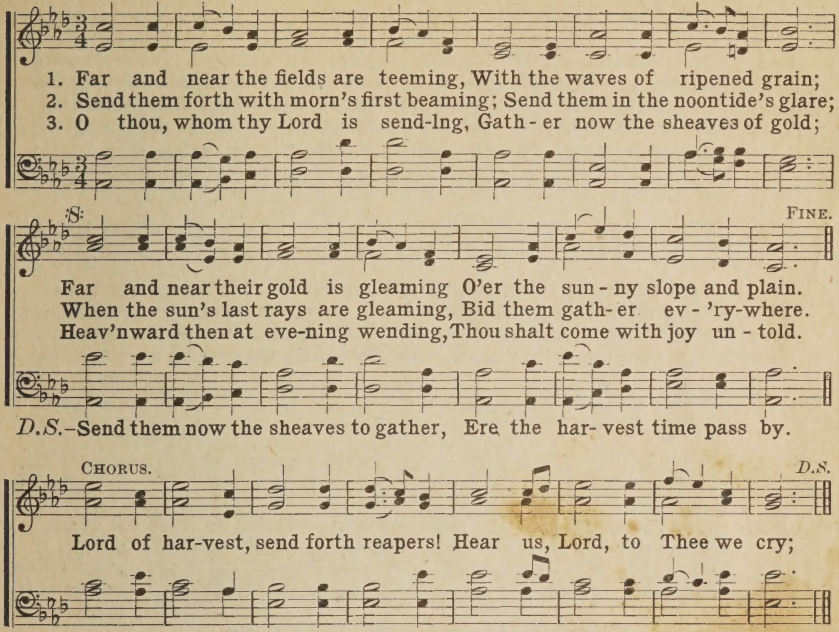
164 I Am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

WM. MCDONALD. By permission. W. G. FISCHER.


1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth - ly store;
Cho.–I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,—"I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.
Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

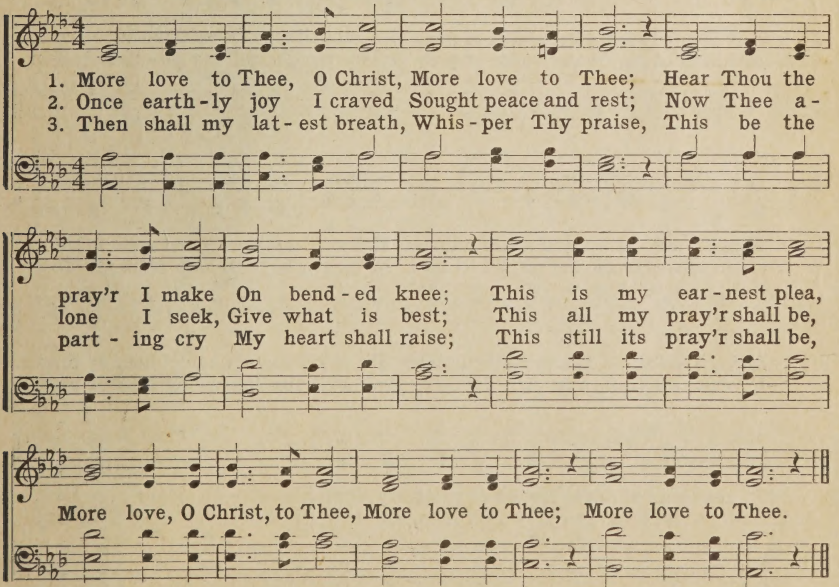
165 Far and Near the Fields are Teeming.

J. O. THOMPSON. J. B. O. CLEMM.


1. Far and near the fields are teeming, With the waves of ripened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming; Send them in the noontide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath-er now the sheaves of gold;
:S:
FINE.
Far and near their gold is gleaming O'er the sun-ny slope and plain.
When the sun's last rays are gleaming, Bid them gath-er ev-'ry-where.
Heav'nward then at eve-ning wending, Thou shalt come with joy un-told.
D.S.—Send them now the sheaves to gather, Ere the har-vest time pass by.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Lord of har-vest, send forth reapers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;

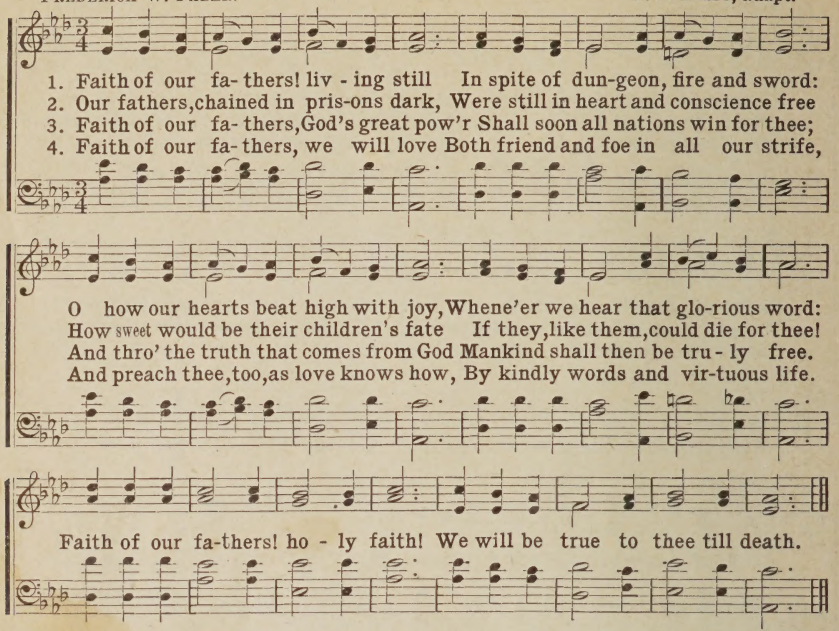
166 More Love to Thee.

ELIZABETH PRENTIS. W. H. DOANE.


1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat-est breath, Whis-per Thy praise, This be the
pray'r I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be,
part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee; More love to Thee.

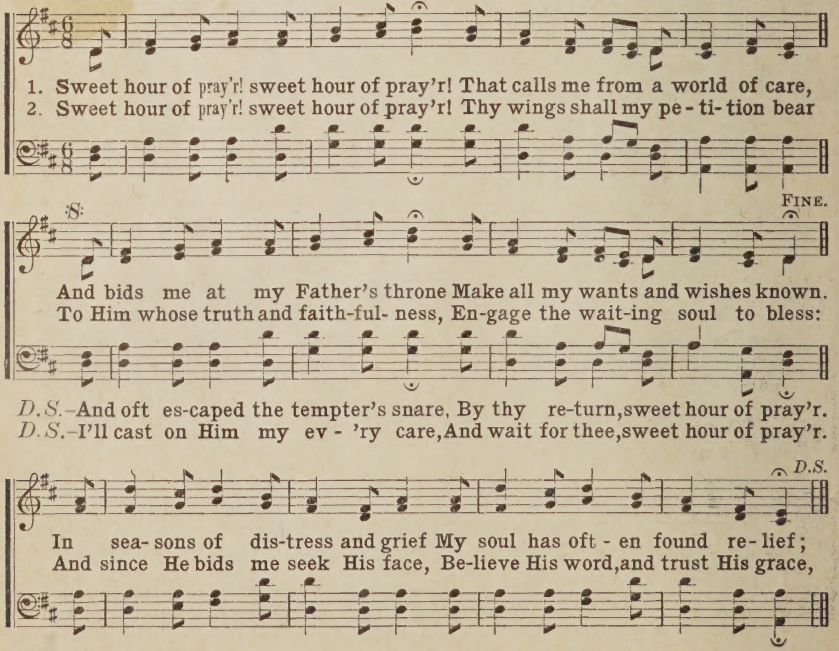
167 Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER. H. F. HEMY, adapt.


1. Faith of our fa- thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our fathers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free
3. Faith of our fa- thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all nations win for thee;
4. Faith of our fa- thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,
O how our hearts beat high with joy, Whene'er we hear that glo-rious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
And thro' the truth that comes from God Mankind shall then be tru - ly free.
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kindly words and vir-tuous life.
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

168 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Rev. WILLIAM W. WALFORD. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.


1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe - ti- tion bear
FINE.
And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known.
To Him whose truth and faith-ful- ness, En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless:
D. S.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
D. S.—I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
D.S.
In sea- sons of dis-tress and grief My soul has oft - en found re- lief;
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace,

169 What Did He Do?

Dr. J. M. Gray. W. Owen.

1. O list - en to our wondrous sto - ry, Counted once a-mong the lost;
   Yet, One came down from heaven's glo-ry Sav-ing us at aw - ful cost!
2. No an-gel could His place have tak - en, High-est of the high tho' he;
   The loved One on the cross for-sak - en Was one of the God-head three!
3. Will you sur - ren-der to this Sav - ior? To His sceptre hum - bly bow?
   You, too shall come to know His fa - vor, He will save you, save you now.

CHORUS.

Who saved us from e - ter - nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up - on the cross? He
Where is He now? In heav - en in-ter - ceed - ing!
died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In heav - en in - ter - ceed - ing!

170 Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould Joseph Barnby.

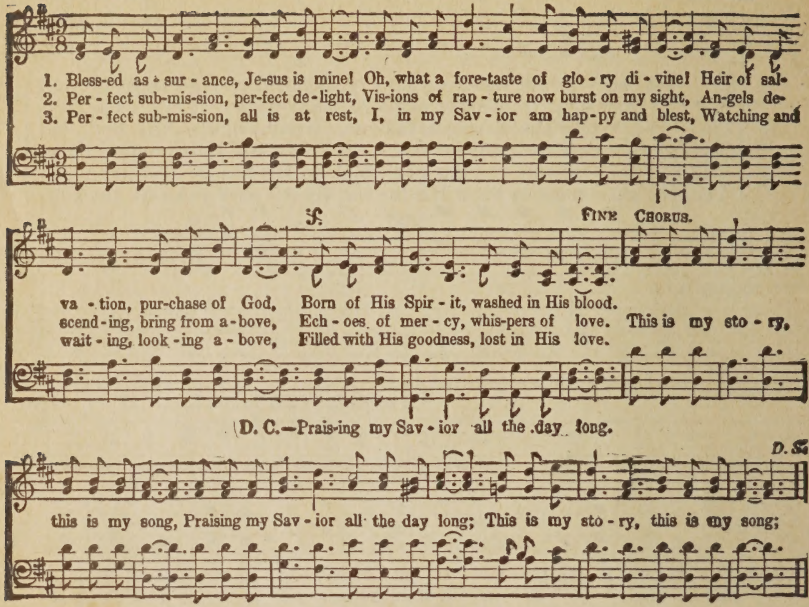
1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vis - ions bright of Thee;
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors, toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.

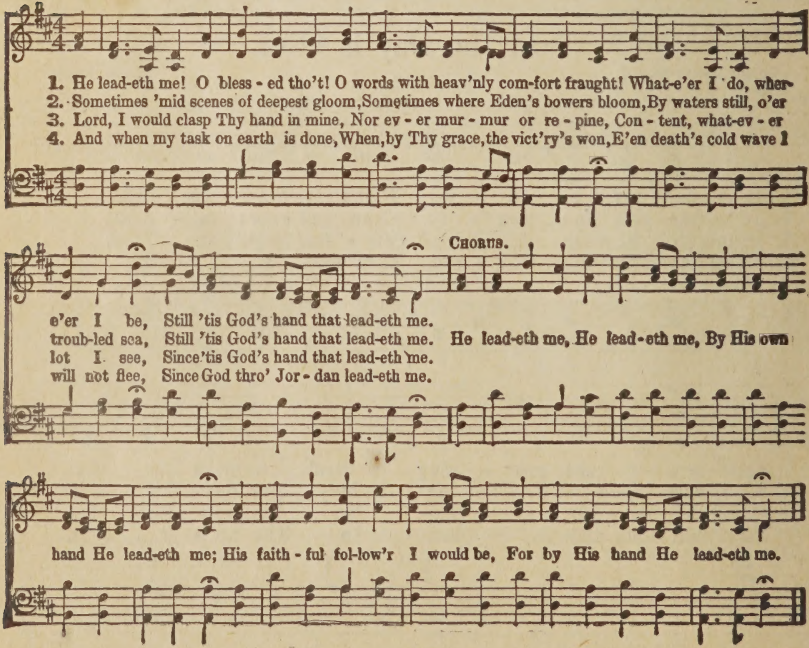
171 Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.


1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal-
2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-
3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav - ior am hap-py and blest, Watching and
FINE
CHORUS.
va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry,
wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.
D. S.
this is my song, Praising my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song;

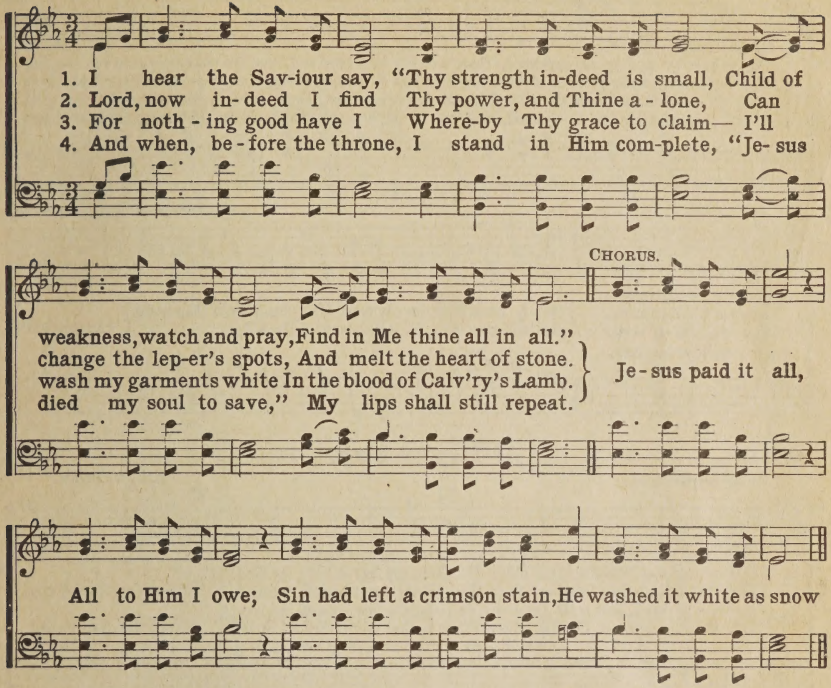
172 He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.

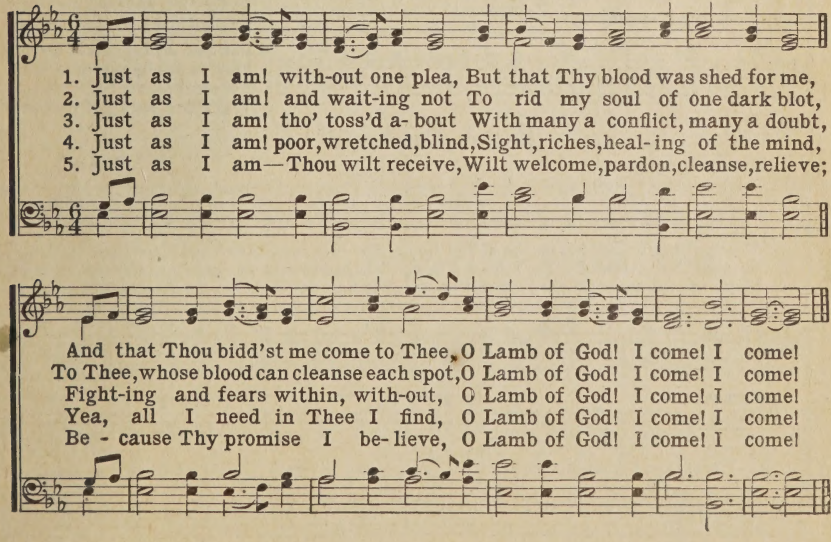

1. He lead-eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Con - tent, what-ev - er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I
CHORUS.
e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own
lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.
hand He lead-eth me; His faith - ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

173 Jesus Paid It All.

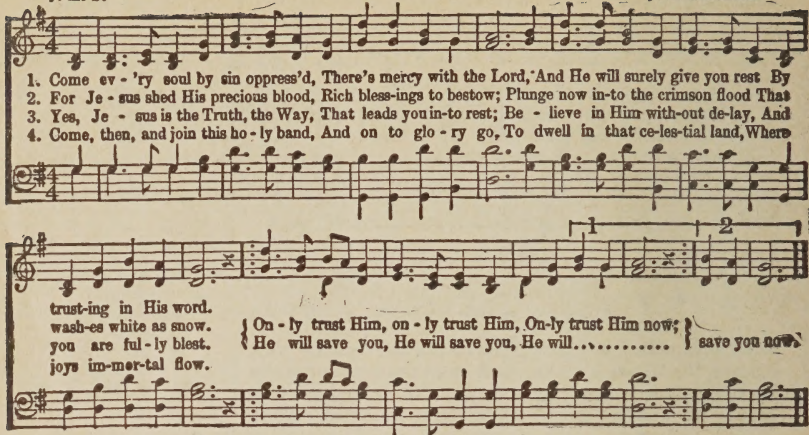
Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.


1. I hear the Sav-iour say, "Thy strength in-deed is small, Child of
2. Lord, now in- deed I find Thy power, and Thine a - lone, Can
3. For noth - ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim— I'll
4. And when, be - fore the throne, I stand in Him com-plete, "Je- sus
weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
wash my garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
died my soul to save," My lips shall still repeat.
Chorus.
Je - sus paid it all,
All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow

174 Just As I Am.

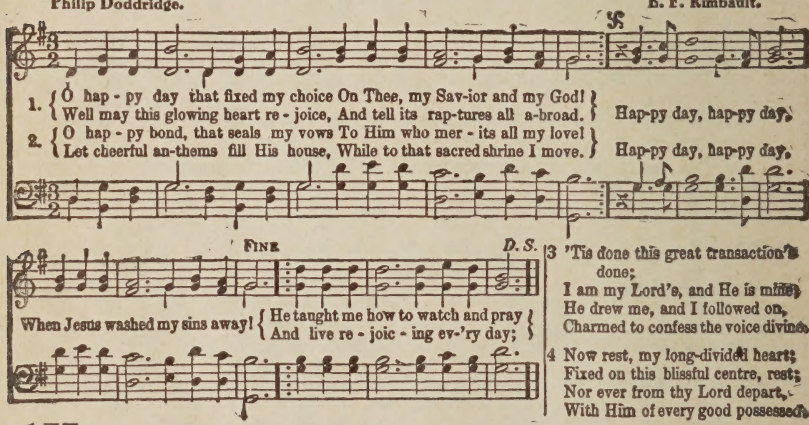
Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a- bout With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, heal- ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Fight-ing and fears within, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee I find, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Be - cause Thy promise I be- lieve, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

175 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.

1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where
1
2
trust-ing in His word.
wash-es white as snow.
you are ful - ly blest.
joys im-mor-tal flow.
On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will.....
save you now.

176 O Happy Day.

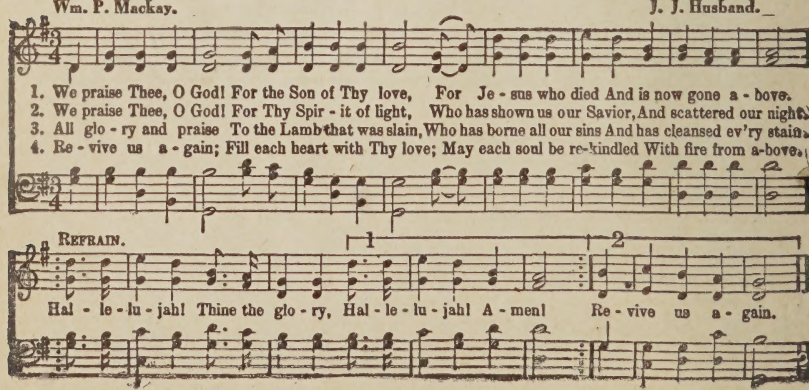
Philip Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.


1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
Hap-py day, hap-py day,
2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
Hap-py day, hap-py day,
FINE
D. S.
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray
And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day;

3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

177 Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.
REFRAIN.
1
2
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

178

No, Not One!

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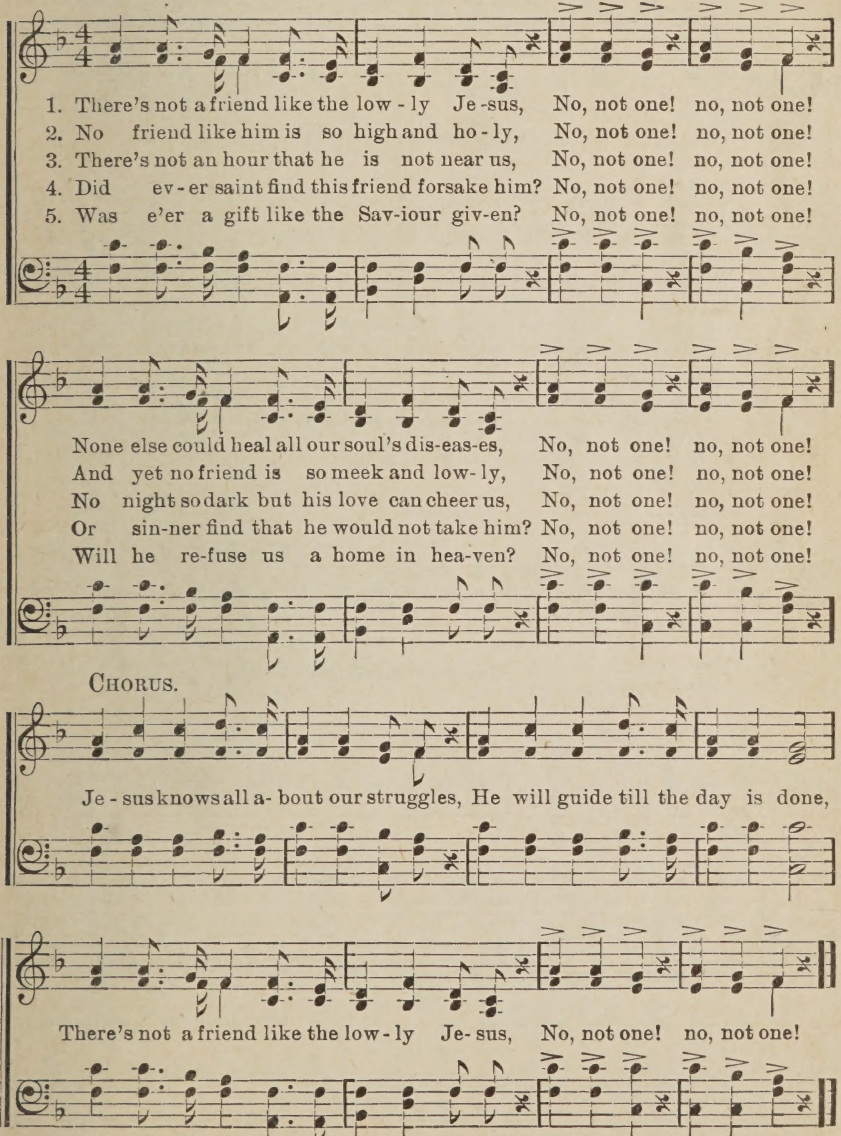
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. C. HUGG.


1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!
None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin-ner find that he would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will he re-fuse us a home in hea-ven? No, not one! no, not one!
CHORUS.
Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,
There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!

Listen to the Song Birds.

A. H. A.

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Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.

Mrs. G. W. Anderson, Chautauqua, N. Y., Owner

1. If you walk in the vale of sor- row, Do not droop like a fad - ing
2. In the morn when the day is break-ing, When at even- ing the shad-ows
3. Ev- 'ry tune is a hymn of glad-ness, Ev - 'ry note is a song of
4. Trnst in God, He will nev - er fail you, Why re-pine when He loves you

flow'r; God still lives and His arms are a - bout you, Hear the birds in the
fall; When the night folds the world in its dark-ness, Their sweet mu-sic the
praise; In the storm and the rain they are sing-ing, As they sing on the
so; If the song birds re-joice in His keeping, There is joy and con-

CHORUS.

8va.....

3 3 3

L. H.

vine-cover'd bow'r.....
soul seems to call.....
bright summer days.....
tentment for you .....

Lis-ten to the song birds sing,

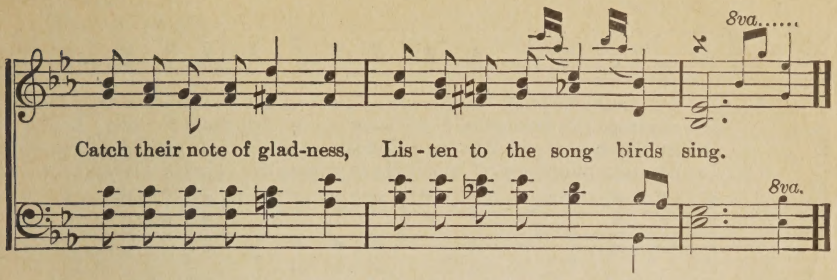
8va.....

3 3 3

L. H.

Mes - sa- ges of joy they bring, In your gloom and sadness,

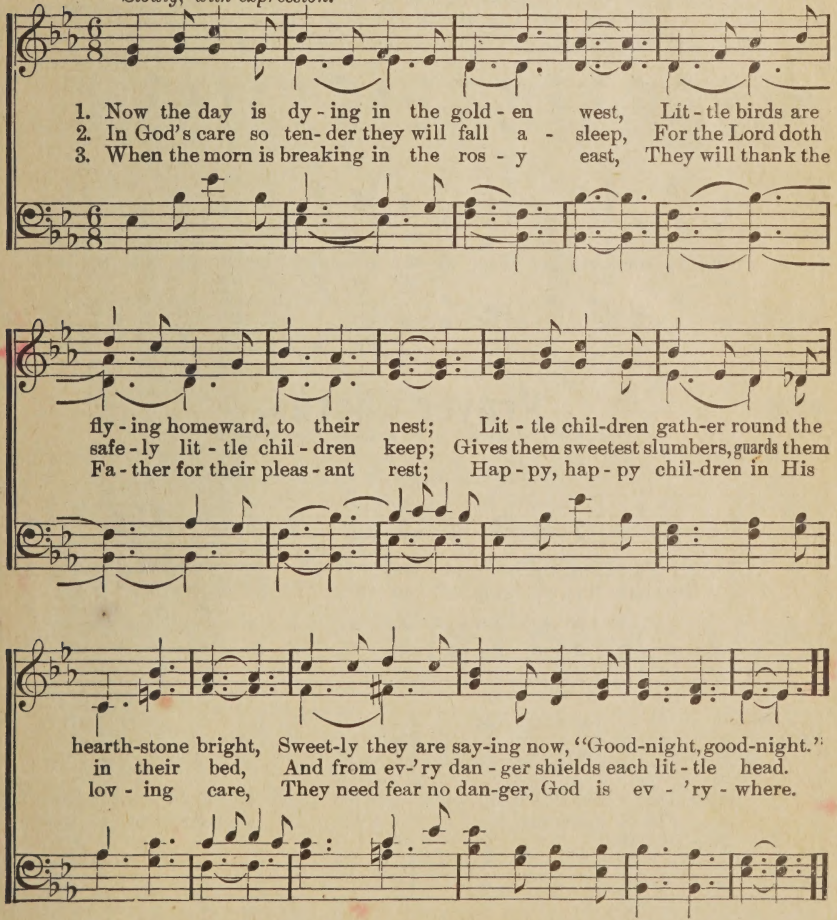
Listen to the Song Birds.—Concluded.



180 Evening Song.

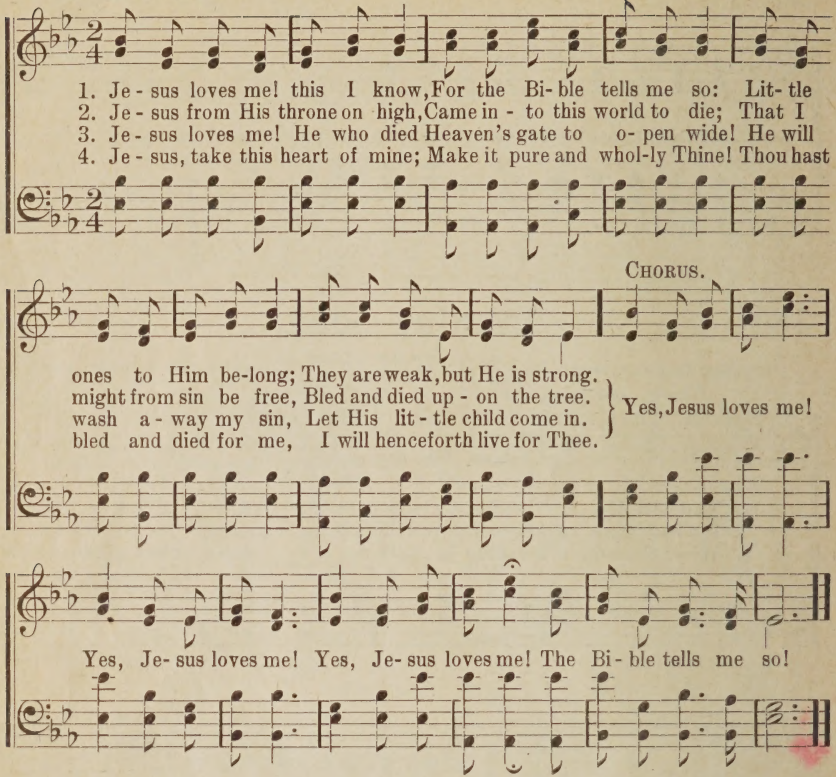
Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.

GEORGIE TILLMAN SNEAD. Mrs. G. W. Anderson, Chautauqua, N. Y., Owner B. D. ACKLEY.

Slowly, with expression.

1. Now the day is dy-ing in the gold-en west, Lit-tle birds are
2. In God's care so ten-der they will fall a-sleep, For the Lord doth
3. When the morn is breaking in the ros-y east, They will thank the
fly-ing homeward, to their nest; Lit-tle chil-dren gath-er round the
safe-ly lit-tle chil-dren keep; Gives them sweetest slumbers, guards them
Fa-ther for their pleas-ant rest; Hap-py, hap-py chil-dren in His
hearth-stone bright, Sweet-ly they are say-ing now, "Good-night, good-night."
in their bed, And from ev-'ry dan-ger shields each lit-tle head.
lov-ing care, They need fear no dan-ger, God is ev-'ry-where.

181 Jesus Loves Me.

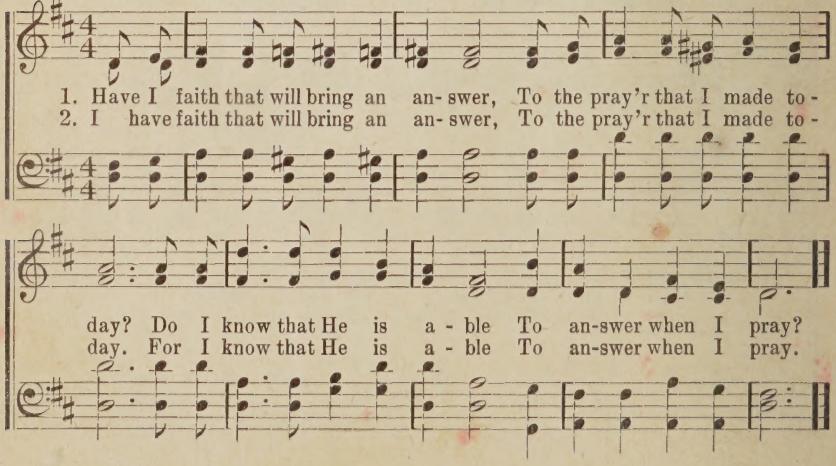
ANNA B. WARNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so: Lit - tle
2. Je - sus from His throne on high, Came in - to this world to die; That I
3. Je - sus loves me! He who died Heaven's gate to o - pen wide! He will
4. Je - sus, take this heart of mine; Make it pure and whol - ly Thine! Thou hast
CHORUS.
ones to Him be-long; They are weak, but He is strong.
might from sin be free, Bled and died up - on the tree.
wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
bled and died for me, I will henceforth live for Thee.
Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Je - sus loves me! Yes, Je - sus loves me! The Bi - ble tells me so!

182 Prayer Chorus.

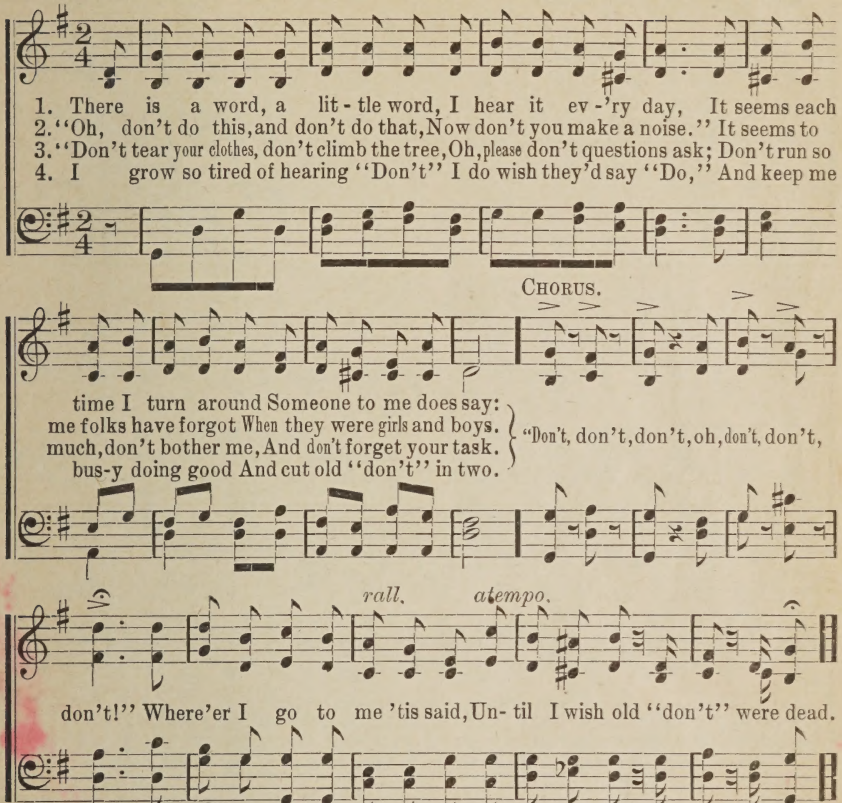
Copyright, 1927, by Mrs. G. W. Anderson, Chautauqua, N. Y.

G. W. A. HOMER W. GRIMES.


1. Have I faith that will bring an an - swer, To the pray'r that I made to -
2. I have faith that will bring an an - swer, To the pray'r that I made to -
day? Do I know that He is a - ble To an-swer when I pray?
day. For I know that He is a - ble To an-swer when I pray.

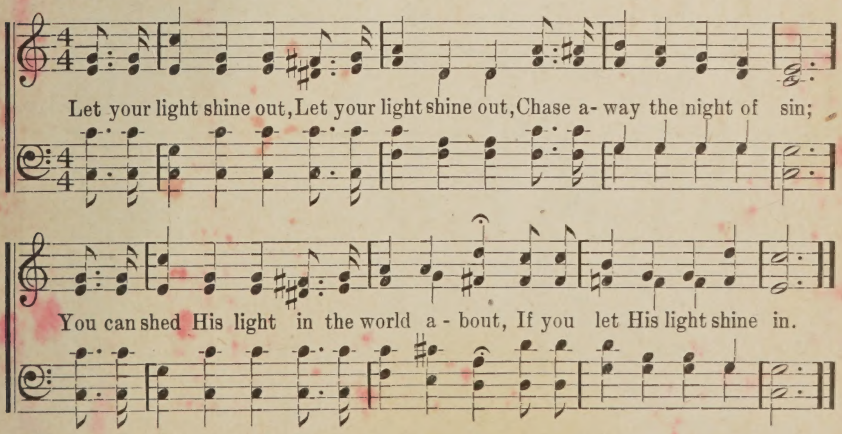
183 "Don't!"

Rev. W. C. POOLE. Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley. Words and Music. WM. EDIE MARKS.

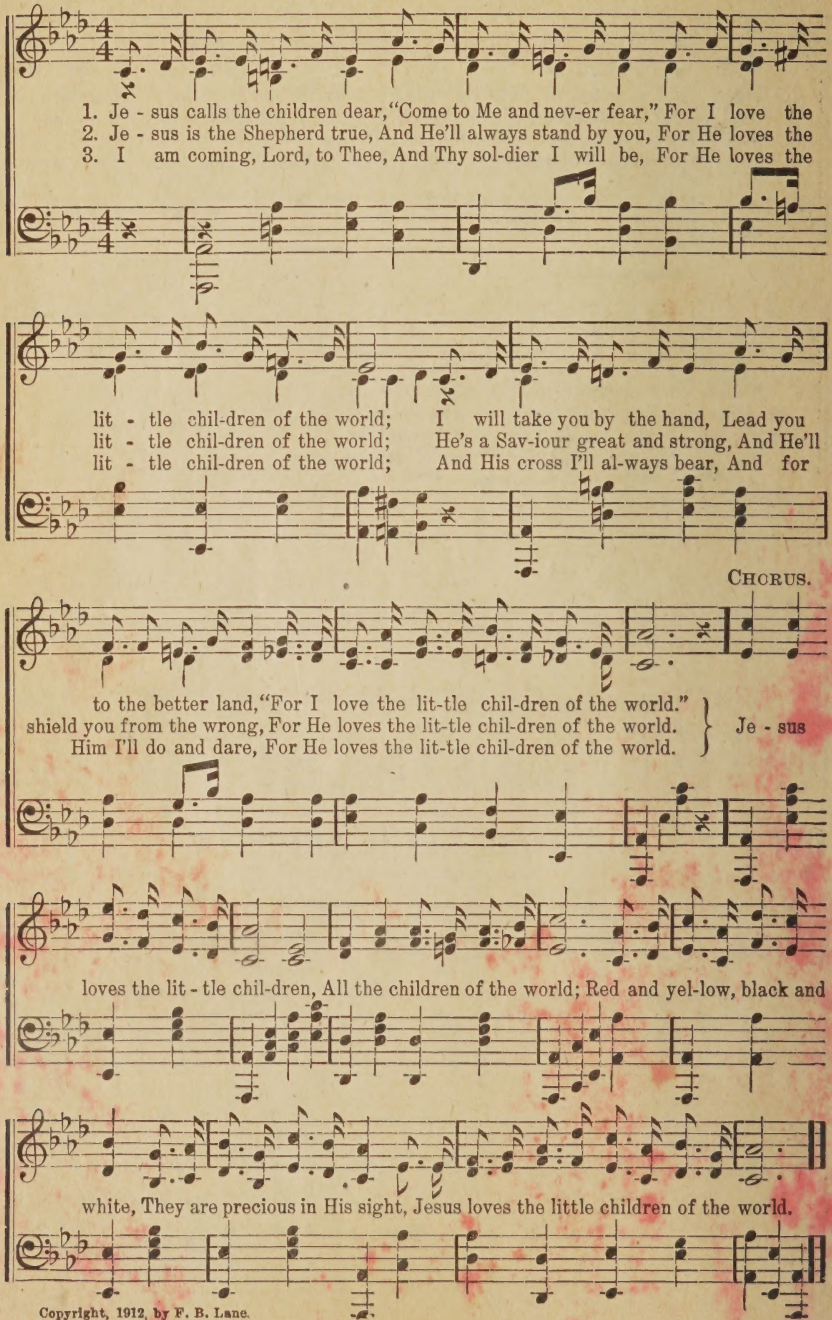

1. There is a word, a lit - tle word, I hear it ev - 'ry day, It seems each
2. "Oh, don't do this, and don't do that, Now don't you make a noise." It seems to
3. "Don't tear your clothes, don't climb the tree, Oh, please don't questions ask; Don't run so
4. I grow so tired of hearing "Don't" I do wish they'd say "Do," And keep me
CHORUS.
time I turn around Someone to me does say:
me folks have forgot When they were girls and boys.
much, don't bother me, And don't forget your task.
bus-y doing good And cut old "don't" in two.
"Don't, don't, don't, oh, don't, don't,
rall.
a tempo.
don't!" Where'er I go to me 'tis said, Un - til I wish old "don't" were dead.

184 Let Your Light Shine In.

H. W. G. Copyright, 1927, by Homer W. Grimes. HOMER W. GRIMES.


Let your light shine out, Let your light shine out, Chase a - way the night of sin;
You can shed His light in the world a - bout, If you let His light shine in.

185 Jesus Loves the Little Children.

REV. C. H. WOOLSTON, D. D. C. H. MARSH.

1. Je - sus calls the children dear, "Come to Me and nev-er fear," For I love the
2. Je - sus is the Shepherd true, And He'll always stand by you, For He loves the
3. I am coming, Lord, to Thee, And Thy sol-dier I will be, For He loves the
lit - tle chil-dren of the world; I will take you by the hand, Lead you
lit - tle chil-dren of the world; He's a Sav-iour great and strong, And He'll
lit - tle chil-dren of the world; And His cross I'll al-ways bear, And for
CHORUS.
to the better land, "For I love the lit-tle chil-dren of the world."
shield you from the wrong, For He loves the lit-tle chil-dren of the world.
Him I'll do and dare, For He loves the lit-tle chil-dren of the world.
Je - sus
loves the lit - tle chil-dren, All the children of the world; Red and yel-low, black and
white, They are precious in His sight, Jesus loves the little children of the world.

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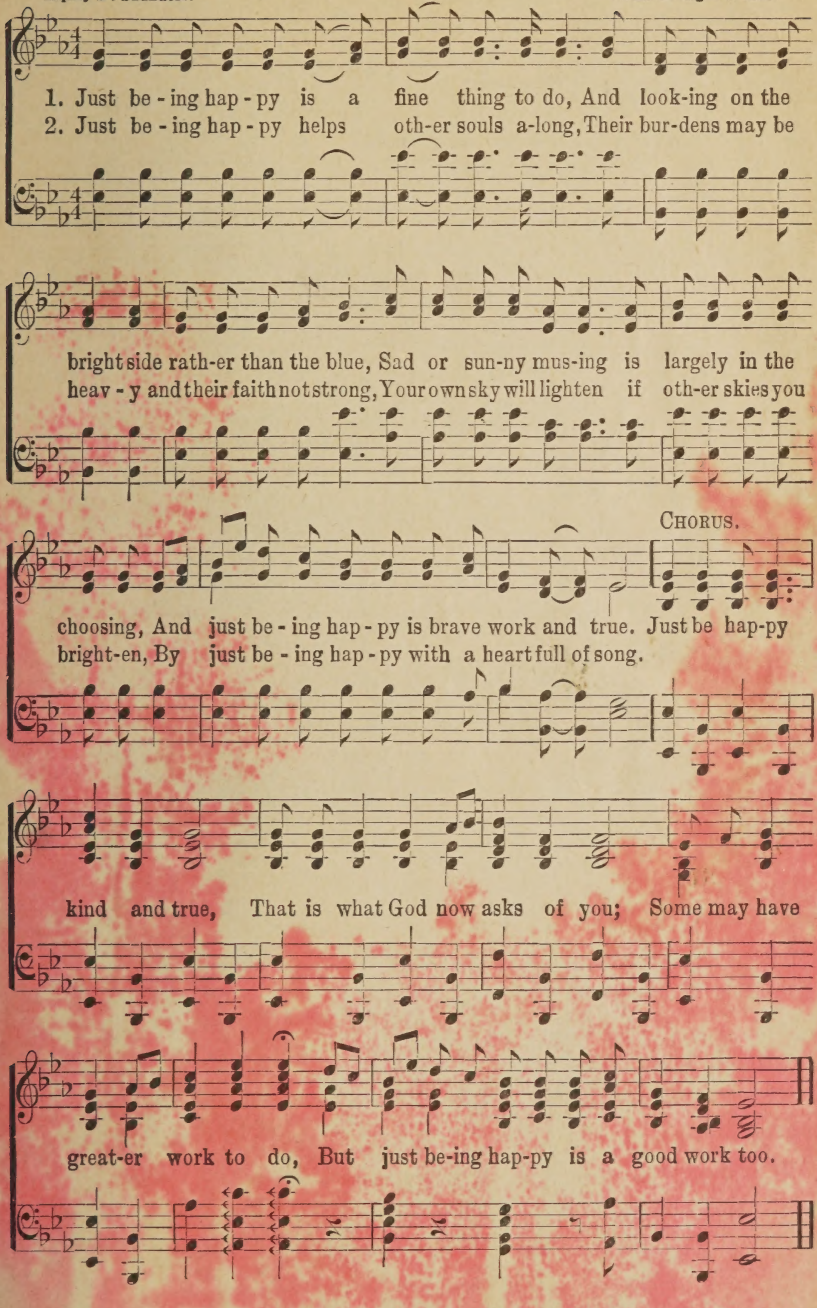
Just Be Happy.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY NELLIE SHARPE ANDERSON.

Ripley D. Saunders. Nellie Albright Weber.

1. Just be - ing hap - py is a fine thing to do, And look-ing on the
2. Just be - ing hap - py helps oth-er souls a-long, Their bur-dens may be
bright side rath-er than the blue, Sad or sun-ny mus-ing is largely in the
heav - y and their faith not strong, Your own sky will lighten if oth-er skies you
CHORUS.
choosing, And just be - ing hap - py is brave work and true. Just be hap-py
bright-en, By just be - ing hap - py with a heart full of song.
kind and true, That is what God now asks of you; Some may have
great-er work to do, But just be-ing hap-py is a good work too.

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